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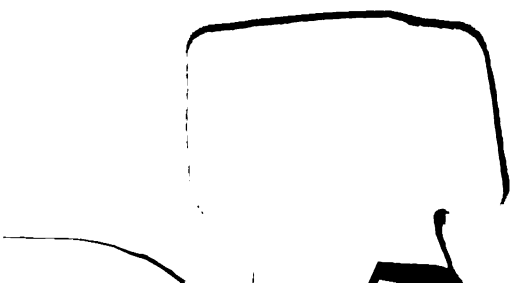

BOSNIA AND THE HERZEGÓVINA

BOSNIA AND THE HERZEGÓVINA

LONDON: PRINTED BY
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AND PARLIAMENT STREET

ST. IVAN, 2. VLACH WOMAN FROM SLUIN. WOMAN AND CHILD FROM DRAGANIĆ. ZAGORJA. SIZRRK. MAN FROM NEAR AGRAM.

THROUGH

BOSNIA

AND THE

HERZEGÓVINA

ON FOOT

DURING THE INSURRECTION, AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER 1875

WITH AN

HISTORICAL REVIEW OF BOSNIA

AND

A GLIMPSE AT THE CROATS, SLAVONIANS, AND THE ANCIENT REPUBLIC OF RAGUSA

BY ARTHUR J. EVANS, B.A., F.S.A.

WITH A MAP AND FIFTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

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PREFACE.

THE TOUR described in this book was not in the slightest degree due to the Insurrection in Bosnia and the Herzegóvina. It was planned before the outbreak, and was first suggested by the interest which previous visits to other South-Sclavonic lands had led me to take in the branch of that race still under the Sultan's dominion, and owing to a special curiosity to see a race of Sclavonic Mahometans. My desire of visiting Bosnia was further whetted by a day spent a few years ago beyond the Bosnian border, and by the interesting problems suggested by the history and present state of Illyria. While I and my brother, Lewis Evans, who accompanied me throughout, were preparing for our journey, the Insurrection in the Herzegóvina broke out, so that it was undertaken rather in spite of than by reason of that event. During our walk through Bosnia that country also burst into insurrection; and as we heard many accounts from trustworthy sources as to the origin of the outbreak, both in Bosnia and the Herzegóvina, I have ventured to give some particulars in the story of our itinerary.

We were armed with an autograph letter from the

Vali Pashà, or Governor-General of Bosnia and Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish forces, and owing to this were able to accomplish our tour without serious molestation, though it must be confessed that we underwent some risks. With a few short breaks we made our way through the country on foot, which is perhaps a novelty in Turkish travel. Our only impedimenta consisted of the knapsack and sleeping gear on our backs, so that we were entirely independent; and being able to use our legs and arms and sleep out in the forest, we were able to surmount mountains and penetrate into districts which, I think I may say, have never been described, and it is possible never visited, by an 'European' before.

If this book should do anything to interest Englishmen in a land and people among the most interesting in Europe, and to open people's eyes to the evils of the government under which the Bosniacs suffer, its object will have been fully attained. Those who may be inclined to 'try Bosnia' will meet with many hardships. They must be prepared to sleep out in the open air, in the forest, or on the mountain-side. They will have now and then to put up with indifferent food, or supply their own commissariat. They will nowhere meet with mountains so fine as the Alps of Switzerland or Tyrol, and they will be disappointed if they search for æsthetic embellishments in the towns. But those who are curious as to some of the most absorbing political problems of modern Europe; those who delight in out-of-the-way revelations of antiquity, and who perceive the high his-

toric and ethnologic interest which attaches to the Southern Sclaves; and lastly, those who take pleasure in picturesque costumes and stupendous forest scenery; will be amply rewarded by a visit to Bosnia. There is much beautiful mountain scenery as well, and the member of the Alpine Club who has a taste for the jagged outlines of the Dolomites and the Julian Alps, in spite of a certain amount of attendant limestone nakedness, may find some peaks worthy of his attention towards the Montenegrine frontier. It would not be difficult to mention routes of greater natural attractions than that we followed, and I may observe that the falls of the Pliva, which we did not see, must be reckoned among the most beautiful waterfalls in Europe.

The first two chapters, written mostly while delayed in Croatia, refer rather to the borderland of Bosnia, and may not be of general interest, dealing much in costumes and antiquities. The last, which describes the old Republic of Ragusa, may serve to show that the Southern Sclaves are capable of the highest culture and civilisation. In the Historical Review of Bosnia I have attempted to elucidate and emphasise a most important aspect of Bosnian history—the connection, namely, between that till lately almost unknown land, and the Protestant Reformation of Europe, and the debt which even civilised England owes to that now unhappy country.

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Key to the Pronunciation of the Serbo-Croatian Orthography, adopted for Illyrian Names in this Book.

Serbo-Croatian Letters		Approximate Sound.
ž	=	French *j*.
lj	=	Italian *gl*.
nj	=	Italian *gn*.
ć	=	like English *ch*.
c	=	*tz*.
č	=	German *tsch*.
dž	=	like *dwh*.
š	=	like English *sh*.

TOMB OF CATHARINE, LAST LAWFUL QUEEN OF BOSNIA.

HISTORICAL REVIEW OF BOSNIA.

'Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.'

About the middle of the fifth century, when Britain was passing definitely into the hands of the English, and when on the Continent the hordes of Attila were dealing the most tremendous blow that had yet fallen on the Roman Empire, Sclavonic tribes overran Mæsia, Thrace, Macedonia, and Illyricum, and pushed on to the Adriatic shores. From this period the final settlement of the Sclaves in the area of what is now known as Turkey-in-Europe may be safely dated.[1] Their first ravages over, the Sclaves, who from their communal family-organisation were little capable of formidable combination, appear to have easily accepted Roman suzerainty. The new settlers were soon among the most trusted troops of the Eastern Emperor, and at the beginning of the sixth century the Sclavonic colony of Dardania gives Eastern Rome one of its most renowned Emperors and its greatest general. The Sclave Upravda, the son of Istok, is better known as the Emperor Justinian, and Veličar as Belisarius.

Thus were first cemented those peculiar relations between the Sclaves and Byzantium which are still of supreme importance in considering 'the Eastern Question.' The Byzantine government saw itself so capable of dealing with the Sclaves, that when the Avar nomads, at the beginning of the seventh century, devastated Illyricum, massacring alike Sclavonic settler and Roman provincial, and sacking even the coast cities of Dalmatia, Heraclius, as a masterstroke of policy, called in two new Sclavonic tribes from beyond the Danube as a counterpoise

[1] This is not the place to discuss the question of earlier Sclavonic immigrations.

to the Avars; and the corner of the Balkan peninsula between the Save, the Morava, and the Adriatic, was divided among the Sclavonic tribes, the Serbs, and the Croats, who still throughout this area form the bulk of the population.

The account given of this settlement by Constantine Porphyrogenitus[1] is so mixed up with mythical elements that we can only accept the general outlines. As might be expected from the analogy of our own history of the conquest of Britain, the Sclavonic sagas, which seem to form the basis of the Byzantine version, bring into the field certain leaders with eponymic names,[2] but the old family life of the Sclaves asserts itself even in these legends, and we read that the Croats were led to the conquest of the Avars by a family of brothers and sisters.

The Croatian settlement seems to have been the earlier. The Croats came from the countries beyond the Carpathians, and colonized the countries now known as Austrian and Turkish Croatia, and the northern part of Dalmatia. The Save formed a rough boundary to the Croatian nationality on the north, the Verbas on the east, and to the south the Cetina.

The Serbs, then inhabiting a part of what is now Galicia, hastened to imitate the example of the Croats, and took for their share the lands to the east and south of that occupied by their brother race. They occupied the whole, or nearly the whole, of the area now occupied by Free Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegóvina, Montenegro, Old Serbia, and the northern half of Albania, and stretched themselves along the Adriatic coasts from the neighbourhood of Spalato, where the river Cetina runs into the sea, to Durazzo, then still Dyrrhachium. Thus, with the exception of the barren corner called the Kraina, or

[1] *De Administrando Imperio*, capp. xxx., xxxi., xxxii.

[2] Chorvat, one of the supposed Croatian leaders, is evidently the eponymus of the whole race of Croats, whose own name for themselves, Charvati or Hrvati, seems to signify 'mountaineers,' and to be connected with the name of the *Carpathian* mountains, and the Carpi of Roman historians. Hilferding points out that of the names of Chorvat's four brothers, as given by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, two are equivalent in meaning to 'Delay' or 'Tarrying,' and Chorvat's two sisters bear the Sclavonic names of 'Joy' and 'Sorrow.' The names are perhaps allegorical of the gradual character of their conquests, and of defeats sustained as well as victories won.

Turkish Croatia, the whole of what is now known as Bosnia, with which we have particularly to deal, belongs to the Serbian branch of the Sclaves.

For long the history of what later became the Bosnian kingdom is indistinguishable from that of the rest of the Serbs. The whole Illyrian triangle was divided into a great number of small independent districts, somewhat answering to the Teutonic '*Gaus*,' called Župy. Župa means 'bond'[1] or confederation, and each Župa was simply a confederation of village communities, whose union was represented by a magistrate or governor, called a Župan. The Župans in turn seem to have chosen a Grand Župan, who may be looked on as the President of the Serbian Federation. We know little about the early Županships of the Bosnian area, but a few of the petty commonwealths of the Serbian coastland, and what later on became the Herzegóvina, are mentioned by the Byzantine Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, who wrote about 950. Here and there we read of a 'Ban' (translated, in Diocleas, by the Latin word '*Dux*'), who was rather higher than an ordinary Župan.

These Serbian 'Archons,' as the Byzantine historians speak of them, acknowledged the suzerainty of the Eastern Empire, and even, in some cases (though doubtless to a less extent than the Croats), accepted Byzantine dignities. Thus a Ban of Zachlumia accepted the titles of Proconsul and Patrician. Later on, when Czar Simeon erected the new Bulgarian Empire, Serbia was forced for a while to bow to the dominion of the conqueror of Leo Phocas. In the tenth century the Serbs shake off the Bulgarian yoke, and we now begin to hear of four Grand Župans, whose jurisdictions answer to Serbia proper, Rascia, Dioclea, and Bosnia. The power of the lesser Župans was during this period being diminished for the benefit of these greater potentates, who in Bosnia are generally known as Bans. 'The Bans,' says the contemporary Serbian historian,[2] 'ruled each of them in his own province, and subjugated the Župans,

[1] This seems to me far more probable than the poetic derivation of Župa from the same word in the sense of 'sunny land.'

[2] Presbyteri Diocleatis, *Regnum Slavorum* (in Lucius, *De Regno Dalmatiæ et Croatiæ, libri sex.* Amst: 1670: p. 291.)

receiving from them the taxes which beforetime had been paid to the King,' *i.e.* the sole Grand Župan.

During the ninth and tenth centuries, while Bosnian-Serbian history is still so obscure, that of the Croats had achieved some prominence. The settlement of the Croats had, as we have seen, somewhat preceded the Serbian. They bordered on the coast-cities of Dalmatia, where Roman nationality and something of Roman civilization still lingered. Their relations with Byzantium were more defined, and they had also for a moment entered into the system of the renovated Empire of the West. Thus the Croats were earlier imbued with Christianity than the Serbs, and external influences were earlier at work to give their too acephalous government greater unity than their inland neighbours, still under the full sway of Sclavonic communism, could attain to. In the year 914 a Croatian Grand Župan, Tomislav, who, in virtue of his relations to the Byzantine government and the Roman population of the Dalmatian cities, had assumed the title of 'Consul,' begins to be known to foreign princes as 'King of the Croats.' The successor of Tomislav is said to have conquered the neighbouring Serbian Banat, which from the principal river within its confines begins about this time to be known as Bosona, or Bosnia, and henceforth, down to the final subjugation of the Croatian-Dalmatian kingdom by the Magyars, Bosnia is a dependency of a Croatian crown.[1] It became a constitutional principle in Croatia that, when the king died childless, a new king should be elected by the seven Bans of the crown-lands, one of whom was the Ban of Bosnia.[2]

[1] It must, however, be borne in mind that during the eleventh century the Byzantine Government, after Basil's conquest of the Bulgarians, succeeded in rendering its authority something more than nominal throughout those parts, and introduced Governors, Protospathars, and Generals into Croatia. From about the year 1018 to 1076 the diadem of the Croatian Prince was received from Byzantium. According to the Presbyter of Dioclea, Basil subdued the whole of Bosnia, Rascia, and Dalmatia, including what is now Herzegóvina. This subjection, however, was only temporary.

[2] See *Codex Diplomaticus Regni Croatiæ, Dalmatiæ et Slavoniæ*, p. 188 (u Zagrebu, 1874). Sub Anno 1100 The seven Bans appear in the following order:—1, the Ban of Croatia; 2, the Ban of Bosnia; 3, of Slavonia; 4, of Posega; 5, Podravia; 6, Albania; 7, Syrmia.

At the beginning of the twelfth century the Magyars overthrew the kingdom of the Croats, and in 1141 Geiza II. of Hungary completed the conquest of Bosnia, or, as it is generally known in the Hungarian annals, of Rama, from the little river of that name, flowing into the Narenta.[1] The Hungarian dominion does not seem to have been much more than a vague suzerainty at this time. When Manuel Comnenus reduced Hungary to temporary subjection, we learn from his historian Cinnamus a few facts tending to show the comparative independence of Bosnia, and its isolation from the rest of Serbia. 'The Drina,' says he, 'divides Bosthna from the rest of Serbia. For Bosthna is not subject to the Grand Župan of Serbia, but the people were at that time under their own magistrates and used their own customs.' The same author, however, shows the close relations existing between Bosnia and Hungary when he goes on to say that 'Boritzes,[2] Exarch of Bosthna,' aided the King of Hungary against the Greeks. Manuel reduced Bosnia, with Croatia and other parts of Hungary, for a while; but the Magyars were not long in recovering the province, and Bela III. in 1168 made Culin, son of Borić, Ban of Bosnia, who henceforth styles himself *Fiduciarius Regni Hungariæ*.

The rule of Ban Culin is justly regarded as the brightest period in the annals of Christian Bosnia. Under his auspices and protection the merchants of Ragusa begin to plant their factories in Bosnia, and open out anew the rich mines which had been left unworked since the days of the Romans. Culin is said to have been the first Bosnian prince who struck coins, and the general prosperity was such that to this day 'the times of good Ban Culin' are invoked by the Bosniac when he wishes to express the golden age.

But the patronage which Culin afforded to a religious sect that now becomes prominent in Bosnia makes his rule of still

[1] See p. 315. Perhaps this stream once formed the boundary of Croatia in this direction. Evidently the name must first have been applied to Bosnia by *Dalmatian* borderers. The name Rama at first comprised the territory between this river and the Adriatic.

[2] The Ban Borić. The passages relating to Bosnia in Cinnamus are in his *Historiar.* lib. iii. c. 7 and 19.

greater importance, and leads us to the consideration of a subject which has its bearings even on English history.

The doctrine of the Two Principles of Good and Evil, which had its origin perhaps in the sublime mythology of Persia, and the eternal conflict of Light and Darkness, held its own amongst the various Gnostic sects of Christianity, scattered throughout the Eastern world, while the West was content to slumber in comparative orthodoxy. In Armenia, where these doctrines had certain affinities with the earlier religion, they seem to have taken especially firm root; and here, as in the other border states of the Byzantine Empire, heterodoxy went hand in hand with patriotism. Considering the hostile relations in which both nations stood to Byzantium, it is not at all surprising that friendly communications should have subsisted between the Armenians and the Bulgarian Sclaves whose country lay to the east of the Serbians. Further, it was extremely natural that Armenians, for national as well as sectarian reasons, should view with jealousy the progress of orthodox missionaries among the Bulgarians, and should attempt to counteract it by organising a propaganda of their own Manichæism.

Such was actually set on foot. How early this proselytism was first commenced is doubtful, but it is certain that the Danubian Sclaves were converted from heathenism *pari passu* by Manichæan and orthodox missionaries. The Byzantine Emperors, by their transplantation system, gave the Armenians every facility for their work. In the middle of the eighth century Constantine Copronymus, who had perhaps some sympathies with the heretics, transplanted a body of Paulicians from Armenia into Thrace, who we learn, on the authority of Cedrenus, spread the Paulician heresy through those parts, then largely inhabited by the Bulgarian Sclaves. At the end of the ninth century, when the persecution of Byzantium had provoked the Paulicians of Armenia to assert their independence, and when 'the Roman Emperor fled before the heretics whom his mother had condemned to the flames,' and Tephricé became the capital of a free-state devoted to Gnostic Christianity, the missionary efforts of the Armenians among the Sclaves was

prosecuted with still greater vigour. Petrus Siculus, who in 870 resided nine months at Tephricé as legate of the Byzantine Government, to arrange for an exchange of prisoners, discovered that a Manichæan mission was about to start from Tephricé to the Bulgarians, and addressed his 'Historia Manichæorum' to the Bulgarian Patriarch, with the express purpose of counteracting these baneful efforts.

The fall of the Paulician free-state of Tephricé synchronizes with the rise of the first Bulgarian Empire, and we can well imagine that the refugees of vanquished Armenia found shelter among their Manichæan co-religionists in the dominions of Czar Simeon, the hero of the Achelous. From this period onwards the Paulician heresy may be said to change its nationality, and to become Sclavonic. According to the Bulgarian national traditions,[1] a certain priest named Bogomil spread the Manichæan doctrines among the subjects of the Bulgarian Czar who succeeded Simeon, Peter Simeonović. A more enlightened criticism will perhaps see in the name 'Bogomil' only another instance of that 'eponymic' tendency of barbarous minds which refers to individuals, events and institutions which have really a more national character. In the same Bulgarian document which professes to give the origin of their name, they are connected with the Massalian heresy; by Harmenopulos and other Byzantine writers they are made almost or quite identical with these same Massalians, and with the Euchites, their Greek equivalent, and there seems to be no reasonable doubt that the name Bogomile is really nothing but a Sclavonic translation of the Greek and Syriac names for the sect. The name of Massalians is derived from a Syriac word, signifying 'those who pray,' and the Greek Euchites have of course the same derivation. The Byzantine writer Epiphanius[2] has the credit of giving the right etymology of the word Bogomile, in that he derives it from the Bulgarian words *Bog z'milui*, signifying 'God have mercy,' an etymology which fits in with that peculiar

[1] See the *Synodic* 'written in the Bulgarian language by command of the Czar Boris in the year 1210,' a translation of which from the original manuscript is given by the Russian historian Hilferding (in the German translation of his History of the Serbs and Bulgarians, part i. p. 118).

[2] Excerpted in Sam. Andreæ, *Disquisitio de Bogomilis*.

devotion to prayer which was characteristic of the Bogomile religion, which harmonizes with that of the allied sectaries, the Massalians and Euchites, and which would be still intelligible to all Sclavonic peoples, from the White Sea to the Ægean.

Through all the varying phases of Bulgarian history the Bogomiles, as these Sclavonic Manichæans are now known, hold their own. It seems certain that the Bulgarian Czars, in their struggle with Byzantium, did not wish to alienate a powerful party at home, and we hear occasionally ominous whispers that Bulgarian Emperors themselves leaned towards the doctrine of the Two Principles.[1] The Bulgarian heresy was perpetually fed from its Oriental sources by new Byzantine transplantations, and in the tenth century the Emperor John Zimisces did much for the propagation of Gnosticism among the Sclaves by transporting a more powerful colony of Armenians than any that had gone before 'from the Chalybian hills to the valleys of Mount Hæmus.' It is now that the Bogomilian heresy begins to spread beyond the limits of Bulgaria, among the kindred Serbian tribes to the west. Bulgaria, earlier civilized from her closer contact with Byzantium, was exercising during these centuries a predominating influence over the less cultured Serbs. From the Bulgarian missionaries Serbia first received the seeds of her orthodox Christianity, and there can be no doubt that proselytism was at work on the Manichæan side as well. Add to this that a large part of Serbia fell at different times under the Bulgarian dominion.

By the end of the tenth century the Bogomiles have taken firm root among the Serbs. In the legend of the Serbian prince, St. Vladimir,[2] one of his highest merits is that he was the zealous enemy of the Bogomiles. St. Vladimir certainly included in his dominions parts of what is now the Herzegóvina, and, according to some accounts, Bosnia as well.

The events which now follow must have largely increased the number of Manichæans in these and the other Serbian lands.

[1] According to the Armenian Chronicle of Acogh'ig (iii. 20–22) the Czar Samuel himself embraced the Manichæan religion. According to the legend of St. Vladimir his son Gabriel and his wife were Bogomiles. See Hilferding, op. cit.

[2] Cited in Hilferding, op. cit.

Basil, 'the slayer of the Bulgarians,' at the beginning of the eleventh century, finally overthrew the second Bulgarian Empire. Towards the end of the same century the Bulgarian heretics, now under Byzantine rule, were hunted down by the orthodox Emperor. The Princess Anna Comnena [1] has left us an account of the persecution of the Bogomiles by her father Alexius. The Byzantine princess unblushingly relates the trap which the Emperor condescended to set for the chief apostle of the sect, at that time a certain Basil; how he artfully led on the heresiarch by holding out hopes of conversion; how he invited him to the imperial table, and in his closet wormed out of him the secrets of his sect; and then, suddenly throwing aside the arras on the wall, revealed the scribe who had taken down the confession of his heresy, and beckoned to his apparitors to throw his victim into irons. The account which Anna Comnena gives of this sect is valuable in spite of its scurrility. The princess calls the Bogomiles 'a mixture of Manichees and Massalians.' She laughs at their uncombed hair, their low origin,[2] and their long faces, 'which they hide to the nose, and walk bowed, attired like monks, muttering something between their lips.' Basil himself was 'a lanky man, with a sparse beard, tall and thin.' From the account given of his confession we have intimations of a belief in the phantastic doctrine, and what was more shocking still, 'He called the sacred churches—woe is me!—the sacred churches, fanes of demons!' When he saw himself betrayed by the Emperor, he declared that he would be rescued from death by 'angels and demons.' Anna Comnena would like to say more of this cursed heresy, 'but modesty keeps me from doing so, as beautiful Sappho says somewhere; for though I am an historian, I am also a woman, and the most honourable of the purple, and the first offshoot of Alexius.' The 'most honourable of the purple,' however, feels no hesitation in describing the holocaust which her father made of all the Bogomiles he could catch, and more particularly the roasting of Basil. This delicately sensitive princess gloats over

[1] Alexiados, lib. xv.

[2] Though she afterwards admits that the heresy had infected high families.

the preparations in the hippodrome, the crackling of the fire, the breaking out of poor human nature as the victim comes nearer to the scorching, the turning away of his eyes, and finally the quivering of his limbs. One asks, in amazement, whether any religion that has ever existed in the world has produced such monsters of humanity as Christianity calling itself orthodox!

It may readily be believed that these persecutions drove the Bogomiles to take refuge more and more in the Serbian regions, out of the way of the orthodox savagery of Byzantium. There were moreover reasons which diverted the current of heresy from that part of Serbia which became afterwards the nucleus of the Empire of the Némanjas. The Serbian princes who ruled over the territory now occupied by old Serbia and Montenegro were faithful sons of the orthodox church, and directed their utmost efforts to keep the shrine of St. Vladimir and the national patriarchate of Dioclea free from the contamination of Manichæism. Thus a variety of causes combined to direct the course of the new movement to the Serbian races of Western Illyricum; and in the twelfth century—the century immediately preceding the outbreak of Gnostic Puritanism in Western Europe—Bosnia had become the head-quarters of what we may now call the great Sclavonic Heresy.

Thanks to the publication of many South-Sclavonic archives, we are now in a position to arrive at the tenets of the Bogomiles, both from native and Byzantine sources; and, as I hope to show, both the Greek and Bulgarian accounts of the sect which now plays such an important part in Bosnian history harmonize to a very great extent. The best account that we possess of the Bogomilian heretics is to be found in the works of a Bulgarian writer, one Presbyter Cosmas, who lived at the end of the tenth century, just at the period when the heresy was striking root among the Serbs, and who wrote (in his native tongue) two of his most important works against the Bogomiles—whom he considers 'worse and more horrible than demons!'[1]

[1] One, *Slovo na Eretiki*, against the heretics; and the other, *Slovo o Cerkovnom Činu*, on church government. The works of Cosmas are the only monuments of Bulgarian literature dating from the epoch of Czar Samuel. The passages relating to the Bogomiles are excerpted in Hilferding.

One of the fundamental doctrines of the Bogomiles was, as has been already implied, the belief in two Principles of Good and Evil. 'I hear,' says the worthy Presbyter Cosmas, 'many of our orthodox congregation ask, "Wherefore does God permit the Devil to exercise sway over man?" Verily this is the first question which prepares the weak in belief for the reception of the Manichæan heresy.' The Bogomiles satisfied their reason by supposing two conflicting self-existent principles of Good and Evil. Matter and the visible world belong to the Spirit of Evil. 'Everything,' says Cosmas, 'exists, according to the Bogomiles, of the will of the Devil. The sky, the sun, the earth, men, churches, crosses, and all that is God's, they give over to the Devil.' The evil in the world is thus accounted for by supposing the Creation to be the work of the Evil One, and it consequently followed that the Bogomiles looked on the book of Genesis and the other Mosaic writings as inspired by this evil God, or, as they knew him, Satanael.

Cosmas distinguishes, however, two branches of the Bogomilian heretics.

According to the earlier sect, dualism in its most uncompromising form prevailed.[1] According to a later offshoot of the Bogomiles, the Spirit of Good had two sons, the elder of whom, Satanael, rebelled and created matter, and that to rescue the world thus created from the dominion of the Prince of Evil, God the Father sent down his younger son Christ to enable men to combat the Ruler of this world.[2]

Cosmas denies generally their belief in any of the books of the Old Testament or the Gospels; but this does not agree with the circumstantial account of Euthymius Zygabenus, who from having been commissioned by the Emperor to extract the tenets

[1] Hilferding, op. cit. i., identifies this original sect with a division of the Bogomiles known as 'The Church of Dregovišce,' and the later with 'the Church of Bulgaria.' These two Churches are among the thirteen Churches of the Cathari reckoned by the Italian Reiner Sacconi, a member of that sect in the thirteenth century. The two divisions are traceable in the Western heresies.

[2] The statements of Cosmas with reference to the existence of these dualistic tenets among the Bogomiles are attested by the 'Synodic of Czar Boris,' already referred to; by Euthymius Zygabenus, *Panoplia*; and, as regards the Bogomiles of Bosnia, by Raphael of Volaterræ, *Geographia*.

of his sect from the Bogomilian heresiarch Basil, is certainly one of the best authorities. Further, it is disproved by the whole conduct of the Bogomiles, which, as Cosmas himself shows, was based on a too literal interpretation of the Gospels. According to Euthymius,[1] the Bogomiles accepted seven holy books, which he enumerates as follows:—1, the Psalms; 2, the Sixteen Prophets; 3, 4, 5, and 6, the Gospels; 7, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse.

Touching baptism again, accounts are contradictory. Harmenopulos says that the Bogomiles practised the rite, but did not attribute to it any perfecting[2] virtue. This agrees with the silence of Euthymius, who would surely have mentioned the fact if the Bogomilian heresiarch had eschewed baptism altogether; and it is further corroborated by the attitude assumed by these sectaries on the question of the Eucharist. Cosmas, however, says that the Bogomiles rejected baptism altogether, and adds as the reason, that 'they are afraid of the children to be baptized; and if by chance they see small children, they turn away from them as from carrion, and spit, and call them children of mammon, as being creations of the Devil;' still under the sway, that is, of the Evil Creator Spirit.

They were staunch opponents of the prevailing Mariolatry. 'They pay no honour to the Mother of God.'[3] 'As to the cross,' says the Presbyter, they say: 'Wherefore should we bow to that which dishonoured God?' and they ask further, 'if any man slew the son of a king with a bit of wood, how could this piece of wood be dear to the king?'[4] They considered it idolatry to bow down before the icons of saints. 'They further revile the ceremonies of the church and all church dignities, and they call orthodox priests blind Pharisees, and bay at them as dogs at horses.[5] 'As to the Lord's Supper,' continues the Bulgarian champion of orthodoxy, 'they assert that it is not kept accord-

[1] Euthymius Zygabenus, *Panoplia*. [2] τελειοῦν.

[3] Cosmas, corroborated by the 'Synodic' and Harmenopulos.

[4] For their aversion to the cross see also Euthymius, *Panoplia*, Anna Comnena, and Harmenopulos. See also p. 175.

[5] Cosmas. Their aversion to images, churches, and a hierarchy, is borne out by the testimony of Euthymius and Anna Comnena.

ing to God's commandment, and that it is not the body of God, but ordinary bread.'[1]

Their belief in the evilness of matter was productive, as such a belief always has been, of much asceticism; which, if the concurrent testimony of their enemies is to be believed, they carried at times to deplorable excesses. 'They show themselves,' says Cosmas, 'strong ascetics, for they call the Devil the Creator of all things, and declare that it is his Commandment that men should take wives, eat flesh, and drink wine. Everything as it exists with us (the orthodox) is utterly rejected. They give themselves up to a celestial life, insomuch that they call married men and those living in the way of the world 'Mammon's Children.' Thus we learn that they wear monks' clothing, and that they sleep in the open air. They acted up to the letter of the text —'take no thought for the morrow,' and would beg from door to door.[2] The descriptions of Anna Comnena and the monk Cosmas, bring before us the familiar Puritan type, as it has reproduced itself in all ages. They bowed their heads and groaned and pulled long faces, in the true Roundhead style. 'You will see heretics,' quoth Cosmas, 'quiet and peaceful as lambs without, silent, and wan with hypocritical fasting, who do not speak much nor laugh loud, who let their beard grow, and leave their person incompt.'

Like most ascetic sects they were divided into two castes: the simple believers (who would form the majority of the sect), and 'the perfect,' or those who by a long course of asceticism had successfully mortified the flesh. They possessed an organisation and even conventicles of their own—in spite of their hatred for orthodox priests and temples. At their head stood a teacher or pope, surrounded by twelve disciples, answering to Christ and the Apostles. The half-legendary accounts of the 'pope' Bogomil surround him with such disciples; Basil the heresiarch has his 'twelve,' and another 'pope' of the sect is mentioned in an interesting passage of Matthew Paris. The

[1] So too Anna Comnena and Euthymius.

[2] Mendicity, however, was probably opposed by the greater part of the sect. The 'heresiarch' Basil set a good example by earning his living as a doctor.

different congregations of the Bogomiles possessed 'elders' or bishops. Their churches, according to Epiphanius, were like boats turned keel uppermost, but some were of a more ecclesiastical form. Here they assembled by torchlight and sang hymns of their own, called by the Greek writer 'Euphemies.' Their service chiefly consisted of prayer, which according to their creed was the only means of resisting the demon within them, or of attaining salvation. The Lord's Prayer was the only form used by them, and this they repeated in their own house with closed doors, five times every day and five times every night.[1]

Such are some of the main features of the Bogomilian heresy, as they have come down to us from the writings of their bitterest opponents. Deduct a certain amount on the score of malice on the part of our Bulgarian and Byzantine witnesses, and we have no difficulty in recognizing in the heretics who in the tenth and succeeding centuries spread westwards and northwards, from Bulgaria to Bosnia, the actual predecessors of the staunch Manichæan Puritans, who in the succeeding age, as the Albigensians, Patarenes, and sects of many names, raised the standard of religious revolt in Western Europe.

Nor will anyone marvel that these doctrines should have spread as they did among those Sclavonic races, who acted as the missionaries of the first Reformation in Western Europe. It can hardly be considered fanciful if we detect certain remarkable analogies between the belief and observances of the Bogomiles and the primitive institutions, and even the heathen religion, of the Sclaves. It has already been mentioned that the Manichæan conversion began among the Bulgarians when they were still to a great extent pagan. The same is true with regard to the spread of the Bogomilian heresy among the Serbs, with whom heathendom held its own in parts till the thirteenth

[1] So Cosmas, 'At the fifth time, however, they have the door open.' According to Euthymius, who also bears witness to the Paternoster being their only form, they prayed five times during the day and seven at night. Euthymius (see also Epiphanius) says that they prayed also to demons to avert evil, and that Basilius, their heresiarch, declared that in their gospels was the text, 'Worship demons, not that they may do good to you, but that they may not do you harm.' On this charge of devil-worship Cosmas, however, is silent.

century.[1] A remarkable uniformity presents itself in the languages, beliefs, and institutions of all Sclavonic nations; and if we may assert, from the analogy of the Baltic Sclaves, that the Bulgarians and Serbs also divided their worship between their Black God or Spirit of Evil, and their White God or Spirit of Good, it follows that the Manichæan missionaries found the dualistic theology, which lies at the bottom of so much of their doctrine, already existing among the people they wished to convert; while the propagandists of orthodoxy must have discovered to their vexation that the Sclavonic mind had been trained by superstition, as well as by what mother-wit it possessed, to rebel against their stupendous dogma, that an Allpowerful Spirit of Good could create and tolerate the Spirit of Evil. Our Presbyter Cosmas notices that this difficulty presented itself, even to the 'orthodox' Bulgarians, and while lost in indignation at these profane inquiries as to the devil's paternity, *forgets* to answer them!

An equally marked parallel is presented between the customs and church government, if the expression is allowable, of the Bogomiles, and the primitive institutions of the Sclaves. Their Presbyters answer to the Sclavonic *Starescina*, the elders of the primitive family-community. The Communistic doctrines which these heretics discovered in the New Testament fitted in well with the equality and fraternity of the Sclavonic home-life. They were essentially levellers, and their evangelic religion was mixed up, as among the Puritans of Western Europe, with political insurgency. In Bulgaria we seem to trace, in the opposition of the Bogomiles to the powers that be, an alliance between them and the champions of the Sclavonic democracy against the usurpations of the Ugrian dynasty and nobles. 'They rail,' says Cosmas, 'at the magistrates and bojars (or nobles), and hold it a crime to do service for the Czar. They say, moreover, to every servant that he

[1] This is illustrated by the missionary work of St. Sava in that century. At the end of the ninth century the Narentines, living in the immediate neighbourhood of Spalato and Ragusa, the two focusses of Roman Christianity, were still unconverted, and their country, according to Constantine Porphyrogenitus, was still known as Pagania. See p. 363. How much more must this have been the case with the inland districts of Bosnia!

should not serve his master.' The Bogomiles, it must be remembered, become a political power in Bosnia just at the time when the 'elders' and Župans, who represented the free institutions which the Sclavonic settlers brought with them, are bowing before the Bans and a new, semi-feudal, nobility.

We hear nothing of the spread of the Bogomilian heresy in Bosnia and the other Serbian lands from Western sources till the end of the twelfth century, when the progress of heresy in other parts turned the Pope's attention to the fountain-head of the Bulgarian heresy, then undoubtedly the Illyrian province. Nominally Bosnia had long belonged to the Church of Rome, which claimed Western Illyricum as an inheritance from the Western Empire. Practically what orthodox Christianity Bosnia and the other Serbian lands possessed was of a strongly national character, and derived not from Roman sources, but from the missionary efforts of the Sclavonic apostles, Cyril and Methodius.[1] But the Church of Bosnia, though using the native liturgy and eschewing the Latin language, acknowledged some allegiance to Rome, and the bishops of Bosnia recognized the Archbishop of Salona[2] as their metropolitan. In the year 1180 Culin himself is still considered a dutiful son of the Church. But a few years later Culin 'has degenerated from himself' and fallen into heresy, and together with his wife and his sister, the widow of the Count of Chelm, had given ear to the Patarenes, as Roman ecclesiastics begin to call the Bogomiles who have now spread their heresy into Italy and the West. The Pope, exerting pressure on Culin by means of the King of Hungary, had the satisfaction of seeing him recant in person at Rome.[3] But a few years later, in 1199, the Prince of orthodox Zenta, which we may almost translate Montenegro, informs the Pope by letter that Culin has relapsed into his errors, and that

[1] This is Hilferding's conclusion.

[2] Or Spalato. Ragusa also laid claim to be the Metropolitan Church of Bosnia in Culin's time.

[3] This we learn from a letter of the Apostolic Legate of Alexander III., then in Dalmatia, directed 'Nobili et potenti viro Culin Bano Bosniæ.' The Legate writes to say that he is in very good favour with the Pontiff; that he would like for himself a couple of slaves and a pair of martens' skins; and 'if you have anything to signify to the Pontiff we will benignantly listen to it.' (!)

ten thousand of his subjects are already infected with the heresy.[1] A little later, we hear that Daniel, the bishop of Bosnia himself, has joined the Patarenes, who shortly after destroyed the orthodox-Roman Cathedral and Episcopal palace at Crescevo. From this time begins an ominous interregnum in the Roman Episcopate of Bosnia.

It was in vain the Pope appealed to the King of Hungary to punish his heretic vassal. Culin was now too strong to fear even the Hungarian arms, and at the very period when the hordes of De Montfort were devastating Provence, the Banat of Bosnia offered an asylum to persecuted adherents of the Bulgarian heresy throughout Europe. This is hardly the place to show how essentially the first Protestants of Western Europe, the Bulgares as they are called by orthodox writers of the age, were spiritual children of the Bogomiles of Bulgaria and Bosnia; but a comparison of the tenets of the Albigensians, the Patarenes, and others, with those of the Bogomiles—the Byzantine and Bulgarian authorities for which have been with some difficulty collated in this essay—will convince any unprejudiced mind that this is strictly the case. The Roman ecclesiastics themselves are so convinced of the identity of the two heresies that they never call the Bogomiles of Bosnia by any other name than that of the Patarenes whose doctrines were diffused through the West, certainly as far as Flanders, and probably to our own shores. The exact channels by which this heresy and its various offshoots permeated through Western Europe it is also difficult to determine. We have, however, precise data as to its having been communicated to Dalmatia through commercial relations with the interior of Bosnia,[2] and doubtless, just as the Bulgarians, the South-Easternmost of the Sclavonic races of the Balkan peninsula, first received their Manichæan Puritanism from Armenia and the East, so the Bosnians, the North-Westernmost[3] of the Balkan Sclaves, first communicated it to Europe and the West.

[1] Farlati, Episcopi Bosnenses. (In his *Illyricum Sacrum*, t. iv. p. 45.)

[2] By means of two merchants of Zara, Matthew and Aristodius, who brought the Patarene doctrines to Spalato. Thomas Archidiaconus, c. 24, quoted in Wilkinson's *Dalmatia*.

[3] With the exception of the Croats, who perhaps hardly came under the denomination of Balkan Sclaves.

But the most convincing testimony to the influence exercised by Bosnia in spreading the heresy over Europe is afforded by a Western writer, Matthew Paris,[1] who relates that the Albigensians and Patarenes of Italy and Provence possessed a Pope of their own, who resided in Bosnia.[2] This man created a vicar 'in partibus Galliarum.' A minister of this Bosnian anti-pope, who resided at Carcassonne, granted him some lands at a place called Porlos, and the Albigensian heretics betook themselves to their Bosnian Pope to consult him on divers questions. The existence of this Pope is corroborated by what we know from other sources as to the government of the Bogomiles. He doubtless fulfilled the same office of Chief-teacher as the 'heresiarch' Basil had, over a century before; and the Vicar may have been one of his twelve disciples. Again, the answering of questions illustrates his function as chief expounder of the tenets of the sect, and shows that heretic Provence and Italy still looked Eastward for the sources of true belief.

It was in vain that on Culin's death the King of Hungary appointed a Catholic Ban Zibisclave. It was in vain that in 1216 the Pope sent the sub-deacon Aconcius to labour at the conversion of the heretics. The Bogomiles only gained strength, and their faith struck firmer roots in the neighbouring countries of Croatia, Dalmatia, Istria, Carniola, and Slavonia. In the year 1233 a pope or bishop of the sect continues to flourish and exercise a powerful authority in Bosnia. But Rome, in the Albigensian crusades, had already tasted Christian blood, and resolved to have recourse to the same weapons in Bosnia which she had employed so efficaciously in Provence. Coloman, the brother of the King of Hungary,[3] was the De Montfort of the occasion, and in 1238 entered Bosnia with a large army to exterminate the heretics. He extended his havoc through the whole country, and even 'purged,' we are told, the principality of Chelm,

[1] *Hist. Maj.* (cited in Farlati, op. cit. p. 46).

[2] His residence is fixed as 'between the limits of Bulgaria, Croatia, and Dalmatia,' which indicates the position of Bosnia with sufficient exactitude.

[3] The Prince himself is described as 'King of the Ruthenians, and Ban of Sclavonia.' See Farlati, op. cit. and *Spicilegium Observationum Historico-Geographicarum de Bosniæ Regno*, Lugd. Bat. 1737.

which answers to the south-western part of the Herzegóvina. From this period onwards the history of Bosnia for centuries consists of little more than a series of such bloody inroads; but there are here none of those details which secure for the heretics of Alby the commiseration of mankind. Cities are sacked, but there is not here a Beziers or Carcassonne; the first germs of a civilization are trodden under foot, but these are not the full-blown roses of Provence; troubadours of a kind there doubtless were here, too, but it was in barbarous Sclavonic tongue, and not in the polished *Langue d'Oc* that they poured forth 'their unpremeditated lay,' and the sound of their lyre died away among the mountains that gave them birth.[1]

Gregory IX. congratulates Coloman on 'wiping out the heresy and restoring the light of Catholic purity,'[2] but the Pope was quick in discovering that these congratulations were premature. The Tartar invasion which in 1241 weakened Hungary was the strength of the Bogomiles of Bosnia. In 1246 Pope Innocent IV.[3] had to stir up a second Bosnian crusade, the conduct of which was entrusted to the Archbishop of Colocz—'a man skilled,' as was fitting in an archbishop, 'in all the science of war.' He received a cross from the Pope to fix upon his heart, and aided by the King Bela, of Hungary, renewed the pious work. Many heretics were butchered, others were cast into dungeons; and so great were considered the deserts of the archbishop, that the Pope transferred the church of Bosnia from Spalato to Colocz. But once more it was discovered that fire and sword had raged in vain. Heresy continued to be so rampant in Bosnia that from 1256 the episcopate of Bosnia, which had been renewed after the first crusade, lapses a second time.[4] The papacy next resorted to persuasion, the more so as during the last part of the thirteenth century the Hungarian suzerainty was becoming less and less binding on Bosnia. About the year 1260 the Minorite brothers of the order of St.

[1] Yet the historian of Latin Christianity might have spared a line to chronicle the struggles and sufferings of these early Protestants of Bosnia, to whom even the cultured sons of Provence turned for spiritual guidance.

[2] Raynaldus, *Annal. Eccles.* s. a. 1238.

[3] Raynaldus, s. a. 1246.

[4] Farlati, *Episcopi Bosnenses.*

Francis of Assisi were sent into Bosnia to aid the Dominicans, who had been already established here.[1] At the end of the thirteenth century Bosnia passed for a while under the overlordship of the Prince of Serbia, and Stephen Dragutine, who was favourable to the Roman church, allowed two Franciscan brothers to establish the Inquisition here in 1291.[2]

But at the beginning of the fourteenth century the Hungarians had once more recovered their ascendancy in Bosnia, and the Pope eagerly seized the weapon of orthodoxy at his service. John XXII. directed two letters, one to Charles, King of Hungary, and the other to Stephen, Ban of Bosnia. The letters are almost identical in scope, and are interesting as showing that Bosnia was still the stronghold and asylum of European heresy, and as illustrating the peculiar character of these sectaries. The letter to the Bosnian Ban is dated Avignon, June 1325.[3] 'To our beloved son and nobleman, Stephen, Prince of Bosnia,'—'Knowing that thou art a faithful son of the church, we therefore charge thee to exterminate the heretics in thy dominions, and to render aid and assistance to Fabian, our Inquisitor, for as much as a large multitude of heretics from many and divers parts collected hath flowed together into the principality of Bosnia, trusting there to sow their obscene errors and to dwell there in safety. These men, imbued with the cunning of the Old Fiend, and armed with the venom of their falseness, corrupt the minds of Catholics by outward show of simplicity and the sham assumption of the name of Christians; their speech crawleth like a crab, and they creep in with humility, but in secret they kill, and are wolves in sheeps' clothing, covering their bestial fury as a means to deceive the simple sheep of Christ.'

The true believers still need to be warned against the apparent meekness and innocence of these men of the gospel! His Holiness seems almost to be repeating the description of the Bogomiles given by the Bulgarian Presbyter over three centuries

[1] Under the Franciscan 'Vicar of Bosna' we now read of the following *Custodiæ*, viz. Dulmna, Greben, Bosna Civitas, Ussora, Machovia, Bulgaria, Corvinum, and Rascia.

[2] Farlati, *Ep. Bosn.*

[3] Waddingus, *Annales Minorum* (Ed. Fonsecæ), tom. vii. sub. anno 1325.

before. 'When men,' says Cosmas, 'see their lowly behaviour, then think they that they are of true belief; they approach them therefore and consult them about their souls' health. But they, like wolves that will swallow up a lamb, bow their head, sigh, and answer full of humility, and set themselves up as if they knew how it is ordered in heaven.'[1] Hypocritical meekness has been a ready accusation in the mouths of opponents of Puritanism in all ages; but we may be allowed to see, in the slanders of foul-mouthed popes and prelates, a tribute to the evangelic purity of the lives of those whom they persecuted and traduced.

In 1330 the King of Hungary and the Ban combined to assist the Inquisitor Fabian; many heretics were hounded from the realm, and the usual scenes of horror were repeated. In 1337, however, heresy is again as rampant as ever in Bosnia, and the Pope accordingly stirred up the neighbouring princes to another Bosnian crusade.

Sometimes the monks condescended to work miracles to forward the work of conversion. One, while addressing a congregation of heretics, 'stepped,' we are assured, 'into a large fire, and with great hilarity stood in the middle of the flames while he recited the fiftieth Psalm.' We hardly need the further assurance that many were turned from the error of their ways by miracles like this, especially when it is remembered that the heretics had the alternative of repenting, or repeating the experiment.

Nor were there wanting, we are told, miraculous tokens in the sky to manifest the displeasure of heaven itself at these scoffers at Catholic verity. The mountains whither the Bogomiles had been driven by the pious zeal of Ban Stephen were struck by celestial fire. 'Upon the eve of St. Catherine, 1367, a mighty heavenly flame appeared in the East, with an intense light terribly apparent to the whole globe. At that time they say that the loftiest mountains of Bosnia, with all rocks, cattle,

[1] Presbyter Cosmas. Just the same account of the *apparent* innocence of the Bogomiles appears in Euthymius: 'They bid those who listen to their doctrines to keep the commandments of the gospel, and to be meek and merciful, and of brotherly love. Thus they entice men on by teaching all good things and useful doctrine, but they poison by degrees and draw to perdition.'

wild beasts, and fowls of the air, were miraculously consumed, so that they were reduced to a plain; and there dwell the Patarene Manichæans, and say that God burnt up those mountains for their convenience, because He loved their faith.'[1] In fact, neither the Bogomiles nor the new Ban Stephen Tvartko, who favoured them, seem to have been the least appalled by this phenomenon. Only two years after this miraculous conflagration, Urban V. writes to the King of Hungary to complain of the Ban of Bosnia, 'who, following in the detestable footsteps of his fathers, fosters and defends the heretics who flow together into these parts from divers corners of the world as into a sink of iniquity.'[2] The Bans of Bosnia, even when Catholics themselves, seem to have been forced by the strength of national feeling into an attitude at least of toleration towards the Bogomiles, and their position in this respect has been aptly compared by Hilferding to that of the Bulgarian Czars.

During the troublous times of the Bosnian kingdom the Bogomiles increased in strength, and, what is extremely significant, the heretics of Bosnia begin to play a part in the revival of the Protestant movement throughout Europe. We do not know what part the Sclavonic heretics of Bosnia may have taken in preparing the minds of their Czechian brothers for the religious revolt of which Huss and Jerome of Prague were the leaders and exponents. But we do know that from the first intimate relations existed between the Bogomiles of Bosnia and the Hussites; in 1433 four Bogomilian or Patarene bishops made their way from Bosnia to the Council of Basil,[3] and shortly after, in 1437, the Romish bishop Joseph complains that Bosnia was swarming with Hussites and other heretics. We have, moreover, very strong indirect evidence that the

[1] Anonym. Acutheanus (in Farlati).

[2] Raynaldus, *Annal. Eccles.* sub anno 1369. In 1372, from a letter of Pope Gregory XI. to the Vicar of the Minorites in Bosnia, we learn that, in view of the continuance of the heresy in Bosnia, Rascia, 'Bassarat,' and the neighbouring regions, he granted them many privileges of building religious houses in those countries; 'Bourich, belonging to the noble Nicolas de Altomanich' in Rascia, and the 'Contrata de Glas' in the dominion of the King of Hungary, being specified. Waddingus, *Annales Minorum*, sub anno 1372.

[3] Farlati, *Ep. Bosn.*

movement in Bosnia was at this time directed by men of learning and ability. In 1462 Pius II., being much alarmed at the progress of heresy in Bosnia, and 'hearing that there was a great want there of men skilled in philosophy, the sacred canons, and theology,' sent thither 'learned men from the neighbouring provinces,' and especially the brother Peter de Mili, a native of Bosnia, and four fellows. These five 'had studied in the best Cismontane and Transmontane Universities under the most learned doctors.' The Pope, moreover, gave orders that some of the largest convents should be converted into schools for literary studies.[1] We may conclude with confidence that learning was required in Bosnia to cope with learning.

But the preparation of this polemic artillery was cut short by an event the effects of which are even now distracting Christendom. In the year following that in which his Holiness laments over the continued progress of heresy in Bosnia, the whole country passed in the short space of eight days irrevocably under the dominion of the Infidel. The continued crusades, the persecutions of the Inquisition—fire, sword, exile, and dungeon—had done their work. The Protestant population of Bosnia had at last deliberately taken its choice, and preferred the dominion of what it believed to be the more tolerant Turks to the ferocious tyranny of Catholic kings, magnates, and monks. There never was a clearer instance of the Nemesis which follows on the heels of religious persecution. Europe has mainly to thank the Church of Rome that an alien civilisation and religion has been thrust into her midst, and that Bosnia at the present day remains Mahometan.

At the very moment when the Turks were threatening the very existence of the Bosnian kingdom, the King, then Stephen Thomas, and priests, aided by the magnates and aristocratic party in the State, were pushing the persecution of the Bogomiles to an extreme which perhaps it had never reached before. In the year 1459 King Stephen turned his feudal arms against the inoffensive Bogomiles at home, and hounded out as many, it is said,[2] as forty thousand, who took refuge in the Herze-

[1] Waddingus, *Annales Minorum*, tom. xiii. sub. anno 1462.

[2] See Farlati, *Ep. Bosn.*; and *Spicilegium*, &c. *de Regno Bosniæ*.

góvina, with their co-religionist, the Duke of St. Sava. Others he sent in chains to Rome, where it appears they were 'benignantly converted'—whatever that means. But the expulsion of forty thousand did little to diminish the strength of the Bogomiles in Bosnia. In 1462, as we know from the Roman archives, heresy was as powerful as ever in Bosnia. Already, twelve years before,[1] the Bogomiles had invited the Turks into Bosnia as their deliverers; in 1463, on Mahomet II.'s invasion, the Catholic king found himself deserted by his people. The keys of the principal fortress, the royal city of Bobovac, were handed over to the Turk by the 'Manichæan' governor;[2] the other fortresses and towns hastened to imitate its example, and within a week 'seventy cities defended by nature and art' passed into the hands of Mahomet. Bosnia, which may be described as one vast stronghold, refused to strike a blow in defence of her priestly tyrants.

Perhaps enough has been said to show the really important part played by Bosnia in European history. We have seen her interpret to the West the sublime Puritanism which the more Eastern Sclaves of Bulgaria had first received from the Armenian missionaries. We have seen her take the lead in the first religious revolt against Rome. We have seen a Bosnian religious teacher heading the movement in Provence. We have seen the Protestants of Bosnia successfully resisting all the efforts of Rome, supported by the arms of Hungary, to put them down. We have seen them connected with the Reformation in Bohemia, and affording shelter to the followers of Huss. From the twelfth century to the final conquest of the Turks in the sixteenth, when the fight of religious freedom had been won in Northern Europe, Bosnia presents the unique phenomenon of a Protestant State existing within the limits of the Holy Roman Empire, and in a province claimed by the Roman Church.

[1] Raynaldus, *Annal. Eccles.* sub anno 1450.

[2] Laonicus, *de Rebus Turc*, lib. x.; Gobelinus, lib. ii.; and Johannes Leunclavius. The Sultan is said to have made use of the authority of the captured king to obtain the seventy cities, but the account given of the betrayal of Bobovac shows that the Bogomiles were the real cause of the quick submission.

Bosnia was the religious Switzerland of Mediæval Europe, and the signal service which she has rendered to the freedom of the human intellect by her successful stand against authority can hardly be exaggerated. Resistance, broken down in the gardens of Provence, buried beneath the charred rafters of the Roman cities of the Langue d'Oc, smothered in the dungeons of the Inquisition, was prolonged from generation to generation amongst the primeval forests and mountain fastnesses of Bosnia. There were not wanting, amongst those who sought to exterminate the Bogomiles, Churchmen as dead to human pity as the Abbot of Citeaux and lay arms as bloodthirsty as De Montfort; but the stubborn genius of the Serbian people fought on with rare persistence, and held out to the end. The history of these champions of a purer religion has been written by their enemies, and ignored by those who owe most to their heroism. No Martyrology of the Bogomiles of Bosnia has come down to us. We have no Huss or Tyndale to arrest our pity. 'Invidious silence' has obscured their fame,

'Illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.'

Protestant historians, fearful of claiming relationship with heretics whose views on the origin of evil were more logical than their own, have almost or entirely ignored the existence of these Sclavonic Puritans. But those who perceive in Protestantism itself nothing more than a stepping-stone to still greater freedom of the human mind, and who recognise the universal bearings of the doctrine of Evolution, will be slow to deny that England herself and the most enlightened countries of the modern world may owe a debt, which it is hard to estimate, to the Bogomiles of Bosnia.

After the Turkish conquest of Bosnia the history of the Bogomiles in those parts becomes obscure. That they still existed in the revived Banat of lower Bosnia we may gather from a passage in the 'Annals of the Minorites,'[1] to the effect

[1] Waddingus, *Annales Minorum*, sub anno 1478. There is also a curious passage in Raphael of Volaterra, who appears to have written his *Geographia* towards the end of the fifteenth century. He says (*Geog.* p. 244, ed. Lyons 1599), 'In Bosnia, Rascia, and Serbia the sect of the Manichees is still fol-

that in 1478 the city of Jaycze was 'polluted by heretics and schismatics.' Many who had resisted the propaganda of Rome appear to have found in the iconoclastic puritanism of Islam a belief less incompatible with their own. We have direct evidence that it was the Bogomiles who chiefly swelled the ranks of the renegades.[1] Many, doubtless, when they found how hard were the masters they had called in, were provoked to their old attitude of resistance, and perished for their obstinacy. They are generally said to have died out, and the Bosnian monks of the order of St. Francis, who, in 1769, supplied the author of 'Illyricum Sacrum' with an account of the present state of that country, declare that there are no traces left of them. This, however, is not the case. During the recent insurrection, over 2,000 Bogomiles from Popovo, a single district of the Herzegóvina, took refuge in the hospitable territory of what was once the Republic of Ragusa.[2]

lowed. They say there are two *Principia Rerum*—one good, one evil. Nor do they acknowledge the Roman Pope, nor Christ '*Omousion*.' They have monasteries (cænobia) in hidden mountain valleys, where go matrons who have escaped from certain diseases.' These matrons say that for a certain period they act as menials to holy men in accordance with a vow: 'Atque ita inter monachos mixtæ una vivunt; quæ quidem labes adhuc durat.'

[1] Besides the evidence on this point which I have gathered from other sources, I may notice a most interesting allusion to the Bogomiles or Patarenes who had turned renegades, and a direct testimony that they went over wholesale to Islàm, in J. Bapt. Montalbano, *Rerum Turcarum Commentarius*, written certainly before the year 1630 (when it was published in the Elzevir *Turci Imperii Status*). After mentioning the Catholic inhabitants, the writer goes on to say, 'Est aliud eo in regno (sc. Bosnæ) hominum genus *Potur* appellatum, qui neque Christiani sunt, neque Turcæ, circumciduntur tamen, pessimique habentur.' 'Potur' is evidently a Sclavonised form of Patarene. The writer goes on to say of these 'Poturs' that they, 'to the number of many thousand,' offered to renegade from the Christian faith to that of Mahomet if Sultan Soliman would grant them indemnity, and release them from tribute. Soliman, says the writer (a Bolognese Doctor), thereupon doubled their tribute, and 'hence they are despised by both Turks and Christians.' But this whole account evidently bears witness to the wholesale renegation of the Bogomiles. Further on the same writer bears witness to the continuance of Protestantism in Turkish Bosnia in the sixteenth century. 'Eos inter,' says he, of the inhabitants, 'Calvinistæ Arrianique multi.'

[2] I am indebted for this fact to the excellent correspondent of the *Times* in the Herzegóvina, who gives an account of these refugees in a letter from

To return to the more secular aspects of Bosnian history. Much still remains to be elucidated by Sclavonic historians with regard to the inner government of the country, the rise of the semi-feudal nobility, and the complicated relations of parties. Here it would be hopeless to attempt anything more than the merest outline, giving prominence only to a few episodes of general interest. The Hungarian overlordship is occasionally broken by a Serbian, and Stephen Dūshan, who, in the middle of the fourteenth century, revived the Czardom among the Balkan Sclaves, numbered Bosnia among his vassal states. For an interesting monument of this period I may refer the reader to the account of the Book of Arms of Bosnian Nobility, drawn up in the year 1340 by order of the Serbian Czar, which we saw in the Franciscan Monastery of Foinica.[1]

But this Serbian suzerainty vanishes with the dreams of Stephen Dūshan. Shortly after his date the Bans of Bosnia become so powerful that they are able to annex the two important Serbian provinces of Rascia and Zeuta, which answers to the modern Montenegro, and to proclaim themselves virtually independent both of the Serbian and Hungarian monarchies. In 1376 the Ban, Stephen Tvartko, was strong enough

Ragusa dated Oct. 19, 1875, which I may be allowed to quote as illustrating the more recent sufferings of this interesting sect, and the sad case of the Christian refugees of Bosnia and the Herzegóvina generally. 'The people of Popovo were tranquilly engaged in their fields and houses, when the troops—Regulars and Bashi-Bazouks—came up; the latter killed the first they came upon where they found them (one of them, the brother of a villager who had appealed successfully to the Pashà at Trebinje against the extortions of the Agas some months ago, being cut to pieces alive), and all the rest fled in panic. The good *curé* of Osseniéh is doing all he can for them; but there are only eighty-five houses in this village, and he has 2,125 souls of the Popovites on his register for succour. Of these 300 were out on the mountain-side on the night of the worst storm we have had this season. One woman with a new-born babe was so exhausted in her flight that she went to sleep, sitting on a rock nursing her child, fell off in her sleep, and was found by one of the other peasants next morning still sleeping, with her babe at her bosom, in a pool of water which had fallen during the storm. The *curé* tells me that these people are mainly Bogomilites, remains of an ancient sect once widely spread in Bosnia and identical with the Albigenses.' I hope at some future period to be able to say more on the present state of the Bogomiles.

[1] See p. 214.

to extort from his uncle, King Louis of Hungary, permission to assume the royal style—the King of Hungary only reserving the *suprema dominatio.*[1] Tvartko was crowned in the Monastery of Milescevo (the great glory of which was that it contained the tomb of the Serbian apostle St. Sava), and took the title of Stephen Tvartko, by the grace of God, King of Rascia, Bosnia, and Primorie.[2] Stephen Tvartko was, after Culin, the first Bosnian prince who struck coins.[3] He further did much to encourage trade and commerce, and included under his sceptre more extensive dominions than any Bosnian Ban, or King, before or after. He seized the land of Chelm, the later Herzegóvina, which had belonged to former Bans of Bosnia, till exchanged for Primorie with the King of Hungary; and in 1382 appears to have reduced the whole of Dalmatia, with the single exception of the city of Zara. He repulsed a Turkish invasion of Bosnia in the same year, and in 1389 sent a Bosnian contingent of 20,000 men to aid the Serbian Knez Lazar on the fatal field of Kossovo, and amidst the universal rout, the Bosnian leader Vlatko Hranić succeeded in leading off his troops in good order from the field of battle.

In 1391 Tvartko dies, and is succeeded by Stephen Dabiscia, otherwise known as Tvartko II., and he again in 1396 by Tvartko III.[4] The long reign of this king, which lasted forty-seven years, is distracted by perpetual wars, connected with the disputed succession of the Hungarian crown. It is extremely difficult to trace out the aims of the different parties who are now disputing for mastery in Bosnia. At one time Tvartko III. appears at the head of an insurrection of Bosnian and Croatian magnates against Sigismund of Hungary, and in 1408 is defeated and captured under the walls of his historic Castle of Doboj,[5] where the conqueror executed 120 Bosnian and Croatian nobles. Tvartko, however, soon appears once more on the throne, and for many years we find him maintaining his position

[1] Spicilegium, &c., *De Bosniæ Regno*, p. 51; Farlati, *Ep. Bosn.* &c.

[2] The coastland between the Cetina and the Narenta, including the Castles of Imoschi and Novigrad.

[3] Thoemmel, *Vilajet Bosnien*, p. 12.

[4] Also known as Tvartko II.

[5] See pp. 105, 106.

by the aid of the Bogomiles, and the popular party who seem to be identical with them. When the Magnates and their Magyar auxiliaries sought to oppose him and set up two rival kings representing their different factions, Tvartko carried out his national policy still further by sending a message to Vladislaus Jagellon, the Polish claimant of the Hungarian throne, in which he offered him his homage and begged for assistance on the plea of the common origin of the Poles and Bosniacs.[1]

Meanwhile the Turks are perpetually desolating Bosnia, and about the year 1430 the anarchy of that unhappy country culminates in the spectacle of three rival princes, each of them claiming to be King of Bosnia! In 1335 the death of his two rivals left Tvartko III. once more sole king; but shortly after that date the part of his dominions which answers to the modern Herzegóvina separates itself from the rest of Bosnia, and forms for a while an independent principality. The County of Chelm, variously designated as the Banat of Zachlumje and the land of Humska, had been originally incorporated in the Banat of Bosnia by the Ban Stephen[2] in 1326. We have seen it exchanged for Primorie with the King of Hungary, and re-annexed by the first King of Bosnia, who granted it as a fief to his brave general Vlatko Hranić. His grandson, who from his birthplace Cosac, was known as Stephen Cosača, or Cosaccia,[3] took advantage of the weakness of Tvartko III. to transfer the immediate suzerainty of his county to the Emperor Frederick IV., who in 1410 created him Duke, or, as his Sclavonic subjects who had borrowed the German word expressed it, *Herzega*, of St. Sava.[4]

[1] Spicilegium, &c., *De Bosniæ Regno*, p. 7.

[2] Stephen assumed the style *Liber Princeps et Dominus Bosniæ, Ussoræ, Salæ atque plurium aliorum locorum, atque Chelmi Comes.*

[3] From him the noble Venetian family of Cozzas derives its origin.

[4] It seems to me probable that the title accorded by Frederick was Duke of *Primorie* (which is now incorporated in the County of Chelm), and that the name Duke of St. Sava was rather a popular piecing together of this and his other title of 'Keeper of the Sepulchre of St. Sava.' In 1446 he is called *Herzegh Sancti Sabbæ* by the Bosnian king in the account of the Conventus of Coinica; but if we may judge from the Italian style used by his son, the refugee duke, he called *himself* Duke of Primorie. Stephen Cosac-

This, and the further title of 'Keeper of St. Sava's Sepulchre,' he derived from the tomb of the patron saint of Serbia in his monastery of Milescevo. The Herzegóvina, or Duchy, as this country now begins to be called,[1] included, besides the old county of Chelm, the coastland district known as Primorie, and extended from the borders of Rascia to the neighbourhood of Zara. Stephen Cosaccia fixed as the seat of his government the important point where the old Roman bridge still spans the river Narenta, and the City of Mostar still looks back to Radivoj Gost, his *Curopalata* or 'Mayor of the Palace,' as its founder.[2]

Stephen Thomas succeeded Tvartko III. on the throne of Bosnia in 1443. He began his reign by abjuring his Bogomilian religion, and from the first showed a tendency to lean on the Magnates and the Roman monks. He appears, however, to have been accepted as suzerain by Stephen Cosaccia, whose daughter Catharine he married; and in the diet, or Great Council of the Realm, which he assembled at Coinica, we may see a last effort to check the growing anarchy, and unite the discordant elements of the realm. I have given an account of the great charter of King Stephen Thomas while describing the scene of the 'Conventus' of Coinica.[3] In it the constitutional relation of the Duke of St. Sava will be found defined, and the clause which enacts 'that the Manichæans build no new church nor restore the old,' but which omits to prescribe any further penalties or to fulminate any of the usual anathemas against them, seems to me to imply that even the Bogomiles were to be accorded comparative toleration. But passions ran too high, anarchy was too inveterate in Bosnia, for this attempt at internal pacification to succeed. In the Papal legate, Cardinal Carvajal, King Stephen Thomas had ever at his side an evil genius, who inclined him more and more towards the path of persecution. With the Turk at the door King Thomas, who was known to the Roman Catholics as the 'pious,' once more lent the support of the civil arm to the In-

cia's son calls himself '*Duca Primorschi, Signor di Hum, e Guardiano del Sepolchro del beato Sava.*'

[1] Herzegóvina, the adjectival form of Herzega—literally 'the ducal'—land being understood.

[2] For Mostar and its bridge see p. 344, &c.

[3] See p. 305.

quisition. The Bogomiles turned for protection to the Turks their only possible ally, and, four years after the 'Conventus' of Coinica, invited them into the country. Stephen Thomas, a tyrant towards his own subjects, showed himself a craven before the foe, and purchased an ignominious peace from Amurath by agreeing to pay him 25,000 ducats a year, and surrendering to him the great Danubian fortress of Semendria, then in his possession. But the Turkish suzerainty became more and more galling, and the fall of Constantinople in 1453 finally roused him from his lethargy. Four years after that event he issued from his Palace of Sutisca, near the Castle of Bobovac, an appeal to the whole Christian world for help against the Infidel.[1] This was addressed to the Pope, the King of Arragon, the Doge of Venice, the Duke of Burgundy, and other Christian princes. But the days of the Crusades were gone by, and the appeal of the King of Bosnia met with no response, save that the Pope sent him a consecrated standard and a cross.

Unable to obtain help abroad, the King made one more appeal to the feudal nobility of Bosnia to meet him with their retainers equipped for battle against the Infidel, on the field of Kossovo. This summons is dated Pristina, June 3, 1459, and is one of the last records of feudal Bosnia. The Barons, Prelates, Nobles, Voivodes, and Magnates of the realm,[2] are summoned by name. The Župans[3] of Rascia and of Serbia, with their banners and retainers, the Ban of Jaycze, the Ban of Ussora, the Duke of St. Sava, and the lesser nobles, are marshalled before us on parchment. The King appeals to their orthodox bigotry, and seems to take an illustration from the fire-drakes of Sclavonic folk-lore. 'What faithful Christian,' he asks, 'and zealous lover of the orthodox faith can restrain his tears when considering the capture of Constantinople?' He calls on the Barons aforesaid 'to meet us on the field of Kossovo in June, for we ought in a body to advance against the dragon, lest he spit forth over us his venom.'[4]

[1] Datum sub castro nostro regali de Bobovatz in oppido Sutischæ, die xxiv Julii, A.D. 1457 (in *Spic. De Bosniæ Regno*).

[2] Proceres Regni.

[3] Præfecti.

This summons is preserved in the monastery of the Holy Ghost at

We do not know that King Stephen Thomas ever met the Turks at Kossovo; but we know that this same year he turned the arms of his orthodox Magnates against his unoffending Bogomile subjects, and hounded 40,000 of them from the realm; and that shortly afterwards we find him besieging the castle of a refractory vassal. But the poltroonery of the king had made him as odious with the nobles as his persecution had with the people. His surrender of Semendria to the Turks, and his acceptance of a crown from the Pope, had irritated Mathias Corvinus and the powerful Hungarian faction among the Magnates. In 1460, while encamped on the field of Bilaj, he was assassinated by his step-brother Radivoj and his illegitimate son Stephen.

Stephen Tomascević immediately usurped the throne, though Stephen Thomas is often regarded by Bosnians as their last king. He followed the example of his father in persecuting the Bogomiles, and they called in Sultan Mahomet. In 1463 Mahomet poured into Bosnia an army, the cavalry of which alone was exaggerated by the terror of the natives into 150,000 horsemen. On June 14 a Turkish Pashà appeared at the head of a large force beneath the walls of Bobovac, the ancient seat of Bosnian Bans and Kings. The Sultan himself came up next day, and the governor—a 'Manichee,' we are told, 'who had feigned to be a Christian'—forthwith, with the consent of the garrison, who it is to be supposed were equally disaffected against the Catholic rulers, opened the gates to the Turk. Thus passed into the hands of Mahomet a fortress of the greatest strength, and supplied with provisions for a two-years' siege. The King of Bosnia, panic-stricken at the loss of his royal city, and seeing himself betrayed by his own subjects, shut himself up in Jaycze, another royal city, as strong by its position and fortifications as Bobovac; but feeling himself still insecure, at the approach of the Pashà fled with his treasures to Clissa on the coast of Primorie, where, after forty days' siege, on condition of his life being spared, he surrendered himself to Mahomet, together with his treasures, the accumu-

Foinica, and is given in Balthasar Kersellch, *De Regnis Dalmatiæ, Croatiæ, Sclavoniæ, notitiæ præliminares*, Zagrab, *s. a.*

lated hoards of five kings, amounting, it is said, to a million of ducats.[1]

The crafty Sultan utilized the King's authority, we are told, to obtain possession of the remaining strongholds of Bosnia. He extorted from him writs to the governors of the different cities, ordering them to give up their keys to the Turks. All obeyed. The Protestant population of Bosnia looked on the Turks rather as deliverers than foes, and in the short space of eight days seventy cities, 'defended by nature and art,' opened their gates to the Sultan's officers. Then at last the Christians of Bosnia discovered that they had betrayed one tyranny to make room for a worse. The King, Stephen Tomascević, having served his turn, was barbarously executed by his perfidious captor. Accounts differ as to the exact manner of his death; but it matters little whether he suffered the fate of Marsyas, St. Sebastian, or Charles I.; and poetic justice is satisfied, if we may believe the statement that the parricide king met his doom on the same field of Bilaj where he murdered his father. The Duchy of St. Sava[2] fell into Mahomet's hands at the same time as the rest of Bosnia, and the whole kingdom now felt the heavy hand of Mahomet. The most eminent nobles who had not escaped to Dalmatia were transported to Asia, fifty thousand of the picked youth of Bosnia were taken to recruit the Janissaries, and two hundred thousand of the inhabitants were sold as slaves.

Amidst the universal ruin, the wife of the last lawful king of Bosnia, Stephen Thomas, is singled out by the grandeur of her misfortunes, and I have been tempted to collect a few details which may shed some halo of romance round the unhappy Catharine. After the murder of her husband by his bastard

[1] For the fall of the Bosnian kingdom and the Banat of Jaycze I have compared the accounts of Johannes Leunclavius, Laonicus, *De Reb. Turc*, lib. x.; Gobelinus, lib. ii.; Isthvanfius, and Bonfinius.

[2] An intrigue is said to have first introduced the Turks into the Duchy. The Duke had offended the Duchess by the favour he showed to a beautiful Florentine, and the Duchess saved herself from perpetual insult by flight. Her son is said to have taken up arms against his father, and the Duke Stephen to have called the Turks to his aid. Mahomet, however, on arriving, turned his arms against the Duke, who fled to Ragusa, leaving the Herzegóvina in Mahomet's possession in 1463.

son Stephen and her brother Radivoj, Queen Catharine had lingered near his tomb in the Church of St. John at Sutisca, the burial-place of Bosnian kings, sheltered in the adjoining convent which her own and her husband's piety had reared,[1] and doubtful whether most to fear her husband's murderer or the terrible Sultan, who was advancing, avowedly, to avenge her. In the sacristery of the Convent of Sutisca, the Franciscan monks still treasure an antique picture, in which Christ appears in person to the kneeling king Stephen Thomas; and legend says that it was in the monastery of his rearing that this vision befell the husband of Queen Catharine. Here, amidst all these sad and solemn memories, the widowed queen was engaged in embroidering some sacred vestments, when the news of the rapid advance of Mahomet, perhaps the sudden betrayal of the royal stronghold of Bobovac itself, only five miles distant, startled her from her pious task. In the sacristery of Sutisca, with the picture of King Thomas, the Franciscan monks showed long afterwards[2] 'a stole and a part of a chasuble embroidered in gold threads by a needle in a wonderful way, and delectable to the sight, which is said by immemorial tradition to have been the handiwork of Queen Catharine, the wife of king Thomas, who sleeps at Rome, and which she left unfinished when she fled.'

She, a woman of delicate health, the widowed Queen of Bosnia, the daughter of the Duke of St. Sava, on her mother's side[3] tracing her lineage from the imperial race of the Comneni, fled away on foot through the passes of the Dinaric Alps, down the valley of the Narenta, across the inhospitable

[1] Possibly rather *restored*. A convent and royal residence (the two were generally combined by the Sclavonic princes) had certainly existed at Sutisca much earlier, and as far back as 1278 a Ban, Stephen Kontromanović, dates a diploma 'from our palace of "Suttisca."' The convent reared by the pious Thomas and his Queen was destroyed by the Turks, but the Franciscans obtained permission to rebuild it, and set a great cross there, which according to their own account (Relation of Bosnian Monks in Farlati) was made by St. Bernardin, 'and is most formidable to demons and drives off airy tempests.' Perhaps it acted as a lightning-conductor.

[2] This account is taken from the relation of Bosnian monks 'On the Present State of Bosnia,' supplied to Farlati in 1769. I have assumed above that the picture of King Thomas still exists.

[3] Her mother was Helena Comnena, wife of Stephen Cosaccia.

limestone desert that stretches, now as then, between her father's stronghold of Mostar and the sea, to Stagno, the old seaport of Bosnia. There she found a small boat, which carried her across the gulf to the hospitable haven of Ragusa. At Ragusa she seems to have resided several years; but in 1475[1] she set forth on her pilgrimage once more, and passed the closing years of her life in the shelter of a Roman convent, distinguished by her charitable works, her meekness, and the patience with which she bore her misfortunes,[2] but haunted even there by the craven conduct of her son Sigismund, who had renegaded to the creed of Mahomet. In 1477 Queen Catharine died, and was buried in the Church of the Virgin of Ara Cœli, in which by her orders a monument was reared to her memory.[3] There, beside the feudal escutcheons of her husband's kingdom and her father's principality, on a foreign soil, and in a Roman sanctuary, reposes, as is fitting, the effigy of the exiled Queen of Bosnia, the last monument of the feudal kingdom, and of a dynasty essentially alien to the people over whom it ruled.

After her death two of her family appeared before Pope Sextus IV., and presented to him her will, in which she bequeathed her kingdom of Bosnia to the Holy Roman Church; adding, however, the condition that if her son should return from the Turks, 'and the vomit of Mahomet,' he should be restored to his father's throne. As a token, her representatives handed over the Sword of the Realm, and the Royal Spurs, 'which the Pontiff benignantly received, and ordered them to be placed, with the will, in the Apostolic archives.'[4]

Meanwhile Mathias Corvinus was taking more effectual measures to recover at least a part of Bosnia for Christendom and Hungary. Within three months after the execution of

[1] Waddingus, *Annales Minorum*, sub anno 1475.

[2] Waddingus, op. cit. sub anno 1478.

[3] See frontispiece to this Historical Review of Bosnia. I have copied my illustration of the monument of Queen Catherine, from a representation of it as existing in 1677, in Alphonsi Ciacconii *Vitæ et Res Gestæ Pontificum Romanorum et S. R. E. Cardinalium ab Augustino Oldoino recognitæ*, &c., tom. iii. col. 41 (Romæ, 1677). I do not know whether the monument is still existent.

[4] Ciacconius, loc. cit.

Stephen Tomascević he had taken the field, and in a short time recovered twenty-seven cities with almost the same rapidity as that of Mahomet's conquest. The whole of lower Bosnia, including what is now Turkish Croatia, the valley of the Verbas, the Bosnian Possávina, the old Bosnian Banats of Ussora and Podrinia, and even Primorie, with a large part of Herzegóvina, including Mostar, were for a while recovered;[1] and after a sixty days' siege, Jaycze, the great stronghold of the kingdom, received a Hungarian governor, and was forthwith made the capital of the new Banat of Jaycze, or as Mathias called it, to preserve the *jus* of the Hungarian Crown, the titulary kingdom of Bosnia.

The ancient city of Jaycze, which now for many years becomes the Ilion of Turk and Hungarian, and the bulwark of the Christian world, derives its name, it is said, from its resemblance in form to an egg, the Bosniac word for which is *Jaica*,[2] and it has thus been compared with the Neapolitan fortress Castel Ovo, reared by the Normans. Its high walls are still to be seen, rising on a rocky height at the confluence of the Pliva and Verbas; and during the days of the Bosnian kingdom it was recognized as the capital of the realm, sharing with Bobovac the honour of being the favourite residence of the Bosnian kings. Here rose the Minorite convent of St. Catharine, enriched by many indulgences, obtained from Rome by the namesake of the saint, the queen whose melancholy fortunes we have just been tracing; and here, after the fall of Constantinople, the body of St. Luke (the greatest glory of Bosnia's latter days!) had found shelter till the invasion of Mahomet, when pious hands succeeded in transporting it to Venice, where it was deposited by the Doge Cristoforo Moro in the Church of St. Job: to the no small scandal of the neighbouring city of Padua, which possessed a rival trunk of the Evangelist.

The history of Bosnia now centres around the fortifications of Jaycze. The city was again and again besieged by Mahomet

[1] Foinica also appears to have belonged to Matthias. See the interesting diploma of 1469, by which he cedes it to Tomko Mergniavić, given on p. 225.

[2] Literally 'a little egg,' the diminutive of '*Jaje*,' an egg.

and Bajazet; but the citizens, amongst whom we learn were a large number of Bogomiles,[1] showed that, when under the inspiration of a sovereign like Mathias, they knew how to fight, and, while the town held out, Hungarian armies inflicted disastrous defeats on the Turks under its walls. In 1520 two generals of Sultan Solyman II., the Bey of Semendria and the Pashà of Turkish Bosnia, inflicted the severest blow on the Banat of Jaycze that it had yet experienced. The great stronghold of Zvornik, the key of the Podrinia, fell into the hands of the Turks, owing to the carelessness of the governor, who had failed to provision it; and two other important fortresses yielded to the panic, one Sokol, the other the rock citadel of Tešanj,[2] the key of the province of Ussora. Jaycze, however, at that time had for governor a stout old soldier, Peter Keglević, who had received wounds at Terentzin, and the successful defence of this city under his guidance is the last and perhaps the most romantic episode in the annals of Christian Bosnia.

The Turks, finding all their efforts to take the city by open assault futile, had planned a night surprise, and, to disarm the suspicions of the governor, had retired out of sight of the city, as if to raise the siege. But Keglević, who perhaps obtained his information from renegades in the Pashà's army, was made aware by means of his spies that the Turks were constructing a large number of ladders. The governor accordingly doubled the watch on the walls, lining them, where they were too low, with foot soldiers; and was shortly made aware, by the same secret sources of information, that the retreating Turks had doubled round, and, making their way by stealth among the mountains and under cover of the forest, were encamped in a retired gorge not far from the town, intending to assault the walls by a sudden escalade in the hours before dawn. Peter showed himself quite equal to the occasion, and told off immediately a picked body of a hundred men to take their stand in the rear of the Turkish ambush, with orders to fall on the infidels at a signal given from a gun-shot.

Nor were Keglević's resources exhausted by this stratagem. It happened to be the eve of a feast-day, when the women and

[1] Waddingus, sub anno 1478.

[2] See p. 115.

maidens of the town would in times of security go forth, as they still do through the length and breadth of Bosnia, to dance and sing on the forest lawns. Old Peter called the girls and merry wives of Jaycze around him, and bade them at earliest dawn to go forth, as if no foe were nigh, into the King's Mead, as the meadowland about the town was known long afterwards, and sing and play their shrillest—disarming their fears by telling them that he would be at hand to help them.

Meanwhile the Turks, astir before sunrise for their planned attack, were shouldering their ladders for the escalade—when the distant sounds of the festal songs, and the Sclavonic dance-music, the plaintive note of the Ghuzla, and the shrill piping of the Svirala, broke the silence of the still morning air; and peering down between the forest trunks they espied by the first faint light of dawn the maidens of Jaycze tripping the light fantastic toe right merrily on the green slopes opposite. This was enough! Down fall the ladders from their backs, and forwards scurry the warriors, forgetful of everything but the sirens across the valley. Old Keglević saw his opportunity, and sallying forth from the city, attacked them with a picked body of men, while the ambushed horsemen, true to the signal, swept down upon their rear. The Turks, in utter confusion, distracted by the double onslaught, surprised, perhaps scarcely armed, offered no resistance, and were cut down almost to a man.

The Pashà, furious at this disaster, attacked Jaycze shortly afterwards with an army of 20,000 men, a long train of siege material, and eight cannon of large calibre;[1] but Keglević held out, and Frangepani advancing with an army of 16,000 men, defeated the Pashà and compelled him to raise the siege. Seven years, however, after his splendid defence of Jaycze, the brave old governor resigned his command, and his successor, a careless and unwarlike man, lost the fortress almost immediately. On the surrender of Jaycze in 1527 the remaining towns of the Banat opened their gates to the Turks, and the whole of Bosnia to the Save passed irrecoverably into the hands of the Sultan. Several desultory attempts have since been made on the part of the Hapsburgs to recover it: by Louis, Duke of Baden, in 1668;

[1] *Tormenta Curulia.*

by Prince Eugene, in 1697, who pushed on as far as Bosna Serai itself, but gained nothing by his hasty dash; and again in 1736 by the imperial troops under the Prince of Saxe-Hildburghausen, which ended in the utter rout of the Austrian army, amounting, it is said, to 80,000 men, and such complete discomfiture, that Ali Pashà could boast that 'not a hoof of them was left behind.'[1] In 1790 Marshal Laudon took a few places in Bosnia, but the French Revolution put a stop to these operations, and all the towns captured in Bosnia were restored by the peace of Sistov.[2] These later efforts may show that though the Emperor-King had resigned his claim over Bosnia by the peace of Passarovitz in 1718, Austria, in the last century at all events, had not resigned all hopes of recovering the old fief of the Hungarian Crown.

There are very few materials at hand for the history of Bosnia after the Turkish conquest, and we have little but theories to explain the extraordinary process of renegation which immediately set in, and which has given us a Sclavonic race of Mahometans. From the earliest days of the conquest the Turks inaugurated the policy of allowing all those natives who would accept the religion of Islàm to retain their lands and belongings, and we hear at once of a son of the King of Bosnia and another of the Duke of St. Sava turning Mahometan. It is certain that though the Catholic faction among the nobility was still powerful, a large number of even the highest rank in Bosnia were infected with the Bogomilian heresy; and it is probable that many rightful heirs of ancient houses had been dispossessed for heretical opinions by the dominant Romish caste, and were willing to recover their honours by at least nominally abjuring their religion. By most, perhaps, the renegation was intended to be only temporary; they 'bowed in the house of Rimmon' merely to retain their honours. Not a few of these renegade families have preserved even to the present day many of their old Christian

[1] A very interesting account of 'the War in Bosnia,' during the years 1737–9, has been left us by a native Bosnian historian, Omer Effendi, of Novi, which was printed by Ibrahim in Turkish, and was translated into English by C. Fraser, and published by the 'Oriental Translation Fund' in 1830.

[2] Thoemmel, *Vilajet Bosnien.*

and perhaps heretical observances; and it is whispered that there are still members of the old Bosnian aristocracy only waiting for a favourable opportunity to abjure Islàm. With the bulk of the people the desire of lording it over their former Romish oppressors would often outweigh every religious consideration. It has been hinted already that the Puritans of Bosnia might find little repugnant to them in the service of the mosques, and we may perhaps suspect that the Manichæism which looked on Christ as one Æon, might accept Mahomet as another. Certain it is that a large part of the population of Bosnia went over to Mahometanism, and those who would deny that the majority of the converts belonged to the persecuted sect of the Bogomiles, must account for the curious diminution since the Turkish conquest of the heretics who immediately before it formed, as far as we can judge, the majority of the population.

Whatever were the favouring causes of this wide-spread renegation, its effect has been to afford us the unique phenomenon of a race of Sclavonic Mahometans. This must be borne in mind at the present moment, for nothing is more liable to confuse the questions at issue than to look on the Mussulman inhabitants of Bosnia and the Herzegóvina as *Turks*. Conventionally, perhaps, one is often obliged to do so, and I must plead guilty in this respect in the course of this work. But it should always be remembered that, with the exception of a handful of officials and a certain proportion of the soldiery, the Mahometan inhabitants of Bosnia and the Herzegóvina are of the same race as their Christian neighbours, speak the same Serbian dialect, and can trace back their title-deeds as far. It is a favourite delusion to suppose that the case of Bosnia finds a parallel in that of Serbia; that here, too, an independent Christian principality could be formed with the same ease, and that the independence of Bosnia has but to be proclaimed for the Mussulman to take the hint and quit the soil, as he has already quitted the soil of Serbia.

But, as I have said, the cases of the two provinces are altogether different; in Serbia the Mahometans were an infinitesimal minority of Osmanlì foreigners, encamped; in Bosnia, on the contrary, they are native Sclaves, rooted to the soil, and forming over a third of the population. Under whatever Government

Bosnia passes, it is safe to say that the Mahometans will still form a powerful minority, all the more important from having possession of the towns.

The extraordinary phenomenon that presents itself in the history of Bosnia under Turkish rule, is that till within the last few years it has been simply the history of the feudal Kingdom, under altered names and conditions. A Mahometan caste has tyrannised in place of a Popish—a Turkish Vizier has feebly represented the Suzerainty of the Osmanlì Grand Signior, just as of old we find Hungarian Bans or Kings representing the Overlordship of a Magyar King. The survival of the feudal nobility has been perfect. The great Bosnian lords, now calling themselves Begs or Capetans, resided still in the feudal castles reared by their Christian ancestors; they kept their old escutcheons, their Sclavonic family names, their rolls and patents of nobility inherited from Christian Kings; they led forth their retainers as of old under their baronial banners, and continued to indulge in the chivalrous pastime of hawking. The common people, on the other hand, have clung to their old Sclavonic institutions, their sworn brotherhoods, their village communities, their house-fathers; and have paid, and pay still, the same feudal dues to their Mahometan lords as they did to their Christian ancestors.

But though in political affairs, language, and customs, so much of the Præ-Turkish element has survived—though there are to be found many secret observances of Christian rites among Mahometans in high places,—it would be a grievous error to suppose that the influence of Islàm is superficial in Bosnia, or that their religious convictions are not deep-rooted. On the contrary, the Sclavonic Mahometans of Bosnia, occupying an isolated corner of the Sultan's dominions, have not been so liable to those external influences which at Stamboul itself have considerably modified the code of true believers. The Bosniac Mussulmans have had their religious antagonism perpetually roused by wars with the unbelievers who compass them round about; they, more than the Levantine Moslems, have borne the brunt of the long struggle with Christendom.

Add to this what the reader will have already perceived, that

in Bosnia fanaticism is an inheritance from Christian times; that the renegaded Bogomiles have inherited the hatred they bear to the Christian rayah both of the Eastern and Romish Churches, from the days when these rival sectaries persecuted them without mercy.

Thus it is that Bosnia is the head-quarters of Mahometan fanaticism, and that when, at the beginning of this century, Sultan Mahmoud II. endeavoured to introduce his centralising innovations and reforms into Bosnia, which also promised the Christians a certain amount of religious liberty, he found himself opposed here not only by the feudal caste, who rallied round the Janissaries, but by a race of Mahometans whose religion had assumed a national character of a more fanatical hue than was fashionable in the capital. The wars between the Giaour Sultan, as the Bosniac Mussulmans contemptuously called the head of their faith, and his refractory vassals, have been described by Ranke,[1] and need not be dwelt on here. It was not till 1851 that Omer Pashà finally succeeded in breaking the resistance of Mahometan feudalism in Bosnia, and re-subjugated the country for the Sultan. Since that date the privileges of the native nobility have been greatly curtailed, and Sclavonic Mussulman and Sclavonic Christian alike have bowed before a new Osmanlì bureaucracy.

That the state of the country has not improved since that date may perhaps be gathered from the following pages. Some good has certainly been done in setting a limit on the exactions of the native Mussulman landholders, but, in the Herzegóvina more especially, this has been only partially accomplished; while the extortions of the middle-men as the agents of the Turkish Government, have in many cases doubled the burden borne by the *misera contribuens plebs*. Money which formerly was at least spent in the country is now drawn off in the form of bribes to Stamboul. The present Government of Bosnia consists of a small body of foreign Osmanlì officials, speaking, in many cases, a language which is unintelligible to the native Sclaves; ill educated, totally unable to check the malpractices of their

[1] Die letzten Unruhen in Bosnien (translated into English by Mrs. Alexander Kerr, and published in Bohn's series).

agents even when they themselves have honest intentions. They are, moreover, altogether unable to place a restraint on the fanaticism which is the sad characteristic of the native Mussulman, and are well aware that were they to attempt to introduce those reforms which look so well on paper, the native Mussulmans would hound them out of the country.

There is one point on which the Mahometans and Christians of Bosnia are both agreed, and that is in abhorrence of the rule of the Osmanlì.

When it is recognised by what an extremely precarious tenure the Porte holds Bosnia at present, and it is remembered that the chief aim of the native Mahometans, as of the native Christians, is Provincial Independence, even Englishmen may be inclined to accept the conclusion that the present connection between Bosnia and the hated government of the Osmanlì must be severed, the more so as the geographical configuration and position of Bosnia—a peninsula connected only with the rest of Turkey by a narrow neck—make it almost impossible to hold out against a serious invasion, and put it always at the mercy of foreign agitators.

And may not this community of aim among the warring elements of Bosnia also suggest the possible feasibility of a compromise? Is it so absolutely certain, as is sometimes supposed, that the Mussulmans of Bosnia would not accept a reasonable solution, and bow to the inevitable? The great evil of the last few years has been that a foreign bureaucracy, powerless to support the Sultan's authority in the face of the Conservative opposition of native Mahometans, has been prolonging a precarious rule by pandering to the fanatic instincts of the dominant caste, and withholding from the rayah the reforms which the Sultan had promised him. The Mussulman peasants themselves have in some parts been subjected to almost as many extortions as the Christians, and in some places have made common cause with the insurgents. Some years ago the Mahometan nobility of Bosnia showed that even it was not altogether averse to making common cause with the Giaour, by the secret relations entertained between it and the Serbian Government.

Discordant as are the political materials in Bosnia, fanatic

as are the Christians as well as the Mahometans, I feel convinced that there exist elements of union in that unhappy country which might be moulded together by wise hands. The wrongs of the Christians in Bosnia have been intolerable, and I have shown my abhorrence of the present tyranny with sufficient emphasis in the course of this book; but I may take this opportunity of deprecating any sympathy with those who propose to deal with the Mussulman population of Bosnia in a spirit of Christian fanaticism. The whole history of Bosnia from the beginning has been one long commentary on the evils of established religions. Whatever terms the Great Powers may wish to impose on Bosnia and the Turks, let England at all events exert her influence against any setting up of an ecclesiastical tyranny. Let an European guarantee secure to the Mahometan minority of Bosnia the free exercise of their religion and complete equality before the law, and half the battle of conciliation will have been won. But let it once be supposed that Greek popes under the tutelage of Russia, or Franciscan monks under the patronage of the Apostolic Monarchy which still sets at nought, in Tyrol, the first principles of religious liberty, are to be allowed to lord it over the true believers; once encourage the hopes of Christian bigotry and the fears of Islàm, and the miserable struggle will prolong itself to the bitter end.

If the religious question can once be overcome, there seem to be many hopeful elements left us even in Bosnia. We have there a common language and a common national character born of the blood; and that national character, whatever may be said to the contrary, is not prone to revolution. It is slow, it is stubborn, it is not easily roused, and it possesses a fund of common sense which has led a keen French observer to compare the Serbian genius with the English. The Bosniacs are of a temperament admirably fitted for parliamentary government, and what is more, owing to their still preserving the relics of the free institutions of the primitive Sclaves, they are familiar with its machinery. In their family-communities, in their village councils, the first principles of representative government are practised every day. Orderly government once established by the commanding influence which powerful neighbours

could exercise for pacification if they chose, the development of the natural resources of the country would follow as a matter of course. I have elsewhere alluded to the fact that, besides supplying the Romans and the Ragusans in the Middle Ages with incalculable wealth of gold and silver, the Bosnian mountains are known to contain some of the richest veins of quicksilver in Europe; that iron and other ores are abundant, and that the valley of the principal river is one vast coal-bed. All these sources of wealth and prosperity, and consequent civilisation, are at present, as I show elsewhere, inaccessible, owing simply to the corruption of Stamboul.

Why not, then, sever the connection with that sink of corruption altogether, and erect an independent State under an European guarantee? The democratic genius of the people would suggest a Republic as the best form of government, but the divided state of the country would preclude such a government to begin with; and a Principality, after the model of free Serbia, might combine parliamentary government with the coherence of a monarchy.

To suppose that the freedom of the Sclaves of the South, of the Bosniacs, the Serbs of Old Serbia, and Bulgarians will, when accomplished—and sooner or later there is no doubt that it must be accomplished—add to the strength of Russia, because in language they are somewhat similar, is as if anyone should have opposed the liberation and unity of Italy on the score that it would be aggrandising France. If the French ever had designs on Rome they are infinitely less likely to arrive at it now than when an Austrian Archduke governed in Lombardy, and Bomba ruled at Naples. Granted that the Russians have designs on Constantinople, are they more likely to gain it from a decrepit Power which can scarcely hold its own provinces, or from a new Power or Powers endued with all the vigour of young nationality? To leave a country like Bosnia, isolated from the rest of Turkey, the majority of whose subjects are Christians, surrounded by free States, to perpetuate agitation within its borders, is only to weaken what remains of Turkey, and to play into the hands of Russia. The day is not far distant when the Sclavonic races of the Balkan Peninsula will look upon Russia as their most insidious foe.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the concluding observations in my Historical Review of Bosnia were written, the overthrow of Abdul Aziz and the accession of Amurath V. have given a new turn to Turkish affairs. I have only to add, that these events have not changed, in the slightest particular, the conclusions which I have there put forward as to the true solution of the present difficulty. That they have rendered its solution easier may be doubted.

huts you have seen far away on Sclavonic outskirts of Hungary. You have seen them dotted about Bohemia and the sandy plains of Prussia; you have seen them magnified and embellished into the old palaces of Prague. As we approach Marburg we are entering in truth on another world—a Sclavonic tongue begins to be heard around. Those mountain-chalets were the high water mark of the Germanic sea.

For the tide has turned. Marburg, a few years ago reckoned a German town, is now almost entirely Slovenized. The tradesmen—nay, the well-to-do classes themselves—speak Slovene in preference to German. A fellow-traveller told me that since the Austro-Prussian war Slovene instead of German had become the language of the schools. Cut off from her German aspirations, the Austrian Government has seen the necessity of making friends with the Sclavonic Mammon; and, as she distrusts those members of the race who, like the Czechs and Croats, cherish memories of independent kingship, her statesmen have cast about them for a Sclavonic race free from any misguiding 'Kronen-tradition,' and have consequently been exalting the horn of the Slovenes who inhabit Southern Styria and parts of Carinthia and Carniola at the expense of the Germans of the towns, and partly even of the Carniolan Wends, whose language is akin to the Slovene. The painful impression produced by this turn of the tables on the Germans—who look on Austria as a mere warming-pan for themselves in Eastern Europe—is amusingly betrayed by a recent Prussian traveller, Maurer, who visited Marburg in 1870. 'Another ten years,' says he, 'and Marburg will be as Slovenish as its immediate surroundings. . . . It was extremely painful to me (äusserst

peinlich) to see the children at Steinbrück going to or coming from school with books in which the text and objects were Slovene; although these little ones, even the smallest of them, had our language at their fingers'-end so completely that they seemed never to have spoken any other. . . . We must not spare ourselves the realisation of the bitter truth that the greater part of Styria and Carinthia, and the whole of Carniola, Gorizia, Gradisca, and Istria, with the avenue to the Adriatic, are lost to us. Even supposing the whole of Southern Germany to have been fused with Northern, and the German element in Austria either under compulsion or of its free will to have followed the already torn away Bohemia and Moravia'—(the Berliner looks on the annexation of the Czech kingdom as a mere work of time!)—'even then we should have neither the might nor the right—though it matters less about the right (!)—to break forcibly through Illyria to the Adriatic. And yet our dreaminess and disregard of the facts before us made us look on Trieste and these former lands of the German Bund as our inheritance.'[1]—these poor Prussians!

But the Slovenes are left behind—as the train hurries along the willowed valley of the Save we find ourselves among a population less European in its dress, and soon arrive at Agram, the capital of Croatia, where we discover a fair hotel in the High Street. The aspect of the town at once strikes the stranger as other than German. What are these long, low, rectangular houses but slightly enlarged reproductions of the Sclavonic cottage? Here is the same pervading pallor, the twin eyelet windows,

[1] Franz Maurer, 'Reise durch Bosnien die Saveländer und Ungarn.' Berlin, 1870, p. 45.

circular here, and pierced in the trilateral gables like owl-holes in an old barn. The gables themselves—more modest than the generality of those in Teutonic towns—seem to shrink from facing the street. Outside some of the older houses is to be seen a wooden gallery, festooned perhaps with flowers and creepers, on to which the room-doors open—it strikes one as an approach to the Turkish verandah, the Divanhané. The

Croatian Clothes-shop, Agram.

headings over the shops are almost entirely Sclavonic. Brilliant, quite Oriental, are the stores where the gay Croatian costumes are hung out to tempt the passing peasant. Picturesque are the windows, shut in by foliated bars and gratings of efflorescent ironwork; strange, too, the doors and shutters, crossed diagonally by iron

bars of really artistic merit, decked at the point of intersection by a heraldic rose, and the limbs of the Maltese cross terminating in graceful fleurs-de-lys. Not that the object of all these is primarily ornament. These quadruple bolts and locks, these massive hinges and the holdfasts by them inside, which fit into sockets as in our safes, and so prevent the door from being burst open by hacking through the hinges from without—all these tell a different story. They speak of times when the streets of Agram were not so secure as at present.

On an eminence rises the cathedral and spacious palace of the bishop, enclosed, like so many churches of Sclavonic lands, in old walls with round, cone-peaked towers—a southern Kremlin. Just below it is the market-place, and in its centre the equestrian statue of the national hero, the Ban Jellachitj, the poet-warrior who in the days of the Magyar revolution led his Croats against their national enemy, and saved the Austrian police-state when its fortunes were at their lowest ebb. He is dressed in the picturesque hussar uniform of his country, with flowing mantle and high-plumed cap, riding northwards on his pedestal, and pointing his sword forwards towards the scenes of his triumphs over the Magyars.

The town is divided into three parts, the lower town in which is the market-place and main street, the height on which the cathedral stands, and the upper town on which rise many large houses inhabited by the resident bureaucracy, where is the Diet-hall, the Ban's house and the Museum, and looking down from whose airy terraces you see the lower town stretched out like a straggling village below you, and are reminded of the view of Buda

from its Acropolis. The cathedral, in spite of its bulwark of fortifications, has suffered much from the Turks, who destroyed it, they say, three times; and inside from its own bishops, who have defaced the gothic nave and aisles with whitewash and monstrous Jesuitic shrines. Its exterior is, however, still partly fretted with old stone panel-work, which recals the Tudor ornamentation on the schools of Oxford. From the top of the square tower expands a beautiful panorama—the silvery Save and its rich valley—the distant Bosnian mountains fading into the blue sky; and in the other direction the dark forest-covered heights of the Slema Vrh, which have given Agram her Sclavonic name Zagreb—'beyond the rocks.' Except the cathedral, and the finely-carved façade of the Marcus church, there are no buildings of beauty or interest. The Ban's residence was so completely devoid of architectural pretensions, and so indistinguishable from the houses round, that we should not have noticed it, but for a large black flag thrust forth from one of its windows in honour of old Kaiser Ferdinand the 'good-natured.' As is too generally the case in Hungary, the people of Agram are far behind in æsthetic culture; the pictures in the Academy here are few and curiously bad, and the one good painting was not by a native, but a Czech artist. The Agramers, however, seem to have the good taste to appreciate this, and photographic copies are to be seen in the shop windows; rather, perhaps, owing to South Sclavonic patriotism, than to respect for high art. The picture represents the funeral of a Montenegrine Voivode or leader, whose body is being borne along a gloomy mountain gorge from the battle-field; and the grandeur of the lifeless hero, the dark, almost Italian

look of the weeping clanspeople, are executed with great fidelity to Czernagoran nature.

But living pictures, more artistic than the bronze statue of the Ban, more graceful than the weeping Montenegrines, are around us here. The market-place is a spacious studio. The beauty of the Croatian peasant costume is almost unique in Europe—possibly only rivalled at Belgrade. Seen from above, when the market-place is thronged, it looks almost like a bed of red and white geraniums; it is these prevailing colours which give the peasant groups a lightness and brilliancy which I have seen nowhere else. What is remarkable is, that this brightness should be shared in such equal proportions by men and women alike. In Serbia—even in Turkey—the men are not so gay. The head-dress of the Serbian women is perhaps at times more elegant—the colours of their dress are often more varied; but what, after all, is a nosegay without a sufficiency of white flowers? In the Agram market-place, not only the colours, but the very materials, might have been chosen by an artist. What, indeed, is the tissue of these diaphanous chemises and undulating kerchiefs, but the mull muslin of our lay-figures? The women are, moreover, possessed of such a faculty for throwing themselves into picturesque attitudes that one would think they had a drop of Gipsy blood in their veins. In such drapery, with such instincts, such taste in colours, what need have they of novel modes?—they who have not yet improved away their form by cuirasses of millinery—they who have none of the heavy shrouds of colder climes to muffle them—whose simple fashions every breath of wind has an art to change! The faces, too, are rarely vulgar; these are not the coarse

hoydens of a North-German market-place — on their features, in their demeanour, one would fancy that many of them have inherited the refinements of an older civilisation; some soft Italian element, come perhaps by way of Venice, descended perhaps from the old Roman cities of these parts.

The head-dresses of these village ladies are varied, for every hamlet has its speciality of costume. On some, from St. Ivan, the transparent white kerchief falls about the bust and shoulders lightly as a bridal veil; on others it takes a rosier hue, and is known as the *Rubatz*. On others, again, as those from Zagoria—who will have it that they are great grand-daughters of Avars—it is drawn backwards over a long silver pin, stuck horizontally across the hair, and depends over the back till its variegated border and long fringe sweep the girdle. Seen from the front this coiffure recalls that of the *Contadine* of the Romagna. In the summer months these peasants rarely put on their fur-fringed mantles, which resemble those of Serb and Slavonian; sometimes they wear a scarcely perceptible vest, but usually the sole covering of arms and torso is simply a light homespun tunic with loose flowing sleeves confined towards the wrist and then expanding again. In place of a skirt they generally wear two wide overlapping aprons, one before and one behind, which in a gale of wind may afford occasional studies for a Bacchante! and over the front one of these hangs a narrower apron starred with red asterisks, crossed by little zigzagging patterns, or by light transversal bands of rose and lilac. But enough of such pallid hues! The pride of their toilette is a brilliant crimson scarf, the *Pojas*, wound round the waist, some of the folds of which

are at times loosened and hang down over the front apron in a graceful sling or outside pouch. Nor does a single kirtle content them, magnificent as this is. Amongst all the Illyrian Sclaves, south as well as north of the Save, I have noticed this peculiarity, that they wear the two kirtles of classic antiquity. Besides this zone round

Croat Woman in the Agram Market.

the waist a bright scarlet fillet—the *Strophion* of ancient nymphs and goddesses—is wound just below the bosom, and is fastened with a bow in front as on the Thalia or Euterpè of the Vatican.

Round their necks hangs an array of what politeness would have me call coral necklaces. Occasionally they

wear silver ear-rings, silver pendants on their breast, and rings on their fingers; but of gold and silver jewelry they possess less than their neighbours beyond the Save; the reason of this being the general absence of specie in the country, which prevents them from studding their hair and tunic with glittering coins—a habit which in Serbia alone withdraws some three-quarters of a million from the currency. Many of them, especially the girls, divide their hair into two long plaits, the ends of which they tie up with brilliant ribbons; for the twin pigtails of maidenhood are far more characteristically Sclave than German, and may be traced among the Russians far away to the White Sea—indeed, this may well be one of the tokens which betrays the Sclavonic origin of so many soi-disants Germans. For boots the Croat ladies either wear a curious kind of sandal called *Opanka*, common to the men as well throughout the whole Illyrian triangle, and not unlike the ancient Egyptian, made of gay leather, red and yellow; or, must it be confessed?—they sometimes buskin themselves in high-heeled Wellingtons! and though their aprons—one cannot conscientiously speak of skirts—do not reach much below the knees, these martial casings can hardly be looked on as a concession to prudery, for after all they generally prefer to go about with feet and ankles in the most graceful costume of all—that of Eden!

To mention such very gorgeous gentlemen after the ladies really seems to require some apology. Imagine some exotic insect—how else can the subject be approached?—with forewings of dazzling gauzy white and underwings of scarlet. The white tunic expands like wings about the arms, and flutters from them in folds of

gossamer; the bright scarlet vest—the *Laibek*—studded like some butterfly with silver stars, is lightly closed over the abdomen. These bright metallic knobs are generally arranged crozier-wise in front, and on one side of the vest is a small pocket just big enough to catch the corner of a rosy handkerchief—the same with which the women are coifed—which on highdays hangs down and floats like a sash about the flanks. A belt of varied leather-mosaic, called the *Remen*, quaintly patterned like the Wallack belts, but not so broad, grasps the tunic round the waist; and below this the tunic opens out again in flowing petticoats, which often reach below the knees, but hardly to the ankles, as those of some Syrmian peasants. A similar but narrower strip of leather round the shoulder serves to suspend a woollen wallet of the brightest scarlet tufted over with tassels; this supplies the want of pockets, and is the inseparable companion of the Croat, insomuch that every little boy is provided with a miniature *Torba*, as it is called. Below the tunic expand loose trousers of the same homespun muslin, flowing as those of the Phrygians of old or the Dacians of Trajan's column, and sometimes terminating in a handsome fringe. The feet are either shod with *Opankas* or with Wellingtons, as the women's, but are more rarely bare.

When the weather is chilly, or when they are particularly desirous of showing themselves off, a superb mantle—the *Surina*—is cast over the shoulders, of a light yellowish ground-colour, decked with red, green, or orange embroidery, sometimes of the most artistic devices. Sometimes they are brown relieved with brilliant scarlet; but the real red mantles, ground and all, occur only in the western regiments or divisions of the military frontier,

models of which are to be seen in the interesting collection of national costumes in the Agram Museum, so that the old German name for the Croats, *Rothmäntel*—'Redmantles'—is hardly applicable to the whole race. There is another word to which Croatian costume is said to have given birth with still less apparent foundation. You may search the market-places in vain for anything approaching a '*cravat*,' which is usually derived from *Krabaten* or *Kravaten*, a broad-Dutch word for Croats. But the high collars of these Croat mantles may well have originated the word, though the signification from the first seems rather to have been a bandage round the collar, or in place of the collar, than the collar itself. For the fact that the word really was taken from the Croats we have the evidence of Ménage, who lived at the time of their first introduction into France. He says: 'On appelle *cravate* ce linge blanc qu'on entortille à l'entour du cou, dont les deux bouts pendent par devant; lequel linge tient lieu de collet. Et on l'appelle de la sorte à cause que nous avions emprunté cette sorte d'ornement des Croates, qu'on appelle ordinairement Cravates. Et ce fut en 1636 que nous prismes cette sorte de collet des Cravates par le commerce que nous eusmes en ce tans-là en Allemagne au sujet de la guerre que nous avions avec l'Empereur.' They are first mentioned in England by Skinner, who died in 1667, who speaks of them as a fashion lately introduced by travellers and soldiers. In Hudibras they are made to serve as halters.[1]

Certainly the most European part of the present Croatian costume is the black felt-hat, which oscillates

[1] See Brachet, 'Dictionnaire Étymologique de la Langue Française,' and Wedgewood's 'Dictionary of English Etymology.'

between our broad-brim and what is vulgarly known as a 'pork-pie;' but then the brim is used as a receptacle for vasefuls of flowers, and is often surmounted by waving plumes, so any such work-a-day resemblances are soon forgotten. Then there is another variety of hat made of straw, with a conical peak, which recalls a more distant parallel. When a Croat wears one of these, and perchance, as he often does,[1] having doffed his belt, goes about in his long flowing tunic and broad petticoat-like breeks, an uncomfortable feeling comes over you that you have seen him before; and when you have searched the remotest crannies of Europe in vain for his like, it suddenly flashes upon you that it is no other than John Chinaman who stands before you! Yes; there are the very peaks to his boots; there is the beardless face, the long pendulous moustache, and in old days, when—as you may see by a picture in the Museum—the Croat wore a pigtail, as his Dalmatian brothers do still, a Celestial meeting him might have mistaken him for his double!

The patterns on these various articles of attire are striking in character; they are hieroglyphics, hard to decipher, but long household annals are written in them I take it that pure ornament, as opposed to imitation of natural forms, has gone through two stages of development, which may be called the 'Angular and the Curved,' of which the angular precedes the curved, and stands to it in much the same relation as Roman letters stand to current writing. During the Stone Age in Europe this angular ornamentation seems universally to have prevailed. It continued during the earlier Bronze Age, but towards its close the second phase of ornamentation began

[1] See, for instance, the Croat man in the engraving on p. 4.

to develope itself in some countries, and we of the Iron Age have seen the old angular ornamentation almost supplanted by its offspring. At the present day, one European people—the Lapps of the extreme north—may still be almost said to remain in the first stage of ornament; the hardness of their materials, the bone and wood on which they mostly work, their little employment of metals and pottery, their seclusion from the current of European civilization, have conspired to keep them back. But it is more remarkable that a people of a more central European area, and a more prolific land, should still linger on the transitionary stage between the old and new styles of decoration. Yet, as far as my observation goes, this is the case with the Croats, and generally with the Sclavonians of the south. They seem to be acquainted with the beauty of the new style, but to cling with a peculiar fondness to the angular ornamentation of their ruder forefathers. Thus, in the women's clothes, at least, nearly the whole of the embroidery is of this prehistoric kind. The high collars of the Croat mantles, which resemble those of the Lapps in form, resemble them also in pattern. Many of the Croat women's girdles are almost identical in pattern with those I have seen among the Lapps of Lake Enare. In the Museum is to be seen a large and curious collection of Croatian needlework, all of this angular pattern—crosses, and lines, and zigzags. Here are also to be seen carpets of rude character wrought by the homely looms of Sclavonia, which are curious illustrations of perfection of the old style; complex as the patterns are, they are all square or angled, and might any of them be models for a mosaic pavement; their colours are green, red, yellow, and white, less usually purple, and

dark blue. But what is strange, is to find side by side with these rude shapes the secondary form of decoration in a highly developed state. The curved style of embroidery, as it appears on some of the men's mantles—and it is noteworthy that it is confined almost exclusively to the men's attire—is often a real work of art, and the elaborate pear-shaped forms which it frequently takes suggest the rich tendrillings of a Cashmere shawl. So abrupt is the leap from the ruder kind of ornament generally used, that these *chef d'œuvres* of curvature seem to be rather importations from without, than flowers of home growth. Nor does it seem difficult to trace their origin, for they are very often reproductions of the decorations which appear on the costly vests and jackets of the Turks. They are seedlings from Stamboul—less directly, from Byzantium.

As in ornament so in general character, the Croatian dress resembles that of all the Southern Sclaves, including the Roumans of Transylvania and Wallachia, who, for ethnological purposes, may be looked on as a Latinized branch of the family. In parts, indeed, it has been Orientalized by the Turks; and it is noteworthy that just as the men's costume in Croatia shows the Oriental influence in ornament, so in Serbia, Dalmatia, and the lands beyond the Save and Danube, it is the men's costume that makes the chief advances towards the Turkish. It is possibly a symptom of the almost Oriental seclusion of those who have to dread Oriental license. Often, when the husbands dress in completely Turkish fashion, the wives preserve almost unaltered the old national costumes; and it is owing to this, that throughout the whole South Sclavonic area, enough of the original dress has survived

to show the common sisterhood of all. And of all, the Croat costume seems to be the best representative of the old Serb—of the Sclavonic costume as it existed in the days of the great Czar, Stephen Dūshan. Almost everywhere else the men's costume, at least, has suffered from the Turkish influences. Here, far better than in free Serbia, is the description applied to the Serb laity in the old laws—the 'dressers in white' still applicable to the Croat men. At Belgrade it would be a meaningless epithet; at Agram, it is still true. The Croats, too, with their fine mantles and flowing trowser and tunic, approach nearer to the primitive type of all—to the soldiers of Decebalus—to the sculptures on the column of Trajan—if indeed we are to believe that the old Dacians were of Sarmatian stock.

The same South Sclavonic unity is apparent if we examine the pots and pans which these old-world peasants are selling in the market-place. There is hardly a form here which I do not remember in Wallachia, in Bulgaria, in Serbia. But it may reasonably be asked, whether the barbarous Serb races who settled in the Danubian basin in the fifth and succeeding centuries could have brought with them such an array of highly finished crockery as we see before us here? These narrow lofty necks and luxuries of handles are surely not an inheritance from fifth-century savages. We do not find such among our Anglo-Saxon remains, nor even among the relics of the more polished Franks. We must search amongst Roman sepultures if we would find such in our own island, and indeed this gives the clue to their origin even here. They have come to the Sclaves of the South from a common source—the Eastern Roman Empire. Like the coinage, like the

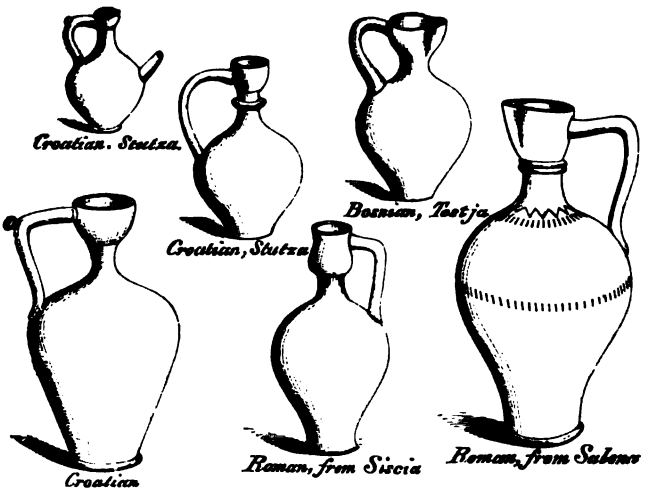
rich architecture of the old Servian Empire, they betray Byzantine influences. The most conspicuous instance of this is the *Stutza*, or *Stutchka*, as the Croats call it. This I have seen myself nationalised and adopted by Wallacks, Bulgarians, Serbians, Bosniacs, and Turks, over an area extending from the mouths of the Danube to the Adriatic, and from the mountains of Bosnia to the Carpathians, varying slightly at times in hue or form, but essentially the same. In parts, even the original Roman word seems to have been preserved. In the Bosnian mountains I found them still called Testja—doubtless the Roman Testa.[1] This survival of the Roman vessel is shared by the western parts of the empire. The same shaped pot turns up in Spain and Portugal. It is common to South Italy, and to this day large quantities of these vessels are manufactured in Apulia and exported to the coast cities of Dalmatia. I have seen Roman pots of this type dug up near Bucharest, at Salona in Dalmatia, and at Sizsek in Croatia, almost identical in shape with those sold every day in the market-places of the respective modern towns; and perhaps the best proof I can give of their likeness is, that on showing a picture of one from Roman Siscia to a Croatian countryman, he recognised it at once, and exclaimed 'Stutza! Stutza!' a name confined here to this peculiar kind of vessel. A kind of earthenware drinking-cup, which occurs in still ruder forms in Wallachia, is known here as *Scafa*, which is almost identical

[1] The Italian Testo, the Spanish Tjesto, and French Têt, came rather from the Latin Testum; while Testa, among the Romance population of Gaul, supplied the word for a head, tête. But in East Europe Testa does not seem to have developed this secondary meaning, as the Wallacks use Cap (Caput) for 'head;' and therefore *Testa* may still have retained its sense of 'a pot.'

with the Greek word for a bowl, σκάφη. To call a *scaphé* a *scaphé*, was the Greek equivalent for calling a spade a spade; so the Croats at any rate can hardly be accused of not doing that. *Scaphé* is allied to another Greek word, *Scyphos*, signifying a cup, and common to the Latins, in so much that one felt inclined to quote Horace's lines to too bibulous Croats :—

'Natis in usum lætitiæ Scyphis
Pugnare Thracum est.'

The other name by which this cup is known to the Croats and Illyrian Sclaves, *Scalica*, is equally classical,



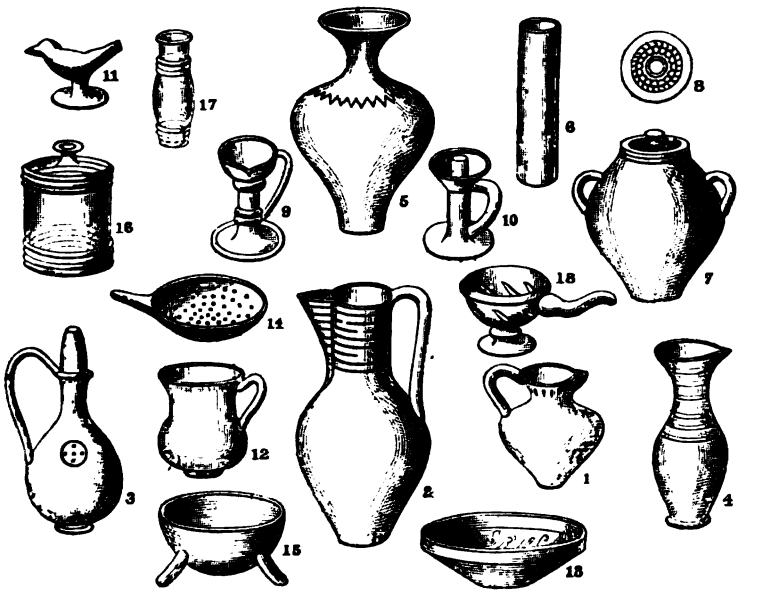
Roman and Croatian Pottery.

and will recall at once the Latin *Calicem* and the Greek κύλικα. In form it has indeed degenerated from the goblets of Olympus! but one need not despair of tracing its pedigree from their graceless Roman corruptions. As to the Chalice of our own and the Romance languages, though it is more like the classic *Calix* in shape, it is not like these a living popular development, but, with its

name, a mere church introduction, a fragment of antiquity mewed up for us in ecclesiastical reliquaries.

The other vessels to be found in the Croatian crockery-markets, if they do not both in shape and name so obviously betray Roman influences, at least in nearly every case bear witness to the common character of South Sclavonic civilisation. There is hardly a shape in the Agram market which may not be found again at Belgrade or Bucharest.

If we pursue this science of the market-place and



Croatian Pottery.

1. Lónatz (black-ware milk or water jug). 2. Péhar (reddish-yellow, for wine, &c.). 3. Dúlčetz (green glazed ware, for water, &c.). 4. Tégel (brown, with white bands). 5. Vessel used in Slavonia for slow boiling (black ware). 6. Cylindrical jar, Slavonia. 7. Zamatzlo (bright green glaze). 8. Lid of same. 9, 10. Svična, or Čereapatz, lamp and candle. 11. Whistle in form of a bird. 12. Scafa, or Scalica, drinking-goblet. 13. Dish, or plate (Zdillitza, reddish ware, with patterns inside). 14. Earthenware sieve. 15. Raindl, for Raina, or cooking (red ware). 16. Croatian glass. 17. Flaškitza. 18. Earthenware hand-stove (Rengla).

examine the rude jewelry which the Agram maidens are wearing, or the musical instruments which the countrymen have stuck into their belts or slung round their

shoulders, we are again struck by this double evidence of South Sclavonic solidarity and the influence of Greco-Roman civilisation. There are some ancient Croatian brooches in the Museum at Agram on which is to be seen the same filagree-work—the pyramids of grains, the spiral tendrillings, which turn up again on other gold and silver ornaments—Frankish, Norse, and Anglo-Saxon —and proclaim the common late-Roman origin of all. Like those of our old English barrows, these brooches are bossed with gems set in raised sockets. But here, unlike in England, this kind of work seems never to have died out; it is perpetuated still in the ear-rings, studs, and brooches of the modern Croats. The same Byzantine style reappears among Serbs and Roumans, and we shall find it again among the Bosnian mountains.

But how strangely classic are the musical instruments of the Croats! What visions of bucolic shepherds, of fauns and dancing satyrs; what memories of idyllic strains do they call up! Can it be merely that we are over-looking the same Arcadian kind of life that the Greek poet might have surveyed when he strolled forth beyond the walls of Syracuse? Is 'the oaten stop and pastoral song' the same, simply because the Croat shepherd of the Save-lands is in the same stage of civilisation as was the rural Greek? Or are the pipes and lutes before us actually heirlooms from the very shepherds of whom Theocritus piped on the thymy pastures of Hybla? —the same with which Thyrsis and Corydon contended on the green banks of the Mincius? It really almost seemed so. I asked a countryman the name of his pipe, and to my amazement his reply was *Fistjela*. The man did not understand a word of Latin, but this seemed a very good

attempt at *Fistula*, the pastoral pipe of the Romans, the very instrument which Thyrsis vowed to hang on the sacred pine. The old Pan's pipe,[1] however, was a series of reeds waxed on to a stem in decreasing order, while this was a single reed, though more often a wooden pipe. It was also known as *Fushkola*.[2] Then there are the double pipes, the Roman *Tibiæ*. A slight development has indeed taken place. Instead of being held separate in the mouth, their ends are joined by a mouth-piece. The V has become a Y, that is all. They are also like the double pipes of classic times in being, as the ancients have it, 'male and female,' for the number of holes being uneven in the two branches—four in one and three in the other—one barrel is shriller than the other, and their blended notes may still be called, as they were by the Greeks, 'married piping.'[3] Their name is *Svirala*, but in parts of Serbia *Diplé*, which is evidently Greek; and yet if their origin can be traced back to Hellenic times, it can be traced further back still to the double pipes of the Theban monument, on which the Egyptian ladies of Moses' time are seen playing to their God Ptah.

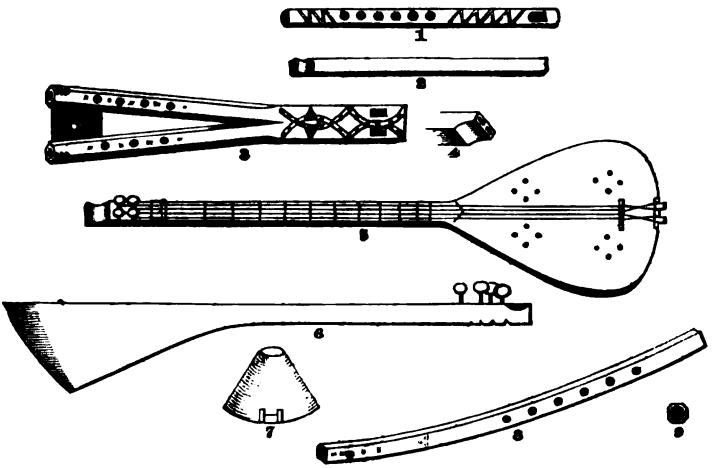
Next, the Croats have a rude kind of flute possessed of the same Romance name *Fluta*, the Wallachian Flautę, the Italian Flauto; and lastly, the favourite instrument of all—the *Tamburitza*, a simple form of lute with a straight neck and oval body, and four strings, or rather wires. Its name seems connected with the

[1] 'Fistula cui semper decrescit arundinis ordo,
Nam calamus cera jungitur usque minor.'—Tibullus II. v. 31.

[2] This, however, may be connected with the Croatian word *Fuk*, which is used to express the howling of the wind, the whirring of birds' wings and other sounds, and can hardly be a derivative from Fistula.

[3] *γαμήλιον αὔλημα*. See Chappell, 'History of Music,' vol. i. p. 277.

Persian drum or Tambûr; though in form, but for its extra chord, it is almost an exact reproduction of the three-stringed lute, the Nefer, which Thoth, their Mercury, is said to have given to the Egyptians, which dates back at least to the time when the Second Pyramid was built, which was handed on by the Egyptians to the Phœnicians and Greeks, who knew it as Nafra and Pandoura, under which name they gave it to the Romans.[1] Among the Latin peoples of the West, at least, it never died out, and though at times changing its form it has



Outlines of Croatian Musical Instruments.

1, 2. Fistjela, or whistles. 3, 4. Svirala. 5, 6, 7. Tamburitza. 8, 9. Flute.

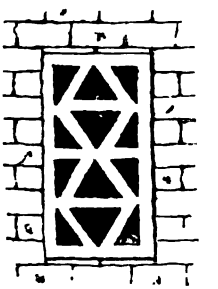
given the Italians their Pandora, the French their Mandore, the Spaniards their Bandurria and Bandole,[2] and even to us our Bandoline and—horresco referens!—the Banjo. Sir Gardner Wilkinson's description of the Egyptian Nefer will almost answer to describe the Croatian Tamburitza of to-day. It had, he tells us, 'a long

[1] Chappell, loc. cit. p. 301.

[2] See Diez, *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der romanischen Sprachen.*

flat neck and hollow oval body, either wholly of wood or covered with parchment, having the upper surface perforated with holes to allow the sound to escape. Over this body and the whole length of the handle were stretched three strings of cat-gut, secured at the upper extremity either by the same number of pegs or by passing through a hole in the handle.'

It would be easy to show that the conical-shaped baskets, the *Corpa*, which the Croat countryman on p. 4 has in his hand, is as like the Roman *Corbis* in form as it is in name, and may claim sisterhood with the *Corbella* of the Campanian peasant of to-day. Some even of the windows of Agram have a Roman air, for in several upper-storeys and outhouses, to save glass, they are provided with a heavy unglazed plate tracery of an angular kind, which is an exact reproduction of the Roman tracery, to be seen, for example, in the Amphitheatre of Pola in Istria.



Outline of Tracery.

It is hard to say how far these various reproductions of antique forms may be due to the earlier Roman or more Byzantine empire; how far they may be waifs from the wrecks of Siscia or Sirmium; how far filtered in from that later Constantinople which gave the old Serbs their religion and the model of their empire. We know that the traces of the more purely Roman empire which embraced the old Dacia, Pannonia, and Illyricum, have not entirely perished, for its language lives still among the Roumans of the Carpathian and Danubian plains, among the Tzintzars of Mount Pindus, and never died out in the coast cities of Dalmatia. The

Latin population, though reduced to the condition of shepherds, may yet have prevailed to introduce some of their arts among their Sclavonic conquerors. To this day the Tzintzars of the Macedonian mountains assert their technical superiority to the races round in the practice of the art of wood-carving. Considering the preservation of such Latin words as Testja, or Fistjela, or Korpa, we may perhaps be justified in assuming that many of the homely arts we see before us are rather the direct inheritance from Trajan than from Heraclius. Nor must the influence of the Venetians in Croatia be forgotten; for these kept open, in mediæval and later times, the old trade-route between the Adriatic and the Danube, opened out long before by their prototypes the Aquilejans.[1] To them probably is due the small wooden cask, the Croatian *Baril*, the Italian *Barile*; but one evident trace of Venice is to be found in the glass-works which exist at Samobor in Croatia, and in the heart of the deep oak forests of Slavonia. The name *Flaschitza*, of the glass bottles, may be formed from the Italian *Fiasco*, *Flascon*, and the forms of the rude beakers and the prettily rippled Croatian flasks are true Venetian—light, roughly blown, and of Roman bottle-green. In Dalmatia the importation of similar rude glass vessels still continues from the small Venetian island of Murano—the seat of the famed Venetian glass-works of old. But even these Venetian forms are, less directly, but another inheritance from Rome.

In modern times we must not forget the activity of the new Queen of the Adriatic, 'la bella Trieste,' the

[1] Venice strove to make the connection political; from 1115 to 1358 A.D. her Doges maintained the title of Dukes of Croatia.

Austrian successor of the great republic, nor the Italian seaport of Hungary, Fiume, connected now with the interior by rail as well as by the magnificent Louisa-way; so that, with the old Venetian influences, we have plenty to account for the presence of a considerable Italian ingredient in the population of Agram and Croatia generally. For anyone here unacquainted with Croatian, Italian, not German, is the best means of communication. The Styrian mountains seem to form a shed between the areas of German and Italian influences, and besides, the Croats, like the Czechs, feel a certain jealousy of the German language which they do not experience of the Italian. Many of the high officials here show, by their names or features, an Italian descent. The military governor of Croatia is a Signor Mollinary; the director of telegraphs, whose acquaintance we were pleased to make, has an Italian, or rather a thoroughly Roman physiognomy, and speaks Tuscan by preference; the more civilized race seems to climb over the shoulders of the ruder Croats.

However, it must be remembered that German is still the language in use among the officers and bureaucracy of the monarchy, and that many of them reside here in Agram, so that the result is that nearly everybody in the town can speak three languages—Croatian, Italian, and German—and many of them speak French as well, which is more learnt here than formerly, as jealousy of the Germans becomes stronger with rising national aspirations. Even the military speak less German than they used to do; and here, as in Slovene Styria, the national tongue has now supplanted German as the school speech, and even to a certain extent as the official language. Among the Likaner and western *regiments* of the Granitza, as

one approaches the Adriatic and Dalmatian frontier, Italian is known even by the peasants, and in the other parts of Croatia there is an itinerant Italian-speaking population, chiefly from Dalmatia, who gain their living as builders, and are esteemed better workers than the natives. It is natural that the Croats, lying between two more civilized nationalities, should be well practised in foreign tongues; but it must be allowed that they have a natural aptitude for learning them. They themselves are quite conscious of possessing this faculty, and there is nothing that a Croat prides himself on more than his gift of tongues.

A Croatian merchant with whom we were talking grew quite eloquent on this subject. 'A Croat, sir,' he said, 'will learn any language under the sun in three months!—a German takes twice the time. Look at me! Besides my native tongue I know German, I know French, I know Serbian, I know Latin, I know Hungarian, and I picked up Italian in a month. To know a dozen languages is quite an ordinary accomplishment in Agram. Why, one of the members elected here to-day for the Diet, speaks fourteen. Just look at our philologists. Gaj was a Croat; Vuk Karadjich was a Croat;[1] Jagich, the greatest philologer living, was born at Agram. You English, you have your powers; you make railroads, you build bridges; but the faculty of learning languages is God's gift to *us!*' I do not know whose gift exaggeration may be; but, making every allowance for our friend's patriotism, it must be acknowledged that the Sclavonic races have produced a large number of eminent philologers, and it may even be questioned how far the

[1] Vuk Karadjich was not a Croat, but a Serb.

German superiority to us in this respect may not be due to their Sclavonic blood. In Agram this same faculty is shared in a humbler degree by the peasants of the market-place, who show quite an Italian aptitude for understanding a foreigner, and are remarkably quick in taking in the meaning of signs. This faculty does not stand alone; this power of attitudinizing, the very dress of the peasants, all are symptoms of a common quality. It is a certain subtle adaptiveness, common to the whole Sclavonic race.

I had noticed in the market, sitting apart from the light Croat country people, a man selling vegetables of a different kind to the others, with vestments of a duller hue, and on his head a black conical sheepskin cap, which recalled to mind the head-gear of the Bulgarians of the Lower Danube, and sure enough a Bulgarian he turned out to be. On enquiring I found that a small Bulgarian colony had settled near the Archbishop's Park of Maximir, to tracking out which I devoted my last afternoon at Agram. Passing through the park, I pursued a path which seemed to lie in the direction given me, and, after meandering awhile among maize fields, found myself presently alone in a beautiful oak forest. Through this I wandered on, now and then emerging on breathing glades which reminded me of the New Forest, enlivened too with the same brilliant fritillaries, and once a lightning glimpse of the purple emperor of butterflies himself, swooping down from his oaken eyrie. Only one thing appeared to be wanting, and that was a path; but I heard in the distance a tinkling of kine, and making my way towards the sound, espied some of the mild-eyed cows of the country grazing among the gnarled oak

trunks, and under a tree beyond, a party of peasant women and maidens, towards whom I directed my footsteps. But hardly had I opened my lips, than, with a cry of alarm, they scampered off, and plunged into the thick of the forest like startled deer! The combined effect of an Indian helmet and Norfolk coattee is in these parts quite appalling. Only this morning, as L—— was strolling along a street of Agram, an old woman mistaking him, as it would appear, for the devil, drew herself up, and having crossed herself and muttered sundry spells, felt greatly comforted. But the cows, though they took my appearance on the sylvan scene very coolly, maintained an impassible silence, and meanwhile

> Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,
> Che la diritta via era smarrita;
> E quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura,
> Questa selva selvaggia et aspra e forte,

till happily a distant grunting fell on my ears, and groping my way through the trees I lighted this time on two swineherds and their charge; but the boys, though not so timid as the womankind, could not help me, and I must wander on till I found a woodman in a Croatian costume of darker hue—the bright red vest supplanted by one of funereal black, as befitting the sombreness of the woods—with whose help I found my way out of the forest, and finally to the Bulgarian settlement on the skirts of Maximir, which before I had overshot.

The colony consisted of two very rude straw-thatched sheds, which seemed all thatch and no wall, insomuch that on approaching them I at first mistook them for two long, irregular haystacks. One of the hovels was for dwelling-house and the other as a shelter for vegetable

stores, filled with gherkins and onions, and overgrown by a vine-leaved pumpkin. The dwelling-house had a kind of porch or atrium; that is to say, the thatched eaves, supported by two poles, projected almost as far in front of the door as the one room extended behind it. Under this canopy were seated two Bulgarians, hard at work tying up bundles of onions, clad in their dark national costume—the brown tight-sleeved jacket embroidered with black, the dull red sash, the brown trowser-leggings which

Bulgarian Settlement.

are equally Turkish and Tartar, and on their head the black sheepskin cap which had at first attracted my attention; while on a peg behind hung one of their heavy mantles of the same black, shaggy sheepskin.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast to the Croatian costume than was presented here. The dress of the Croats is light and airy, as if they had strayed from a land of perpetual sunshine. The Bulgarians

are armoured against the elements—you would fancy they were fresh from some hyperborean land of frost and storms—not yet acclimatised to the sunny South. The flowing tunics of the Croats invite the slightest breeze; the brilliant red and white hues seem to tell of a land where the roses bloom all the year round. But the heavy mantles of the Bulgarians, the woollen coats, the close sleeves and leggings, are made as if to exclude the wind and frost; the cold dark colours shadow forth a sky to match. Yet the climate of the modern Bulgaria, in its widest sense, does not differ in any considerable degree from that of the Croats, except that parts of the Bulgarian area are hotter. Both are lands of vines and fig-trees. Yet the language is almost the same. The modern Bulgarian can talk with the Croat without an interpreter. Whence, then, this startling divergence of attire? The reason is to be sought far away in the dim twilight of history. Originally the Bulgarians were not a Sclavonic people. Their kinship lies with mysterious Huns and Tartars. The fatherland whence they wandered forth lies on the shores of the Caspian and the mounts of Turkestan or more northern Altai. Since their arrival in Europe they have been lost, as it were, in a great Sclavonic sea. They have been Sclavonised by the multitude of their subjects, just as the Mantchu Tartars have within the last two centuries been Celestialised by the Chinese they subdued. But it is the northern nomads who have formed the backbone to this large unwieldy body. It was the Ugrian dynasty that erected in the tenth century the Bulgarian kingdom, as civilised as any in contemporary Europe; that humbled Byzantine Cæsars in the dust with their own weapons,

and planted the standard of the crowned lion at the gates of Constantinople. It was the Ugrian dynasty that took the lead in the first great Rouman-Sclavonic revolt against Byzantium, and ruled for a while from the Ægean to the Danube, and from the shores of the Black Sea to the Adriatic. But much as the Mantchus, though lost among their subjects, have given the Chinese their bows and pigtails, so the Bulgarians have given their tails and dress, at least in part, to their Sclavonic subjects; and these shaggy sheepskin mantles and close-fitting woollens still remain to tell of the chill Central-Asian plateau whence their forefathers migrated.

But the Bulgarians before me had other proofs of their origin even more unmistakeable than their attire. Their pedigree is written on their faces. These are not Sclavonic. They are of that type, more easily recognised than described, Mongolian in its widest sense, which extends from the White Sea shores, among Lapps and Samoyeds, Beormas and Voguls, to the Tartars and Chinese. Here are the curiously prominent cheek-bones, the broad and otherwise flat face, the small sunken eyes, the nose flat at top and inclined to be globular below; their eyebrows are strong and relieved; their complexion is dark, their head shaven save one black tuft or tail; these are true Ugrians, the ogres of our nursery stories. The purity of their breed, as evinced by this strangely Asiatic physiognomy, was partly explained by the locality of their home. They had come,

Bulgarian Profile.

so they said, from Ternova, the holy city of the Bulgarians, the destination of their pilgrimages, the seat of their old metropolitans. This was the last stronghold of the national dynasty, and to the last the original Ugrian nucleus of the race may have clustered round it—who knows? even these poor peasants may have been descendants of Bulgarian kings!

They had come all the way up the Danube and Save to scrape together money by their superior agricultural industry among the lazier Croats, and having brought with them some of their native seeds, were able to expose for sale gherkins of peculiar forms, and finer kinds of onions, in the Agram market. While I was there two more of the party came up; and one of them, a fine young fellow dressed in European costume, I did not suspect to be a Bulgarian till he told me in German that he belonged to the settlement, and had come with them for a still more laudable purpose, namely, to obtain a good education. They had been here now three years, and having scraped together some earnings, purposed to return this autumn. The savingness of the race was noticeable in their clothing, which was the same they had brought with them from Bulgaria; but I do not think that any amount of patching and mending could make it hold together much longer. The good-humour which also distinguishes their race beamed forth from their every feature; they were evidently very pleased to see a visitor, were delighted to let me sketch them, and one sat quietly while I took his profile. They invited me to visit the inside of their hut, whose thatch was partly eked out with vine leaves and fir branches. Inside it was very dark, the only light coming through the door,

itself overshadowed, and from a low-burning wood fire placed in a semicircular bay of brick which formed a chimney above. Over the fire was suspended a copper caldron, in which their homely supper was then brewing, and this was hung up by a hook such as I have seen in Wallachia, made of two pieces of wood instead of iron. Round the room ran a low wooden platform or dais, such as throughout the barbarous lands of Eastern Europe serves as seat by day and bed by night, and on which the Turks spread their gorgeous divan. Hung round the wall were several more of the black sheepskin mantles, which imparted an additional gloom to this poor earth-floored den; and from another peg was suspended the national guitar, so that they could sing their own songs in a strange land. This is not the same as the Croatian Tamburitza; it is larger, and resembles the Serbian Ghuzla, by which name it was known to the Bulgarians. Unlike, too, the Croatian instrument, which is twanged by the fingers, this was played by a bow. These had not been brought from Bulgaria, but were made here by one of the settlers, who, seeing me examining them, took them out into the porch, and seating himself on a low three-legged stool, played an air which was meant to be lively. It was a dance tune, and much like those to which I have seen the Roumans dance one of their stamping *Can-cans*; it was the Bulgarian Igraja, Croatian Igrati, but better known by its Serbian equivalent the Kolo, or Sclavonic waltz. The plodding Bulgarians, however, did not waltz, but plied their work harder with a smile of inward enjoyment on their faces, which I imitated with difficulty, as the tune was wofully monotonous, there being only three strings to the instrument, all told; nor can I imagine any

one who could tolerate such strains long,—unless he wear a kilt. When the serenade was ended I took leave of the party, who most affectionately pressed on me a large nosegay of zinnias and rosemary, the ornaments of their little garden.

Aug. 6.—Next day, having heard that there was to be a large market at Carlovatz,[1] about twenty-five miles south-west of Agram, towards the Bosnian frontier of Croatia, we hurried thither by rail, through fine oak forests and maize-covered champaign. On arriving we found the whole town swarming with country-folk, and the streets lined with varied booths. Several new features appeared in the costumes, and, above all, the greater propinquity to the Dalmatian frontier asserted itself in brilliant fezzes, such as are worn by the Morlachs and Uskoks of the Adriatic coastlands. They are of brighter scarlet than the Turkish, covered with rich embroidery or minute tassels of brilliant silk, like the tufts on some gorgeous caterpillar, and culminating in a peak. Some, however, wore varieties of the Agramer's 'pork-pie,' which seemed to have been taken from patterns in the 'Nuremberg Chronicle,' and are very fashionable still in Sclavonic Istria. Some of the men wore blue vests or sleeveless jackets in place of the red of Agram; their belts were broader, and often displayed aching voids, in which outside the walls they carry arms; for within the towns here this is forbidden to all but Turks, who managed to associate the practice with their religion, and are allowed to wear pistols and daggers under a conscience clause.

But the most curious costume belonged to a people whose jet black hair and physiognomy suggested Zingar

[1] Called by Germans and Germanizers, Carlstadt.

relationship. The colours of their dress were as much darker than those of the surrounding Croats as their tresses than the prevailing tint of hair. The women wore over their black tunic and apron-skirt two black aprons, one before and one behind, with a long-fringe attached; both sexes had satchels of black slung over their shoulders, and great black or dark blue mantles.

Sluin Woman.

On enquiry we found that they were called Wallacks, or in its Croatian form, Vlach. This curious word, used by Teutonic races[1] under different forms to characterise

[1] Thus our forefathers knew the Romans as Rom-Weallas. Wales and Welsh still preserve their name for Roman Britain and its inhabitants. The Romance population of the Netherlands is known as Walloon. Italy is still Welschland to the German. It is, however, quite wrong to suppose, as good writers do, that the Wallacks got their name from a German population. They certainly were first called Vlach by their Sclavonic borderers. Vlach is said also to be Sclavonic for shepherd.

Roman strangers, seems to be at least as originally Sclavonic as it is Germanic, and is used among the Southern Sclaves to qualify strangers of Latin blood such as the Wallacks of Roumania; but also as a term of contempt for any strangers, and especially strangers in religion. Thus the Croats of the Latin Church apply it to the members of the Greek communion, while the Serbs of the interior, who are mostly Greek, call their brothers of Dalmatia, who are mostly Roman Catholics, Morlachs or Mor-vlachs—that is, sea-Welsh. In the case of these peasants in the Carlovatz market it simply meant, not that they were Roumans or Tzintzars, but that they belonged to the Greek Church, and the explanation of this is found in their tradition that they migrated hither in former times from Serbia. Now, however, they speak the Croatian dialect and call themselves Croats. Their homes are about Sluin, twenty-five miles south of Carlovatz, on the Bosnian extremity of the Military Frontier.

Excepting the gipsy-like faces of these Sluin folk, the features of the Carlovatz Croats agreed with those of the Agramers, to such an extent as emboldens me to delineate certain main characteristics. The nose is finely cut, but flattens out towards the forehead, between which and it runs a deep furrow, which I recollect noticing among many Roumans. The face is hairless save for a moustache on the upper lip, sometimes twirled into ferocity; and scanty whiskers under the cheek-bone, as in Serbia, Bosnia, and Dalmatia. The hair is often light, in the children sometimes quite auburn; the eyes are of varying shades of grey and blue, lurking, as so frequently among the Illyrian Sclaves, in a pan-like socket. Hence shadow surrounds the eyes below as above, which

gives a peculiar character to South Sclavonic beauty from the Bocche di Cattaro to the Lower Danube. So deep at times is the surrounding shade that a poet of the race might compare his mistress's eyes to turquoises chaliced in a setting of ebony! But the deepset roving eyes of the Croat, on which he prides himself so highly, are often at first sight repellent, suggesting suspicion and cruelty, though redeeming lines of good-humour eddy round. Taken as a whole, the face is wanting in the power

Croat Man.

and massiveness of the Teutonic. Contrasted with the Serbs, the Croats are neither so tall nor so finely proportioned; their countenance is less open, beauty rarer. The Croats bitterly lamented to us over the idleness of their peasants; their neighbours, Italian and Slavonian,[1]

[1] *Slavonia* and *Slavonian* are used throughout this book to denote the

were much better workers. They are incorrigible drunkards; indeed we saw enough intoxication at Carlovatz Fair, and all the wine shops of the town were filled to overflowing; wine, not *slivovitz* or plum-brandy, being here the drink. But with all their faults the Croats are kind and good-humoured, and certainly neither at Agram nor at Carlovatz had we any reason to complain of a want of friendliness. The hospitality of a Carlovatzer was quite overpowering. We were passing his house during a slight shower, when he literally dragged us in and forced on us his native wine—on which for politeness sake I will express no opinion—diluted with flat Seltzer-water from Croatian springs, till we begged for mercy. The Croats make flat Seltzer-water effervesce with a small wooden instrument rejoicing in the name of '*Didlideilshek*.'

But to return to the market, which was on a very large scale, embracing nearly the whole town and suburbs, and a scene of exceeding gaiety. The booths for similar wares were ranged together; here were mighty piles of crockery, the *stutzas*, the *scalicas*, and all the varied throng; there a store of glass ware from the Slavonian forests, light, hand-made, Venetian. Then the vegetable market embarrassed us with a choice of fine figs, peaches, pears, water-melons with salmon-coloured slices ready cut, rosy and beautiful apples, and delicious yellow plums like small Orleans; further on we saw what might be mistaken for row on row of gigantic black-beetles hung up like vermin in a wood, but on coming nearer they turned out to be black *opankas*, of which the peasants were laying

Austro-Hungarian province and its people. The branch of the Aryan Family of which these, the Serbs, Croats, &c., are severally members, I call *Sclaves*, and their tongue *Sclavonic*.

in great stocks. At other shops you might procure wondrous leather wallets, or Turkish knives, from the famed Bosnian forges of Travnik or Serajewo; and beyond we came to the crowning glory of all—the clothes stalls, and the gold-embroidered Dalmatian fezzes glittering in the sunshine. But the chief attraction, for the peasants at all events, was the cattle-market in the field outside the town, where might be seen herds of small Arab horses, long-haired Merino-like sheep with spiral procerity of horn, soft-eyed strawberry-coloured cows, innumerable pigs, and throngs of brown long-haired goats, butting each other and pushing at each other as if they were playing the Rugby game of football! Over which animals, collectively and individually, the peasant farmers were shaking hands in the most orthodox manner, as each bargain was struck. The goats and sheep were driven in by Bosnian Rayahs from the distant mountains of Turkish Croatia, and the way in which they expended the profits of their sales in buying powder and bullets was anything but reassuring to those about to trust themselves to their tender mercies.

Of Carlovatz and its inhabitants proper there is little to chronicle except that the inhabitants possess a certain gift of inventiveness; for a report spread through the town in no time, that we had walked from Rotterdam for a bet, and the report did all the more credit to the fertility of the Carlovatzan imagination in that it had no particle of foundation whatsoever. The town is divided into the citadel and fortified part, containing the churches, official houses, and a chilling square; and the Varosh or suburb, which comprises the bulk of the houses. There is nothing here of interest; the churches are bare, with the usual bulbous spires; the houses are devoid

of ornament, and guiltless of architectural pretensions. They are mostly wooden; but here there are none of the mediæval survivals of an old German town—none of the elaborate carvings that speak of ancient civilisation and the taste of old merchant princes. Such relics one does not find in the Sclavonic East of Europe. Carlovatz is situated well for trade. She lies on the Kulpa, which connects her with the Savian and Danubian commercial basins, and into which, hard by, debouches the Korana, opening out a valley route into the mountains of North-West Bosnia; while a little above the town the river Dobra performs the same service in the Dalmatian direction. She is situated on the chief pass over the Dinaric Alps, just where the watershed between the Adriatic and Black Sea is lowest. Carlovatz is, in fact, the meeting-place of the three high roads which bind the interior of Hungary and Croatia with their seaports—the Carolina-, Josephina-, and Louisa-ways; and a new railway has opened out steam communication with Trieste and Fiume. But despite these advantages Carlovatz has no commercial past, and her commercial present, if we except a little timber transport and rosoglio distilling, is confined to the petty huckstering of these peasant gatherings. Her very origin was military. She owes her name and foundation to the Austrian Archduke Charles, chief lieutenant of the Emperor Rudolf in the Croatian military frontier, who began building the town in 1577, and finished its walls in 1582. He planted here a colony of soldiers, for whom, 'whether German or Hungarian or Croat, or of any other nation,' he gained certain privileges and immunities from the Emperor,[1]

[1] For the charter of Rudolf to Carlovatz, in 1581, and its confirmation

the chief of which was the right to hold in perpetuity any house built here. It was peopled chiefly by refugees from Southern Croatia, then annexed by the Turks, against whom in 1579 the still unfinished town was successfully defended. For we are now on the borders of the Military Frontier, the nine-hundred-mile-long line of battle prepared by the Hapsburgh Cæsars against the Infidel.

by Ferdinand III., see *Balthasar Kerselich, De Regnis Dalmatiæ, Croatiæ, Sclavoniæ, Notitiæ Præliminares, Zagreb. s. a.* p. 392, &c.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD MILITARY FRONTIER, SISCIA, AND THE SAVE.

The Military Frontier, its Origin and Extinction—Effects of Turkish Conquest on South-Sclavonic Society—Family Communities—Among the House-fathers—Granitza Homesteads—The *Stupa*—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—Contrast between Croats of Granitza and Slovenes—The Advantages and Defects of Family Communities—Larger Family Community near Brood—A little Parliament House—Croatian Brigands—A Serb Lady—Turkish Effendi and Pilgrim—Sizsek—Roman Siscia; her Commercial Importance—Her Martyr—Remains of ancient Siscia—Destiny of Sizsek—Croatian Dances and Songs—Down the Save—New Amsterdam—South-Sclavonic Types—Arrive at Brood—Russian Spies!—A Sunset between two Worlds—Marched off—Bearding an Official—A Scaffold Speech—In Durance vile—Liberated!

It was the necessities of the Hungarian Kingdom and the Empire, when they had to bear the brunt of still encroaching Islám, that some three hundred years ago created the Military Frontier—the Granitza, as it is known to its Slavonic denizens. The Hungarian and Imperial statesmen of the sixteenth century had just the same immense problem set before them as the Romans of the earlier empire—how to defend a long line of frontier from the perpetual incursions of barbarians, and they solved it much in the same way as the Western Cæsars of yore. The Roman Emperors, under parallel circumstances, parcelled out the march-lands of that awkward angle between the Rhine and the Danube among rude Allemannic tribes, to be held of the Emperor on condition of military service in their defence. So now the

Hapsburgh Cæsars divided out the provinces bordering on the Turks among primitive Sclavonic house-communities, each of which held its allotment in common of the King of Hungary on condition that it provided, in proportion to the number of men in the family, one or more soldiers for watch and ward against the Infidel. The frontier was divided into territorial divisions known by the military appellation, Regiments. Every soldier when not on active service might change his sword for a spade, and sank into a peasant like the rest; and the officer, or '*Ober*,' left the camp to preside as judge in the law courts. It was a peasant militia. To this day the Grenzer uniform is but an adaptation of old Croat costume; the military waggons are the simple village carts; the soldier transforms himself into a boor, the boor into a soldier, at a moment's notice. Thus it was an organisation economical, self-supporting—and who would not fight bravely when his neighbouring homestead was at stake?—but military over-pride was tempered by the peaceful instincts of husbandry. Thus the Turk was successfully fended off, and a long watch-service sentinelled along the whole frontier. The watch-towers at intervals, with their wooden clappers, may be still seen in places, as well as the now unused beacons whose telegraphic chain could once rouse to arms the whole population from the Adriatic to the eastern-most Carpathians in a few hours.

Thus the Military Frontier was originally the outwork of Christendom, the political sea-wall of her provinces painfully reclaimed. But the force of that flood had long been spent—Islám had ceased to be militant. What had once been a military became merely a sanitary cordon, or was turned to account to protect the absurd tariffs

of slow Swabian finance. Nay, it had even ceased in part to mark the boundary line between Frank and Osmanlì. Free Serbia had risen beyond it. It was superannuated —a mere survival. The Military Frontier, as it existed a few years ago, might be compared to an old Roman dyke that once marked the limits of the chafing North Sea, but now runs inland across the flats of Ouse—a monument of a vanquished ocean perverted to hedgerows, given over to the plough. And, indeed, about three years ago it at last struck the Austro-Hungarian Government that this unproductive rampart might be resigned to cultivation; for human culture in the Granitza was at a very low ebb, and the artificial clogs to social development produced industrial depression. Accordingly the military organisation was assimilated to that of the rest of the Empire, and by the *Theilungsgesetze*, which facilitates the transfer of land and the break-up of families, the old communal system has received its death-blow.

The Military Frontier has ceased to exist, but the old order of things has not yet passed away; and we were the more anxious to catch if but a glimpse of that antique society, so long artificially preserved from change by the military needs of the monarchy, before it dies away from the memory of man. For to cross the Military Frontier is to survey a phase of society so primitive that it was already antiquated when the forefathers of the English sate among the heaths and fens and forests of the Elbe-lands. It is to go back, not indeed into Feudal times —for to call this frontier organisation Feudal shows an ignorance of what Feudalism really means—but to wander beyond the twilight of history, and take a lantern as it were into the night of time.

If the Turkish invasion can be likened to the encroachment of an ocean, it resembled it in nothing more than its denuding action. Throughout the whole of Eastern Europe there set in a great levelling of baronial peak-lands. The South-Sclavonic nobility fell at Kossovo or Mohatch and a hundred other fields, or skulked away into foreign lands; and, indeed, this Feudal overgrowth was always more or less of an exotic among Serbs and Croats. The Turkish conquest was a fiery trial, in truth, and yet it had the effect of purging the sterling democratic ore of society from all this hæmatitic dross. The semi-feudal organisation which had sprung up in these lands—partly owing to the imperfect devices of an acephalous society to gain the unity of action required in war, partly to infiltrations of Western ideas viâ Hungary or the Empire—was now levelled away by the Turks, where it was not, as in Bosnia, assimilated. Society reverted to that almost patriarchal form which the Sclavonic settlers had carried with them into the Illyrian triangle when they settled here in the days of Heraclius. *Vlastela* and magnates now make way once more for simple housefathers, distinctions of rank are merged in the old equality and fraternity that reign within the paling of the house-community. We have seen an Imperial ukase work much the same result among the Sclaves of Russia as was wrought by the Turkish scimitar for their brethren of the south.

Then, too, not only were the higher ranks of society cleared away, but influences were at work to make even the communistic village government go back a step in archaism. Vast tracts of land were depopulated and were parcelled out amongst new settlers, chiefly immigrant

families from beyond the Turkish frontier. But the single farms of these backwoodsmen could not grow into villages all at once, and so it would happen that the mark —as we may call the allotment—reverted to a very primitive stage, being held in common, not so much by a village-community, as by a single household. Thus the Starescina, or alderman of the community, was often literally the elective elder of the household.

But it was evident that if the new military organisation was to be self-supporting, each family must contain several adult male members—for how else could men be spared from the tillage necessary for the support of the household? And how else could contributions in kind be afforded to the military chest—the *cassa domestica*—for the keep of soldier house-brothers?

Therefore it was that the Government thought well to strengthen the Sclavonic family tie, always strong, by legal fetters which forcibly bound the household together and artificially checked the development of individual proprietorship. It was forbidden, as far as possible, to alienate the property of a house-community, or to subdivide it among its members; and so literally was this enforced that, near Sizsek for example, we heard of families still existing containing over three hundred members all living within the same palisaded yard, and forming a village of themselves; nor is it by any means rare to find villages in the Granitza consisting of a couple of households.

Aug. 7.—It was to survey this primitive régime that we now sallied forth from Carlovatz, and crossing the bridge over the Kulpa, found ourselves, as was manifested still by a conspicuous sign-board, in what was once the

Sluin Regiment of the Military Frontier — a suburban street of Carlovatz in fact belonging to the ex-military district. It must, however, be remembered that side by side with this military communism exists a civil population: clergy, teachers, artizans, tradesmen, innkeepers, and so forth, who enjoy exceptional liberties; so there was not much to notice of special interest in military Carlovatz, except a spacious government school for Granitza children. A pretty country walk brought us to the little village of Radovatz, where we lighted on a native, an intelligent young fellow, who acted as a guide, and interpreter of primitive institutions.

We looked into several of the cottages, each in its yard, with due complement of outbuildings, garden and orchard for common use. The households here are not so large as in other parts of the frontier, and it is evident that in former times the inhabitants must have found some means of evading the law, and dividing their property. The old order of things still exists; each cottage has its house-father and house-mother, and everything is held in common. But the effects of the *Theilungsgesetze* are beginning to be felt, and the right of any family to claim an equal division of the property among its members is being taken advantage of. We were shown one house where the family had just quarrelled and split up. In this case the old house-father and house-mother still retained their military exemption; but the heads of the new family offshoots were liable to service, and were not recognized as house-fathers and house-mothers by the eye of the law; though some of them still arrogate the time-honoured titles. In other parts of the Frontier the overgrown households are

availing themselves of the new permissive law to escape from the imprisonment of the common paling. We heard of instances of partition near Sizsek, and further east, near Brood in Slavonia. Thus the old communal life is dying a natural death.

A Granitza Homestead.

But let us examine one of these homesteads where the house-fathers and house-mothers still preside—and the description of the one we saw first will serve for all. In order to find our way to the dwelling-house we had to enter by a yard, enclosed by a rough wooden fence, called the '*plot.*' Within this, to the right, was the '*Kucitza*' or common cottage, and then followed in order the pig-sty, the barn, the hay-loft and cart-shed, the round conical-peaked hay-stack, and another store-house. This homestead square reminded one of old English, Norse,[1] and Franconian farms; and we found the dwelling-houses trisected into a sleeping-room, a kitchen, and a store-

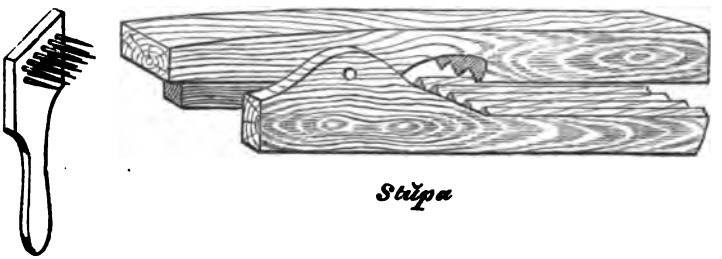
[1] If we understood the peasants correctly, it was called Terg; and if so, is almost identical in name with *Torg*, the Swedish for a market-place. Terg in Croatian means generally 'wares;' Tirgovatz, a merchant or dealer; Tirgoviste, a market.

room, like the homesteads of Scandinavian backwoods. The centre room of the three is the kitchen, in one corner of which is a flat stone hearth, a small paved square for cooking on, such as is universal in Illyria. In the other corner there was a stove of a kind which also occurs throughout all these lands; it was of baked clay, square below, and bell-shaped above, indented all over with circular pigeon-holes, which in Bosnia, where still ruder forms of this stove occur, are actually pots embedded into the clay; though whether this practice arose from a scientific desire to gain a greater heating surface, or whether for the celebration of certain culinary mysteries, or whether for ornament, or, what is more probable, by reason of some exigencies of structure—we were never able to determine.

Before the kitchen was a kind of fore-hall, as in a Northern cottage; but, in this warm climate, open to the air, and forming a verandah, which in the larger houses runs along the upper storey, where the family live. We peeped into the dormitory, which was the largest room of the three, and saw beds ranged round the room, and a picture of a saint suspended from the wall. The house itself was of wood, and showed in parts the rich time-stains of an Alpine chalet. Yet in places one might notice the Sclavonic tendency towards whitewash and mud plaster. The roof was double; first a shingling of short wooden planks, and above that a substantial thatch.

As to the inmates, they were engaged in the yard in a very curious occupation. Just outside the store-house was the most greedy-looking machine we ever set eyes

on —all teeth and jaw, without even the decency of a stomach. It turned out to be a stamping-mill for beating flax, which we had already noticed on our way, going through preliminary processes of water-retting and grassing. At first sight the masticator looked like a monstrous variety of the trap which children use for 'bat and ball;' it was all of wood, except a metal pivot or axis, on which the upper jaw worked, and its motive power was supplied by two Croats, a man and a woman, who took their stand on the upper jaw, and placing one foot on each side of the pivot, imparted a see-sawing motion to it, by throwing their weight simultaneously first on one foot and then on the other, from which treading the mill gains the Croatian name *Stupa* or tread-mill. Meanwhile



Stupa

another woman took a wisp of the ready retted and dried flax, and fed the wooden crocodile with it; and when it had been sufficiently chewed, and the useless stem or boom separated from the useful bark or harl, she handed the wisp on to another woman, who combed out the fibres in a heckle, made by the simple process of sticking iron nails through a paw of wood fixed into the fence, and being now both clawed and chewed, the flax was laid in a heap, and the preparation was concluded. The mill seems a very primitive form of the Scotch foot-brake,

but it is at least better than the hand-mill of our forefathers, for the principle of co-operation of labour is invoked, and the flax therefore prepared more expeditiously.

One would think that the fact that the rude Croats of the Granitza have arrived at a stage of manufacture even so comparatively advanced as this, may be due to an advantageous influence of the Communistic system. For if self-interest is in the long run the best spur to industry, yet it sometimes keeps it back, owing to a want of readiness to combine with others. But here we find the common interest of the house-community in the results of labour, teaching the great economic lesson of combination, though it certainly discourages extraordinary energy in individuals. Thus the land is tilled in common, the harvest gathered in in common, and, *ceteris paribus*, it is far more probable that agricultural machinery could be introduced in one of the large Granitza families, containing some three hundred members, than in a village of the same population tenanted by the small, selfish peasant-farmers of France or Germany.

Besides this readiness to combine, another favourable aspect of this Communistic society was especially striking to one fresh from among the somewhat churlish, close-fisted Nether-Saxons. This was a certain geniality, an open-handed readiness of good cheer, whether of homely apples or homelier wine. Nothing here of that jealous attitude towards strangers so characteristic of your peasant-farmer or petty '*Eigenthümer*.' You have only to muster up unabashed intrusiveness enough, and you may spy out the land and all the ins and outs of a Granitza

dwelling-house without let or hindrance. You may rove at your sweet will through yard and garden, take stock of horned and feathered, seat yourself on the three-legged stool before the culinary hearth—and pray do not let false delicacy or closed doors deter you from unclewing the inmost mysteries of the bed-chamber! The inmates are only too proud to see a visitor. A comfortable sense of co-partnership grows upon you. You find yourself arguing some *post-liminal* right of adoption as you cross the threshold, and end by asking yourself whether after all there can be any gulf 'twixt *meum* and *tuum* when every potsherd and goosequill is common property?

'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!' Let this, then, be the motto of the stranger who visits the Granitza homesteads. Obviously new rules of social decorum must be invented for the occasion, and our code was simple—'Make yourself at home.' The idea that we could be intruding became really too preposterous; and as for the truly insular notion that a house could be a castle, we laughed it to scorn. We were Communists for the nonce. The *Genius loci* inspired us. We penetrated without the introduction of a guide into yards and houses; or if we came to larger farms, where the ground-floor of the house is apportioned to cows and the dwelling-rooms of the scansorial part of the family are above, only approachable by external ladders, we hesitated not to effect entrance by escalade, and the inmates were as little taken aback, and received us with as hearty a good-day as if they had been expecting us for weeks.

We could not help thinking of the contrast they presented to the people of the same Sclavonic race, and almost the same language, beyond the mountains

that fringed the north-western horizon; to the Wends, namely, and Slovenes, of Carinthia and Carniola. For when Goldsmith tells how

> 'The rude Carinthian boor
> Against the houseless stranger shuts his door,'

he is only stating what we knew by actual experience to be still true. It is not so soon forgotten—that chilly night, when, for want of a single hospitable roof in a whole village to shelter midnight travellers, we were fain to stall ourselves in the creepiest of church porches—and had we not sundry other reminiscences of slammed doors and long parleyings to boot in the moonlight of the Julians? There was always something morose in the temperament of those Slovenes; something too much in harmony with the prevailing black of the Upper-Carinthian costume, with the sad weirdness of their music—what a dirge it was that accompanied our way to that ghostliest of shelters! The Granitza folk, on the contrary, are light in heart as in garment; sociable, hospitable; finding their poetic portraiture rather among those Arcadians of whom it is written that

> 'Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows,
> But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of their owners.'

Is it that these Croats of the Marches still retain the old Sclavonic communism, which the Wends and Slovenes have lost?

It is most delightful, too, to come upon a place where 'charity' in its mischievous, Oriental form, is kept from the door. Here every community is of its very essence a kind of benefit club; the common homestead is the only asylum for the old and the infirmary for the sick; in times

of war it was not the least important advantage of the Military Frontier, that each house-community formed a hospital for disabled soldier house-brothers. The communal system prevents moreover the rise of an actual proletariate; the flunkeyism of service is absent where all are alike fellow-helps and fellow-masters; and no doubt if a brother be disproportionately lazy, moral suasion of an unmistakable kind is brought to bear on him by the rest of the community. Here we have a kind of industrial police organisation.

Endued with all this brotherly co-operation, these social advantages and virtues, Granitza life cannot be said to be without its brighter aspects; but alas that it should have shadow as well as sunshine! After all we must own that these earnest staid Slovenes, likened by the German to his Mecklenburgers and Nether Saxons, possess, with all their moroseness, a more solid civilisation. It was admitted to us here—who, indeed, could not see it?—that education was far behind-hand, and the children unkempt and neglected; indeed the mortality among Granitza infants is said to be outrageous. Why, indeed, should they be better cared for? Why in the name of Fortune should the celibate portion of the community be mulcted for the sake of philoprogenitive brothers? Agriculture here is at a standstill, and the fields undunged.

This wretched wind-wry shanty before us, how little does it answer to the richness of the soil! The inmates, like those around, are poor in the midst of plenty. Dame Nature certainly would fain be bounteous; you have only to look at the luxuriant wild flowers that crowd along the garden skirts to see that; they are at least quite as good as the niggard patches, themselves half-wild,

of sunflower, marigold, and zinnia, within—just see! how scornfully yon aspiring tufts of saffron meadow-sweet climb above the paling, or peep between the rickety bars as if to make fun of these cockered garden favourites! The apples and plums in the orchard to the side are, as such, puny and poor of flavour; but the hedgerow which fences it round is loaded with sloes very nearly as fat as damsons; and as to the rose hips, you might take them for filberts, scarlet-mantled. Further beyond you catch a glimpse of the contours of Mt. Capella masted with oak-woods, now mere pannage for swine, but fit to timber a hundred fleets.

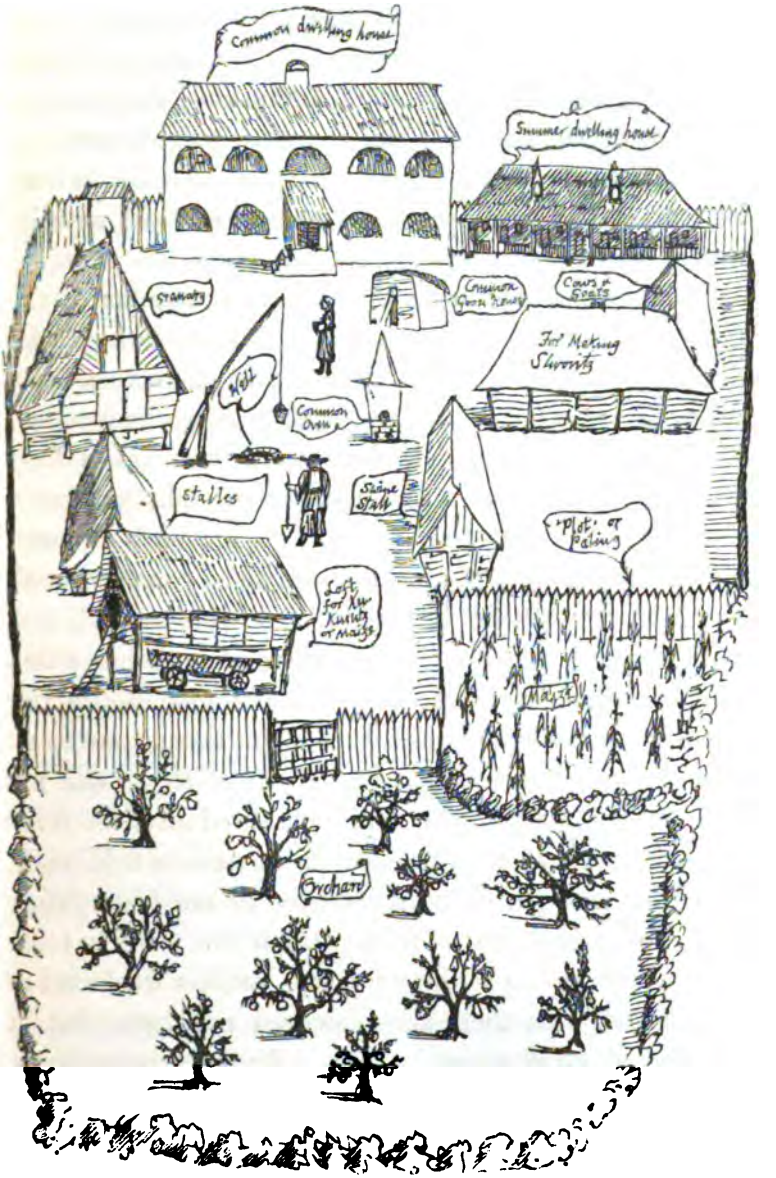
The truth is, that the incentives to labour and economy are weakened by the sense of personal interest in their results being subdivided. Even the social virtues engendered by this living in common are apt to run off into mere reckless dissipation. One may think their fruit poor, and their wine abominable; but their maxim is none the less, 'Eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' True, a man has a legal right to lay by his share of the profits; but who does? To do so would be to fly in the face of public opinion, and this Granitza way of life is favourable to the growth and influence of public opinion of a kind. At Radovatz there is a well-known yearly market, and the peasants, as we heard from an innkeeper's son, drink away their whole earnings on this greatest of money-making occasions in the four inns which compose the moiety of this little village. In short, the house-communities have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. One may regret the Military Frontier from an antiquarian point of view. Some pleasant features of this unique society may be lost; but on the whole no one

can quarrel with the government for passing that permissive bill which entails its speedy self-immolation.

There is no need to give special descriptions of the other villages that we saw in this part, as Radovatz has been made the peg on which to hang wider generalisations. The village of Trn may be noticed, as there we came upon peasants belonging to the Greek Church, called 'Vlachs,' like the Sluin folk, but not like them a peculiar people, and indeed differing in nothing from their Roman Catholic neighbours, except that Greek icons were hung in their rooms in place of Romish saints. But in the villages about Carlovatz the house-communities are generally small, division has already been at work, and I will therefore ask the reader to accompany us *per saltum* to a more easterly part of the Granitza which we explored a few days later, namely to the neighbourhood of Brood in Slavonia.

Making our way through a country as smiling as that which we had left behind, through common-fields of the family communities, a-bloom with sky-blue flax, and enclosed by old-world hedges overgrown with clustering wild vines, or through the common meadowland — the old English *ing*—we came to the village of Bukovje, and were introduced to the largest family community of the place by the kind Roman Catholic vicar.

Some idea of the arrangement of the homestead will be given by the accompanying diagram. We made our way into the premises by the yard-gate and found ourselves in a spacious farmyard fenced in by a stout palisade. To the left was the common dwelling-house, and around the skirts of the enclosure ranged in order the common barn, cow-house, stables, maize-garner, goat-shed,



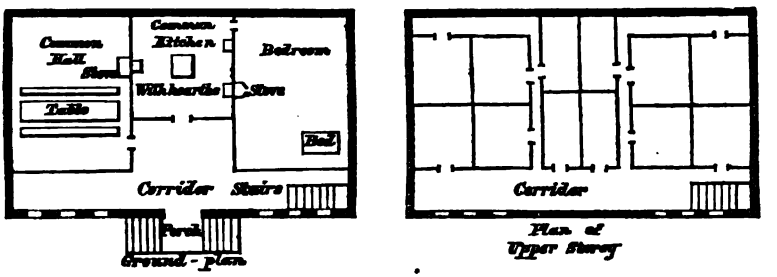
Homestead of Family Community, near Brood, Slavonia.

and pig-sty ; the common stillery for making *slivovitz* or plum-brandy, which here has succeeded sour wine as the favourite drink of the peasantry ; the common well, with its bucket attached to a monster fishing-rod ; the common oven ; and last, not least, the common goose-house. In one corner was a small patch of maize, and beyond the bottom of the yard was the common orchard with its usual crop of poor plums, pears and apples.

We were received in the yard by a member of the family, voted unanimously to be the house-father, who cordially invited us in, and having satisfied our curiosity as to the various outbuildings, bade us enter the common dwelling-houses, of which there were two ; one a long wooden erection with the usual verandah, used as a summer abode, and divided into compartments for each *sub*-family ; the other, a palatial residence compared with the Radovatz hovels, brick-built and whitewashed, and with its porch and double tiers of massive arches which open on long corridors as in some old monasteries (for there is something conventual too about these closes), and entered withal by an imposing flight of steps, was not without its dignity. The family consisted of some three dozen individuals, mostly absent at the time on field-work, insomuch that the garrison consisted of our house-father and two house-sisters all told. Thus it was scarcely more than a tenth as big as those monster families we heard of near Sizsek with their three hundred members ; but it afforded a good example of the house arrangements, nevertheless ; for in these larger family communities, such as we saw higher up the Save, you may see several dwelling-houses ranged in a row within the common '*plot*,' so that really only a little multiplication is needed

to gain an idea of the family community on its grandest scale from a view of this Bukovje homestead. There is, however, this difference, that in the larger families the common hall and kitchen are often separate buildings.

The house consisted of two floors. Ascending the porch-steps at the house-father's bidding, we found ourselves in a ground-floor with the forehall and usual tripartite division of the ruder Granitza cottages, consisting of a common hall or refectory, a kitchen and another room, used in this case, I believe, as a bedroom for the house-father. These three rooms opened on to the front corridor; and ascending some stairs, at the end of this airy arcade we found ourselves on the second storey, divided exclusively into bedrooms, of which there were thirteen, one for each sub-family. Above this again was a loft running under the whole length of the roof, and set apart for stores.



Plan of Common Dwelling.

In the middle of the kitchen, whose besooted rafters were supported by a massive beam as swarthy as themselves, was the large common hearth, the wonted square of flat stones, the logs on which were kept in place by two quaint fire-dogs; while by their embers a large green jar of earthenware was simmering with a savoury mess

of chopped bean-pods, eyed from time to time lovingly by the house-sister, she who had welcomed us on entering with a bountiful apronful of apples. By the side walls were three other lesser hearths, communicating with the honeycombed stoves in the other rooms, so that one fire fed both a hearth and a stove. On these hearths reposed cylindrical pots with curious lids, and above the fire great iron caldrons, capable of providing for many mouths, were hung from the wooden arms of primitive jacks, such as I remember having seen in Finnish cottages.

The common hall contained little but a long table and two long benches, recalling, except for its honeycombed stove, the furniture of an Oxford College hall. It is here that the whole family take their meals; and in the winter time, when the stoveless summer dwellings are uninhabitable, it is here that the men take shelter from the blast to make or mend their rude implements of husbandry, and the women ply their homely looms. They told us further that this was the room in which the family met to choose their house-father or house-mother, and to transact all common business; and, since dinner is the natural time for all the family to be assembled together, it is after dinner that these matters of household economy are mooted, and the house-father, who represents the family in dealings with the authorities, and the house-mother who shares with her consort[1] his patriarchal sway over the rest of the house community, are elected. It is here, too, that the domestic government is thrown out if it does not continue to give satisfaction to its consti-

[1] The house-father and house-mother are not necessarily man and wife; nor, though generally chosen with respect to age, are they always the oldest members of the community.

tuents. In short, this is their little Parliament-House, and these the earliest germs of Constitutional Government.

But we must leave Slavonia for the present, and transport ourselves back in some aerial fashion to Carlovatz, from which town we are about to make our way to Sizsek by the last strip of railway we were to see for many a long day. It may be that it was lucky that such a means of transit was still at our disposal, since, if we had been obliged to foot it, we must have run the gauntlet of a band of robbers then infesting the country near Petrinia. As a rule our Croatian friends were never tired of assuring us that it was beyond the frontier that these gentry flourished; and the hills that rose to the south-west—the Kraina, as the promontory of Turkish territory is known, which acts as a thorn in the side of Austria, was pointed out as a regular asylum for wild characters, and in fact was long the only part of the frontier where the watch-service was still needed. At the present moment, however, even the Croats were fain to admit that Bosnia was free from robbers, while their own country was insecure; and indeed I am afraid that this was not such an exceptional state of things as they would have had us believe, for when we arrived two days later in the Slavonian lands of the Lower Save, we found the whole country under martial law owing to the murderous infestations of brigands in the Syrmian highlands; and though several had been hanged, the reign of terror was such that the military government was still continued. Indeed just after the Austro-Prussian war, the state of Croatia had become so deplorable by reason of the increasing brigandage, that 'Standrecht' had to be proclaimed there, and no less than forty robbers

were hung. For some time a gibbet with its ghastly appendages was to be seen from the train on nearing Agram.

On the whole, then, it was more comfortable to indulge in such reflexions as we shot through the mighty oak-forest in a railway carriage bound for Sizsek, than to sneak through these mysterious shadows on foot with the feelings of one of our great-grandfathers, when doomed to traverse Hampstead Heath on a dark night. These Croatian highwaymen, however, immediately under notice, had hitherto conducted the business of the road on the most gentlemanly principles; and though a kind of 'commercial' with whom we travelled seemed a bit scared, even he could report no thrilling tales of bloodshed. There were sixteen of these Hajduks,[1] as the Croats called them, who had taken to outlawry to avoid the military conscription, which has just superseded the older organisation of the Granitza. Soldiers have been in pursuit, but fruitlessly, since not only are the hills about covered with unfathomable forest and hollowed—so we were told—with caverns, but the peasants, like those of Greece and Southern Italy, are in league with the brigands, supplying them with food, and refusing to reveal their hiding-places. The gendarmes, indeed, express hopes of seizing their quarry when the leaves have fallen and the snow is on the ground. Meantime they are at large. Nor let us judge too harshly of their profession, for in this old-world

[1] The usual word for brigands, &c. in Eastern Europe. The word is said to be Magyar originally, and to signify 'the unmarried.' It was originally applied to youthful Free-lances—'*Knights Batchelors.*' It has been compared with the derivation of Cossack, which has the same meaning. In Hungary the population of certain towns are known as Hajduks, and the towns are called Hajduk towns.

East of Europe the Hajduk is often a gentleman in his way. 'Tis Robin Hood and his merry men who still live on, roughly redressing their wrongs in a vicarious fashion against that society which refuses them legal requital, but capable none the less of much tenderness to women and children, and discriminating their friends from the class that oppresses them. Across the Turkish frontier the cause of national freedom hopelessly lost centuries ago on the battlefield, has been championed from generation to generation by the Hajduks of the forest mountain, in achievements not unsung by Sclavonic bards; and, likely enough, these Croatian brothers are striving too for ancient liberties, as they understand them.

It was late at night by the time we arrived at Sizsek, so we were glad enough to avail ourselves of a car bound for the 'White Ship' inn on the Kulpa Quay, in company with a Serbian lady and her child—she disdaining not either for herself or boy the national costume of Free Serbia. And verily she had her reward. For what could be more appropriate than the rich silver embroidery flowered on the purple-velvet field of her mantle — efflorescent with the poetic yearning of the race for that gorgeous Orient, a yearning as lively as the abhorrence from its yoke—an echo from the Serbian lyre—a protest against your cold foggy West—but subdued withal by a Roman-matronly coiffure wondrously becoming to the tranquil grace of Serbian motherhood?

Arrived at our inn, we found ourselves plunged at once into Turkish society, for many Bosnian corn-merchants from Bihac, Serajevo, and other towns, betake themselves in the way of trade to Sizsek. Among the group of Turks who, in various awkward and frog-

like postures, were endeavouring to accommodate themselves to chairs, was an Effendi, a title which implies not only a certain grade of Turkish gentility, but an education for Bosnia most polite, namely, the ability to read and write; and, what is by no means ordinary among the Mussulman Sclaves of Bosnia, an acquaintance with Osmanlì. Thus it was with a conscious sense of superiority that our Effendi, learning our intentions in Bosnia, expressed a desire to see the pass which the Vali Pashà had been good enough to supply us with. He seemed extremely surprised to see that it was in the Vali's own handwriting; but having convinced himself of the fact, he first read it aloud with pleasing gusto in the original Turkish, and then translated it into Bosniac for the benefit of the Sclavonic Mahometans and our Croatian landlord, with many assurances that with such an 'open sesamé' we should have no difficulty in unlocking the innermost fastnesses of Bosnia or even the Herzegóvina, where the revolt had now broken out.

There was also a venerable Turk of singularly dignified mien, with patriarchal beard and capacious turban, who sat in mild contemplation lulled by the measured purring of his narghilé, lost to all mundane concerns, sagely superior to the curiosity which our pass and travelling gear were exciting in less exalted bosoms, and benignantly indifferent even to the indignity of a chair. Our host told us that he was a Hadji, or pilgrim, then on his way from Buda, where he resided as a merchant, to Mecca.

Aug. 8.—Next morning we sallied forth to explore what might remain of ancient Siscia. For we are now on classic ground. Sizsek is but the corruption of a name

great in all ages of imperial Rome, and greatest in the twilight of her empire. There was a time when Siscia was one of the sovereign cities of the world. She was a bulwark against barbarians, an emporium of commerce, a seat of emperors, a mother of martyrs, a gathering point for Roman-Christian Saga. And her older name, Segestica, takes us back to times prior to the Roman conquest itself, when she formed part of that Celtic empire of race, dim, commercial, reaching from Gades to the swamps of Nether Rhine; from glacial Ierné to the mouths of Ister. Segestica! we have no record of her dealings with the Adriatic votaries of Belenus,[1] nor what Taurisk gold passed current in her streets; and yet her peasant citizens of to-day plough up an abundance of bronze-age sickles as if to bear witness of her old Celtic industry, and her very name calls up golden harvests of antiquity ready garnered into her warehouses from rich Pannonian plains, with a side suggestion perchance of her

Seges clypeata virorum,

that twice withstood the arms of Rome successfully, till Augustus reduced her, and made of her a stationary camp for his cohorts.

She is now Siscia, a convenient *point d'appui* for Dacian campaigns; the winter-quarters for Tiberius in his Pannonian war; by Septimius Severus made the seat of military government for his world, and so benefited by him, that she took the name of Septimia Siscia. Probably under Vespasian, a Roman colony had been already planted here, and Siscia became a Republic with municipal liberties modelled on those of the parent city. An

[1] Belenus, the Celtic Apollo, and tutelary god of Aquileja.

inscription still recalls her Duumviri, who, in Rome's provincial mirrors, reflected the two Consuls. Later on, Siscia becomes the chief city of Upper Pannonia; then, when Savia was made a province, the residence of its Corrector. She was the seat of an imperial treasury, and it was here that the 'most splendid Provost of the Iron-workers' received the revenue from Noric mines. Here, too, was established the Premier Mint of the Roman Empire; and Siscia shares with Rome herself the distinguished honour of first imprinting her name in full on the imperial currency. What numismatist does not know and covet that coin of Gallienus? or that choice piece of the Emperor who sprang from her Savian rival Sirmium (though from this legend one would think he was really of Siscia), with the proud inscription, 'Siscia Probi Aug.'—the Siscia of Probus? On it is to be seen the personification of the queenly city, holding in her hands the laurel-wreath of empire, while at her feet her two subject rivers pour bounteously from their tributary urns.

But this medallic fertility, which has scattered the coins of Siscia over the fields of remotest Britain, was only the natural result of her commercial eminence. She was the staple of trade between the Adriatic and the Danubian basin—old Celtic trade-routes probably surviving the Roman conquest. 'Siscia,' says Strabo, 'lies at the confluence of many rivers, all navigable. It is at the foot of the Alps whose streams bear to it much merchandise, Italian and other. These are borne in waggons from Aquileja over Ocra, the lowest part of the Alps, to Nauportus, and thence by the Corcoras into the Save,'—and so to Siscia. The wine and oil wafted from more

southern climes into the havens of that Venice of Roman Adria; the carpets and woollens of Patavium that rumbled into her markets by the Æmilian Way; the furs and amber that the barbarian dealers bore her from the cold shores of the Baltic, and Fennic forests; perhaps, too, her own costly wine stored up in wooden barrels—all these, we may believe, and more, were piled on the Aquilejan waggons and dragged up the Alpine steep by oxen, thence to be floated down the Save to the Siscian wharves. In the markets of Siscia the Aquilejese merchants might lay in their stock of grain, or hides, or keen Noric steel, and take their pick of cattle, or tattooed Illyrian slaves. From the whole of Eastern Europe wares might flow together here; for not only was Siscia at the confluence of the Save and Kulpa, but she was at the junction of great roads, which, with their branches, connected her with the Upper and Lower Danube, with the interior of Dalmatia as well as her coast-land, and with Nauportus and Italy, overland.

Not long ago an interesting relic was found in Croatia, which perhaps speaks more clearly than anything else of the majesty to which Siscia ultimately attained. It is a cedarn chest, once gilt, on which are carved, by a late Roman hand, what are meant to be personifications of the five premier cities of the Roman world. In the centre—

'Prima urbes inter, Divom domus, Aurea Roma,'[1]

Rome, with her usual attributes of helmet, spear, and

[1] Ausonius, *De Claris Urbibus*. The order of eminence given by the rhetorician to the great cities of the empire is evidently perverted by pedantry and provincial favouritism. Neither Siscia, Sirmium, nor Nicomedia is mentioned. Illyria has, at least, as much right to be heard on this question of precedency as Aquitaine!

shield, is enthroned as a goddess. To her right two more female figures, distinguished by scrolls as Constantinople and Carthage, hold wreaths in their hands and look towards Rome. On her left, two other goddess-cities do the same; one is Nicomedia, the other Siscia. The carving is probably fourth-century work; and certainly, exalted as is the position claimed on it for Siscia, it is almost borne out by her coinage of the same period, for the activity of her mint shows that her commercial splendour was still at its zenith down to at least the days of Theodosius the Great; while the coins of her rival Sirmium wax fewer and fewer, and finally cease altogether. For Sirmium may have been of greater value as a military station, and perhaps a pleasanter residence for emperors and bishops, and therefore of greater administrative importance, and of more frequent mention by historians; but that she was a greater city than Siscia—as is so confidently assumed by some writers—may reasonably be doubted, and the very bustle of Siscian markets may have deterred princes from fixing here their court.

The comparatively high state of Siscian civilisation is also attested by her coins—those superb medallions of gold and silver—those gems of the fourth-century monetary art that stand out among the poorer products of mints Gallic and Britannic. But what distinguishes the Siscian coins as much as their workmanship, is their peculiarly Christian character. It is here that the first purely Christian type—that, namely, which alludes to the vision of Constantine, first makes its appearance—indeed during the fourth century the sacred monogram may almost be regarded as a Siscian mint-mark. And

we know from other sources that Christianity had early struck root here; for not only is its existence attested by two sepulchral inscriptions of Roman date discovered here, but its vitality is celebrated by a relation of Jerome and a hymn of Prudentius, recording the martyrdom of a Siscian citizen and bishop, Quirinus:—

'Insignem meriti virum
Quirinum placitum Deo,
Urbis mœnia Sisciæ,
Concessum sibi martyrem,
Complexu patrio fovent.'[1]

It was during the persecution of Diocletian and 'Duke' Galerius, as Prudentius styles him, that Quirinus, bishop of Siscia, refused to burn incense on the heathen altar at the bidding of the Governor Maximus, on the plea —countenanced indeed by inspired writers, but which a little philology would have spared him—'that all the gods of the Gentiles were demons.' 'If you will allow,' said Maximus, 'that the gods which the Roman Empire serves are powerful, you shall be made priest to the great god Jove, otherwise you shall be sent to Amantius, præfect of First Pannonia, and receive from him condign sentence of death.' The stout-hearted bishop, refusing these terms, is sent to Sabaria, where he is tried and condemned in the theatre, and with a millstone round his neck is thrown from the bridge above into the river; when, lo! despite the weight of rock the water miraculously supports him:—

'Dejectum placidissimo
Amnis vertice suscipit;
Nec mergi patitur sibi,
Miris vasta natatibus
Saxi pondera sustinens,'

[1] Prudentius, Peristephanon vii.

till, having exhorted the faithful and confounded the heathen from his watery pulpit, his spirit ascends and the laws of gravity resume their sway.

In the dark period which followed the barbarian invasions, something of her old secular glory was still reflected in the Siscian Church. After the destruction of Sirmium by the Huns in 441, Siscia transferred her ecclesiastical allegiance to Salona. Her decline was more lingering than that of her rival, for her prosperity had rested on a more solid foundation. Her bishops survive the settlement of the Sclaves hereabouts in the time of Heraclius. In the ninth century we find her the residence of a Sclavonic prince; but she suffered from the Frankish invasion, and in the tenth century was finally rased by the Magyars. Now at last the Siscian episcopate dies out, to live again with renewed splendour at Agram.

The old walls of Siscia are traced in a pear-shaped form on the left bank of the Kulpa between it and the Save. But just outside our inn, on the right bank of the river, we came upon several fragments of old Siscia, several inscriptions walled into the foundations of modern houses. In the tympanum of a door are three sculptures, one of which may be meant for Apollo, though only the head and half the body survive, and another for Andromeda; these two of base art; but the third, a griffin, of somewhat better work. Here and there were stumps of columns, and Roman tiles might be seen still in use. On the hill above, still on the right side of the Kulpa, the wooden cottages almost always rested on foundations composed of Roman blocks, amongst which many inscriptions may lie hid, though we discovered none that had not already been conscientiously described by Agram antiqua-

ries. It was strange, however, to observe how the irony of fate had converted to modern utility the pomp of ancient funerals and the furniture of the 'immortal gods!' A Roman altar, with its face and what inscription there may have been (for we could not get it raised), buried in the dust, had been turned into a seat for Croat wives; a Roman sarcophagus in one of the cottage yards had been converted into a horse-trough, and another had been emended so as to form a serviceable sofa.

On the summit of the heights which here overlook the river is the site of a Roman cemetery, and the owner of the vineyards where most of the remains had been discovered kindly showed us over his domain. Many fine sarcophagi—the best of which are to be seen in the Agram museum—had been dug up here, containing the usual amount of coins, lamps, urns, and ashes, amongst which the skull-bones were most distinguishable. In one place we were shown a Roman conduit, square in shape, and the outside glazed as if by a conflagration. Near the old cemetery might be seen Roman walls, and some cottage foundations consisting entirely of Roman tiles.

The most interesting Roman fragments were, however, on the left side of the Kulpa, where the town walls are traceable, in a garden by the railway-station. There we found an altar with an inscription[1] showing that it was dedicated to Ceres, with a vase and patera engraved on one side, and on the other a jar full of spikes of corn. Close by lay mutilations of what once had been Corinthian

[1] The inscription was

CERERI||AVG SAC||Q. IVLIVS||MODERATVS|| D. PROC||VSLM,

given in the *Corpus Inscriptionum*, vol. iii. pt. I. No. 3944. The vase, however, is not mentioned there.

capitals, with rich acanthus-leaves decayed by many winters; fragments of a marble frieze with wavy vine-sprays loaded with bunches of grapes fit for the Land of Promise; besides, other marble bits on which were sculptured beakers and telescopic flowers unknown to botanists, and spiral knot-work which seemed almost Byzantine. It was pleasant to believe that they all formed part of a temple of the corn-goddess, though I doubt whether all the fragments could be attributed either to the same building or the same age; and perhaps Father Liber or Isis, whose altars have also been discovered here, may lay as good claim to some of these vinous and floral devices as Mother Ceres.

But whatever view be taken, these remains are interesting as an illustration of the old position of Siscia as centre of a corn and vine-growing district; nor indeed are they inappropriate even to her present state. The present town of Sizsek derives what trade she possesses mainly from the transport of cereals. Hither the maize and wheat from the rich alluvial plains of the Banat and the Possavina, as well as from the interior of Bosnia, are conveyed by the Save and its tributaries; for Sizsek is the point where the land-carriage to the north and west commences, and she really stands to Trieste and Fiume with respect to the traffic between the Danubian basin and the Adriatic, in much the same relation as her Roman ancestress stood to Aquileja. Sizsek has two really busy seasons in the year—in the spring when the maize crop is gathered, and again the corn harvest in August and September; and at these times her population, normally reckoned at 3,800, rises to twice, or even, it is said, to three times that number. The town, however, like many

other sites of Roman cities, is not so healthy as it was in former times, and a curious plague of emerods is epidemic here. This decrease of salubrity is attributed by the Sizsekers themselves to the great destruction of forests that has taken place in the neighbourhood; with what reason, let doctors decide.

However, modern science and drainage may probably be trusted to remedy the present unhealthy state of the Siscian atmosphere; and it requires no extraordinary gift of prophecy to be able to foresee for Sizsek a glorious future, and to predict that, before many years are passed, she will have done much to regain the splendour of Roman Siscia, whose functions, as we have seen, she still to a certain extent performs. For she has been dowered with a situation destined by nature for a great emporium of commerce, nor are signs wanting that the fulfilment of her destiny is at hand. Already Sizsek is fixed as the point at which the railway that is to connect Western Europe directly with Stamboul, and eventually perhaps the furthest Orient, is to meet the lines leading to Vienna and Trieste, and another line is projected, connecting Sizsek directly with the Adriatic.

Sizsek used to be divided by the Kulpa into the civil and military towns, the latter under 'regimental' government; but since the new legislation the whole has been placed under the municipal authorities. In neither half is there anything worth seeing except the Roman remains.

On the bank of the Kulpa, however, just at the confluence with the Save, about a mile from Sizsek, rises the old castle of Caprag, built in a triangular form, with a round conical-roofed tower at each corner. This castle brings home to us the old days when the Empire was

engaged in a life and death struggle with the Turk. It was built in the sixteenth century, with the Emperor Ferdinand's permission, by the bishop and canons of Agram, and in 1592–3 it was gallantly defended against the Pasha of Bosnia by two canons of the cathedral chapter; till, after withstanding two sieges successfully, it yielded to a third attempt, and for a year belonged to the Infidel.[1]

As we were exploring the former military quarter of Sizsek, whose habitations, tenanted by the ordinary peasants of the Granitza, are for the most part mere huts, as compared with the more stylish houses of the civil town, our ears were saluted by sounds of unearthly revelry proceeding from a neighbouring wine-shop. Entering it, we found ourselves in the midst of a Croat merrymaking: an orchestra of four men strumming on tamburas and tamburitzas as for dear life, and accompanied by such a whisking, and whirling, and stamping as never was. The dance they were engaged in when we went in was known to them as the Kardatz, to the Germans as 'Kroatisch'—though the Croats say that it was taught them by the Magyars. Properly it was danced by the women alone, but there were often enough male interlopers. It is so pretty that it deserves to be known beyond the limits of Croatia. Here is the general arrangement of the dance, as far as I could catch it.

Six Croat maidens—any number divisible by six and two would do as well—sorted themselves into two groups of three, which for awhile seemed to ignore each other's existence, the sisters of each triad alternately dancing to

[1] Balthasar Kerselich, *De Regnis Dalmatiæ, Croatiæ, Sclavoniæ Notitiæ præliminares;* and see *Danubian Principalities, by a British Resident of Twenty Years in the East*, vol. i. p. 88.

one another, and then joining hands, like three Graces as they were, and circling round; till of a sudden the rival orbits seemed to feel each other's influence, a quick *rapprochement* took place, and all six interlacing their arms tripped round in a fairy ring, faces outwards, till a starry disruption once more surprised us, and in a twinkling the revolving orb was split up into a new triad of twin constellations spinning round on their separate axes, till it made one giddy to look at them and their cometic plaits —and, sooth to say, the nebulous envelopes of the statuesque— flying off centrifugally.

The dance was in parts surprisingly graceful; and the dancers, though mostly homely, were certainly prettier than the average North-German *Bauerin*. Their hair was inclined to light shades which one hardly expected to see in so southern a clime, and their eyes were generally blue. There was one maiden, however, more comely than the rest, with dark almond eyes and raven hair, of a strange type, that one meets with now and again in South-Sclavonic regions; a waif from the lands of the morning, an Oriental beauty shrouded in no winding-sheet and entombed in no harem, but set off by the light white muslin of Croatia.

Then there were other dances in which the men performed, which were distinguished by stamping, and every now and then interrupted by a comic 'spoken.' We heard some songs, too; such as one would imagine might break from a flock of sheep if they were to burst into spontaneous melody—a wearisome succession of baa-baas, varied at intervals by an attempt to see how long they could keep on at one note! The poverty of the instruments seemed to narrow the range of the human voice.

Next morning betimes we bade farewell to Sizsek, and took a passage on the Save steamer for Brood, from which place we were to begin our foot journey through Bosnia. During the early part of the voyage there was little to see. Mud banks lined with willows, now and then villages of dark timber, where, within the palings of the large house-communities, were clustered together several dwelling-houses of tea-caddy shape and somewhat pagoda-like appearance, due to their having eaves projecting over the ground-floor as well as the upper storey. The Save, as we enter it, takes a muddier hue than the Kulpa, which at Sizsek possessed something of the emerald purity of a limestone stream. Opposite the confluence of the Save and Unna was Jassenovatz, taken and held for awhile by the Pasha of Bosnia in 1536, after the battle of Mohatch; it is a small town of about 1,100 inhabitants, and, being built on piles, is sometimes called New Amsterdam. It might also recall the Swiss lake-dwellings, to restorations of which many Granitza villages bear a certain family likeness; but I doubt if the boats that float off Jassenovatz are not even more primitive than those of the old lake-dwellers, for they are simply great oak-trunks hollowed out in a Crusoe-like fashion. Further on we passed floating mills, paddle-boats of Noah's Ark-like construction anchored in the current, or left behind us large flat barges, which looked like giant cockchafers turned over on their backs.

We are now on the watery boundary-line between Christendom and Islám, and the contrast between the two shores is one of the most striking that can be imagined, recalling that between the Bulgarian and Wallachian banks of the Lower Danube. On one side Croat men,

white tunicked and white breeked, with blue vests, and fringes of homely lace to their trowsers; bare-legged women, with the shortest of apron-skirts, washing their linen in the shallows, coifed in the rosy Rubatz. Now and then a town, white houses and bulbous church-spires, and citizens in the mourning hues of Western civilisation. On the other bank minarets and narrow wooden streets, gorgeous Turkish officials, brilliant maidens and mummied dames, cheerful fezzes and red Bosnian turbans; and it is to be remarked that the men on the Turkish bank, owing to their wearing such comparatively shadeless head-gear, are distinctly more sunburnt than the Sclavonians of the Austrian side in their broad, black, felt wide-awakes. The one side was cold and dull, if comparatively clean; the other dirty but magnificent.

Various types illustrative of the South Slavonic world are to be seen on deck: a Syrmian woman of an Oriental cast of feature already spoken of, with dark hair and eyes, and a purple skirt; the grave hadji whose acquaintance we had made at Sizsek, who vouchsafes me a majestic nod of recognition; a Dalmatiner—one of those Italianised Sclaves who man the Austrian navy—with blue sailor-blouse and bright red sash, sounds the shallows, when the steamer slackens speed, with a long pole. A Sclavonian of that dissipated type which becomes more frequent as we approach Syrmia, the mother-country of the famed plum-brandy—the Syrmian slivovitz—with low eyebrows, a ferocious moustache and an eminently Sclavonic nose, is caught by our artist napping, and pocketed as below.[1] Beyond Gradisca we came to the prettiest part of the river scenery, where the watery mirror reflects the

[1] See p. 85.

undulations of wooded hills; thence on and on through this magnificent oak forest—some of the finest timber in all Europe—the home of wolves and bears and sovereign eagles, and a few days later to be the refuge of the panic-stricken Christian refugees of Bosnia.

As we neared our destination the question arose whether we should sleep in the Austrian or Turkish town of Brood; but we decided, from a previous slight acquaintance with a Bosnian town, that we were more likely to secure sleep on the Austrian side, where, accordingly, we landed and put up at the comfortable 'Red House,' and presently went out to take stock of the place. Slavonian Brood is a large wooden village, more abominably paved, or rather cobbled, than any town I remember. What especially struck us was the chimneys, which are of every kind of shape and material, stone and wooden, capped with canopies arched and peaked; and suggesting in turn huts, towers, haystacks, tunnels, toadstools, and umbrellas!

Now, whether it was the fact that we took out our sketch-books to immortalise so far as in us lay these sooty orifices, or whether in the way in which we eyed them there was something of the insidious invader, certain it is that our motions did not escape the observation of an active and intelligent gendarme, who 'knew directly,' as he afterwards expressed it to a Croat who gave us the relation with great glee, 'that we were Russian spies.' Acting on which supposition with commendable alacrity, he came up and demanded our pass. Now there is a natural tendency amongst Englishmen to resent such a demand as an antiquated absurdity; but our official was so honied in manner, so profuse of '*bittes*' and protesta-

tions of '*Pflicht*,' that we could not find it in our hearts to refuse to satisfy the poor fellow's curiosity. Whereupon our friend looked at the paper and twisted it first to one side and then to another; and as he did not understand one word of it, shook his head very wisely and handed it to his mate, who, not understanding any more, shook his head more sagely still, and handed it us back, professing—sly dog!—that they were satisfied.

Those chimneys were 'the beginnings of evils.'

We, however, had not recognised the first drops of the thunderstorm, and, proceeding tranquilly on our way, strolled down past an old church and monastery to the high bank overlooking the Save. It was a beautiful picture!—a glorious sunset, crimson, golden, opalescent, mirrored on the silvery expanse of quiet waters, broken only by a small green island with stately oak-trees huddled together in mid-flood like the giants of an older world; —far beyond the sky-line, mingling with the mysterious blue of distant mountains; on the Sclavonian bank pale rows of poplars and conical haystacks in relief against the dark fringe of primeval forest; on the further side a verandahed guardhouse and the top of a minaret—a foreglimpse of another world—and hark! as the sun goes down the solemn tones of the muezzin are faintly borne by the evening breeze to the shores of that Christendom which once rang with *Allah akbar!*

But we roused ourselves from the reveries which such a scene could not fail to awaken, for the darkness was gathering, and a voice within bade us seek the good cheer of our inn; when we were arrested by the sounds of music and the sight of a booth near the market-place, and finding that a peep-show was going on, we paid our kreutzers

and went in. A moonlight view of the Tuileries is hardly what one would go to Brood to see, and we were beginning to think the show a trifle dull, when the serenity of the sightseers was broken in upon by the abrupt entry of two police-officers, and from their evident designs on some person or persons unknown we were congratulating ourselves on the prospect of a more lively spectacle. These expectations were indeed justified by the two officials pouncing upon L—— and myself, and ordering us to accompany them immediately to the Commissär of Police.

'Tell the Commissär of Police that if he wants to see us he had better come himself,' said I, who acted as our spokesman.

'Very sorry, sir,' said the official addressed, 'but our orders were to bring you.'

'Tell him,' I said, 'that we are Englishmen, and are not accustomed to be treated in this way!'

Here a Slavonian gentleman intervened. He said that there must be some misunderstanding; that it was a most unfortunate occurrence; but, in fact, these men had orders to arrest us if we did not follow them at once.

Evidently, to avoid a row, there was nothing for it but to take his advice; so we were marched along the streets of Brood with a gendarme on each side of us, to all intents and purposes under arrest; till at last, in no very accommodating humour, we arrived at the official's house, a long way off in the suburbs. Here we were stumped through a court, and then ushered into a dirty little room, where we found his highness seated at table in his shirt-sleeves, chewing a Coriolanan meal of maize. He did not get up from his chair to receive us, or even

offer us a seat; but glancing at us in a way which made us wish to knock him down and conclude the business off-hand, asked us in a surly and (we fancied) a slightly husky voice who we were. 'We are Englishmen,' replied I, in German. 'Give me your pass!' shouted the Commissär in a still rougher tone; 'what do you mean by entering the town without reporting yourselves to ME?'

To which I replied that Austria-Hungary was not new to us, and that he ought to know as well as we did that travellers could pass from one town in the monarchy to another without being subjected to such annoying regulations; but that, so far as Brood was concerned, we had as a matter of fact already shown our passes to two gendarmes. What was more, we need scarcely inform him that at the present time Englishmen could pass into Austria, just as Austrians into England, without a passport being demanded. 'And I think, sir,' I added, 'as you wished to see us, it would have been more civil if you had called in person at our hotel.'

The Commissär, bearded in his den, here interrupted this harangue by roaring out in a still more insolent tone, 'I tell you I will see your pass!'

'Sir,' I replied, 'we are willing to show you our pass, to prove to you that we *are* Englishmen, and out of pure courtesy; but we must nevertheless protest that you have no right whatever to demand it!'

'No right!' screamed the official, almost choking with rage, and bouncing from his chair with a spoon in one hand, and a maize-stalk in the other. '*I* no RIGHT! We'll soon see about that. Take them off!' he cried to his satellites; 'take them off, I say, to the lock-up.

Remove him!'—as I attempted to insert the thin end of a protest, and hurled a few consuls, ambassadors, thrones and dominions, at the official's head; while the gendarmes, seeing that it was a disgraceful business, hesitated to carry out their chief's commands—'Do you hear me? I tell you they shall pass the night in gaol. They shall show me their pass to-morrow. Quick!' And we left him muttering 'No right!'

Meanwhile rumours of the successful capture and impending doom of two outrageous disturbers of the peace had spread throughout the length and breadth of Brood, and all Brood was rapidly assembling to see the majesty of the law vindicated on our persons; so that when we were led forth again by the police, we were followed through the streets by a kind of funeral *cortège*. Presently we turned down another larger court, and ascending some steps, found ourselves on a raised platform outside the door of our intended prison, from which I seized the opportunity of addressing a kind of scaffold speech to the assembled soldiers and people, which at least had the effect of delaying our incarceration.

I endeavoured to urge on them the seriousness of what was about to take place. Two Englishmen, travelling under the protection of a passport which they were willing to produce, were about to be cast into a dungeon on the mere fiat of a petty magistrate. That for ourselves, gross as was the indignity, we regretted it principally for the sake of the Polizei-Commissär. That it would be but merciful to allow him a short space for repentance; and here I sketched out vaguely some of the tremendous consequences which such conduct might bring down on his head. That they, too, the gendarmes, would

do well to think twice before lending a hand in such a business. That Brood itself might rue the day; nor did I neglect this opportunity to call up an apparition of a British fleet on the Save. Finally, I enquired who was the highest authority in Brood, and hearing that it was the Stadthauptmann, or Mayor, dispatched a gendarme to beg that functionary's immediate attendance.

We flatter ourselves that this harangue was not without its effect on our audience, who mostly understood German; but the minions of the law must obey, and the police ushered us into a wretched cell some seven feet by ten, quite dark, with a dais of bare boards to sleep on. We were allowed neither light, nor straw, nor water; and when we asked for food—for we were very hungry, having tasted nothing since noon, and it being now dusk—that was also refused, till we offered a bribe to the officer, who then saw the matter in quite a different light. He then left the dungeon, the iron bolt grated in the lock, and we prepared to shift for the night as best we might. Outside we heard a voice of weeping, proceeding apparently from a woman and a child, as if touched at our sad fate—though L—— preferred to believe that the sobs were due to the prospective annihilation of the Commissär. Had our sympathisers listened, they would have heard a sound of chuckling within, which might have been a considerable relief to their feelings.

Yet, we had not dined.

But our threats had begun to work on the official mind of Brood, and as it afterwards turned out, they were seconded by no less an advocate than the leader of the National party in the Croatian Diet, Dr. Makanetz, who, fired with that enthusiasm for the cause of freedom

which shortly after led him to secede with his party from a bureaucratic assembly, made such representations to the Mayor on the outrageous conduct of the Commissär, and its probable consequences, as moved his worship to immediate action.

Thus it was, that we had not been in durance vile half-an-hour when hurried footsteps were heard in the court. The door of our cell was thrown open, and the Stadthauptmann was before us, bowing and scraping, and entreating us with the most profuse apologies to step out. He protested that it was an unfortunate misunderstanding, that it was never intended; and as he had not offended us we were the more ready to grant him pardon, and permitted ourselves to be escorted in triumph by his whole *posse comitatus* down the street, his worship affecting the most polite interest in our tour.

Thus we returned victoriously to our inn, where we were met by our host, who had been expecting us for dinner for some time, with the expressive question 'Eingesperrt?' ('Locked up?') 'Eingesperrt!' said I. 'So was my waiter a day or two ago,' continued our host. 'What for?' we demanded. 'Ah! that I cannot tell you.' 'The fellow ought to be shot!' chimed in the aggrieved waiter. It appeared that the Commissär was a petty tyrant in the place, and our successful stand against his insolence created everywhere in Brood the liveliest sensations of delight. But why should the Brooders have left it to stray Englishmen to beard their despot? and which is the viler, the people who knock under to such arbitrary treatment, or the government which delegates to its officials the licence to abuse the personal liberties of its subjects? This is not the first

time that, for an equally paltry charge, I have seen the inside of an Austro-Hungarian prison. The free life of the great cities of the empire deceives those foreigners whose observations have been confined to the *Prater*; what ought to be realised is, that while London in a sense extends all over England, Vienna is bounded by her suburbs. The truth is, that the Metternichian régime has not died out entirely in the country districts. It is inevitable, indeed, that it should be so. A demoralised bureaucracy cannot be altogether shaken off by the first upstanding of popular government, nor can a belief in spies be extinguished by law any more than a belief in witches. There is more reason for surprise that the ideas of free government should have made so much progress in the monarchy, than for disparagement on account of such exceptional survivals of barbarism.

Head of Slavonian.

CHAPTER III.

THROUGH THE BOSNIAN POSSÁVINA AND USSORA.

Insurrectionary Agitation among Southern Sclaves—Proclamation of the Pashà of Bosnia—We land in Turkish Brood—Moslem Children—Interview with the Mudir—Behaviour of our Zaptieh—Peasants of Greek Church—How these Christians love one another—Arrive at Dervent—Interview with Pashà of Banjaluka—Hajduks' Graves—Rayah Hovel—Difficulty with our Host—Doboj; its old Castle and Historical Associations—A South Sclavonic Patriot—First Mountain Panorama—The 'Old Stones,' a prehistoric Monument—Tešanj: its old Castle and History—'*Une Petite Guerre*'—Latin Quarter of Tešanj—Soused by an old Woman—Influence of Oriental Superstitions on Bosnian Rayahs—Argument with the Kaïmakám—Excusable Suspicions.

We spent the next forenoon in exploring some of the neighbouring house-communities, a description of which has already been given; and about twelve, after a parting wrangle concerning passports with a sentry on the river bank, took our places in the ferry-boat that was to convey us to the Turkish side of the Save. As the shores of Christendom were receding from our view, we had leisure to reflect on some slightly sensational topics which had lately been forcing themselves on our attention. There could be no doubt that the insurrection in the Herzegóvina was at least holding its ground, and that the agitation in the neighbouring Sclavonic lands was increasing in intensity. A revolutionary committee had already been formed in Agram, at Laibach, Spalato, and other Austrian towns. At Agram we came in for a concert in aid of the

insurgents; at Sizsek there arrived the same night as ourselves thirty Herzegóvinans, who had left the employments which they had in Free Serbia, and were hurrying to aid their revolted brothers, while many Croats and Slovenes from Agram, Marburg, Laibach and other places were—so the Sizsekers assured us—also leaving for the seat of war. Vague rumours of insurgent successes were afloat, and Sizsek was thrown into a considerable state of excitement by a report that Mostar and Trebinje had both fallen into the hands of the Christians. We were assured from many sides that if the insurrection were to spread a little further, the rayahs of Bosnia would rise also; and fears were entertained for the safety of the Christian minority in Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, and the head-quarters of Moslem fanaticism.

But what touched us more nearly was a proclamation which had just appeared, signed by Dervish Pashà, the Turkish governor-general of Bosnia, the authorship of which the wily Vali, later on, thought fit to deny, but which for the present had the desired effect. By it the whole of Bosnia was subjected to martial law, as well as the Herzegóvina, and its terms were vague and comprehensive enough to legalise any violence. 'It is my will,' so ran the manifesto, 'that every true believer in the Prophet have the right to seize and bring before me anyone suspected of taking part in the revolt, or of giving aid to the enemies of our exalted master the Sultan. And I order that all strangers direct themselves according to the laws of the country during the insurrection, which probably will not long endure, for already doth the sun of the insurgents verge towards its setting. And assuredly'—we were informed in the poetic imagery of the East—

'shall the lightning of the Sultan strike all who order not themselves according to my will.'

'But as to those who harbour the unruly, by the sword shall they be cut off; and in all God's houses subject to our jurisdiction shall prayers be offered up for the help of God and the protection of the Prophet, on our exalted master the Sultan and his government.'

View on River Save, looking from Slavonian Brood towards the Bosnian Shore.

But for better or worse our Rubicon is passed, and we land on the Turkish shore, among a group of turbaned gentry, from amongst whom emerges a somewhat tattered soldier, who conducts us to the square, verandahed, Karaula or guard-house. Here we are asked by another official, in Italian, if we have anything to declare in our knapsacks, and having satisfied him by a simple 'Niente,' we are again beckoned on by our soldier, and follow him into the narrow street of Turkish Brood to show our pass to the Præfect or Mudìr. Our appearance created as great a sensation as was decorous among the big-turbans of the townlet; crowds of Bosnian *gamins* followed at

our heels; and we caught a passing glimpse of a dusky Ethiopian maiden white-toothing us in the most coquettish fashion from behind a door. As the Mudìr was not at home, we had to wait in the front room of his Konak,[1] if indeed a place which possesses neither door nor window, and is completely open to the air on the street side, can be called a room; and taking our seat on the platform or raised floor—which in the other houses of the town, as generally in Turkey, is used as the squatting-place of the shop-keepers, and the counter on which to display their wares—became the gazing-stock of a motley assemblage, who, crowding round in the street, or taking reserved seats in the melon-shop opposite, 'twigged us' at their leisure.

We, too, obtained a breathing space in which to realise in what a new world we were. The Bosnians themselves speak of the other side of the Save as 'Europe,' and they are right; for to all intents and purposes a five minutes' voyage transports you into Asia. Travellers who have seen the Turkish provinces of Syria, Armenia, or Egypt, when they enter Bosnia, are at once surprised at finding the familiar sights of Asia and Africa reproduced in a province of European Turkey. Thrace, Macedonia, the shores of the Ægean, Stamboul itself, have lost or never displayed many Oriental customs and costumes; but Bosnia remains the chosen land of Mahometan Conservatism, the Goshen of the faithful, ennobled by the tombs of martyrs, and known in Turkish annals as the 'Lion that guards the gates of Stamboul.' Fanaticism has struck its deepest roots among her renegade population, and reflects itself even in their dress. In no other

[1] The usual name given to the residence of a Turkish official.

European province of Turkey is the veiling of women so strictly attended to. It is said that not long ago the fine egg-shaped turbans of the Janissaries might still be found in Bosnia, and the Maulouka, the most precious of all mantles, which had died out elsewhere, long survived among these Bosnian Tories. As to the introduction of fezzes, the Imperial order almost provoked a revolt here; and to this day among Mahometans the fez is almost confined to officials, the rest of the believers going about in the capacious turbans of the East.

The very darkness of the background, the dirty narrow street, the timber houses, the time-stained wooden minaret, acted as a foil to the Oriental brilliance of the dress and merchandise, the scarlet sashes, the gold embroidery, those gorgeous little maidens—doomed most of them by sweet thirteen to take the winding-sheets of Turkish matrimony, and bury their beauty in harems, where by thirty-five they are turned old hags; but now, poor little butterflies! fluttering out their brief child-glimpse of the world—light-smocked, in linen chemises, chevroned with rainbow threads of colour—bagged as to their legs, but beflowered with roses of Shiraz—pranked out with gilt coin-bespangled fezzes, whence fountain-like the separate jets of their tresses trickle forth in a score of silken plaits; Perilets, with sisterly arms round each other's necks, deigning to smile on the strange Giaours. There, too, are their little brothers, showing more of their slender legs, but gay as their sisters, in bags and tunics, with pates not yet artificially baldened, but long-haired as the little maidens, only in softer cascades, falling down their backs, and fringing their foreheads. Capillati (*Copi* is still the word for boys among the Roumans of

East Europe)—one almost hoped to see a bulla round their necks! and indeed I doubt not that they wore many a potent spell against the Evil Eye.

There was one little lad of about five, with blue eyes and hair of Scandinavian lightness, the cut of which called up some tiny page of Charles the Second's days, who, with some of his playmates, crowded so near as to shut out the view of the two mysterious Franks from the grave and reverend signiors behind, whereupon a Turk, who happened to hold a small switch in his hand, came forward and flicked these small flies away. The whip just touched our small urchin, who moved out of the way with the others. He did not cry, but more, as it seemed, in sorrow than in anger, fixed on his flagellator a look of such childish dignity and grave surprise as should have annihilated anyone less impassive than a Turk. It said, as plainly as a look can speak, 'I am not accustomed to such treatment.' The look of a child may seem a slight thing, but it was eloquent of the tenderness with which the Turks treat children—a tenderness which does them honour. Such an unkind cut was a new experience in the little lad's life.

When our observers had taken sufficient stock of us, the propriety of showing us into an upper room of the Konak suggested itself to some of them, and we were accordingly led upstairs, and invited to squat in a den belonging to some subordinate official, who, while waiting the Mudîr's arrival, treated us to coffee. It was a very dirty little room, in which the rags and tatters of an old piece of faded carpet and rotten matting made shift for chairs and sofas; these, with a stove such as has been described already, pigeon-holed with pots, and a broken

water-jar, completing the inventory of the furniture. After a tedious delay, during which we supposed the worthy præfect to be at his mid-day prayers, or more probably his siesta, the Mudìr arrived, and we were ushered into his room of state, distinguished from that of his sub. by containing a larger area of dirt, and by displaying a larger piece of carpet with a more capacious patch, but also by possessing a greasy divan on which we were beckoned by the Mudìr to take our seat by his side. Our official had turned out in grey clothes of European cut, and a regulation fez; but as he could only speak Turkish, Arabic, and Bosniac, and as we could none of these, an interpreter had to be found in the shape of an Italian-speaking Dalmatian woman before we could hold much communication. The Mudìr was well satisfied with our Bujuruldu; but when we expressed our determination to walk through the country, he was fairly taken aback. It was evidently a case which had never before come within his official experience. There was no precedent for such conduct. Nobody, he assured us, ever thought of travelling on foot in Bosnia; if we wanted a horse or a waggon, he was ready to oblige—but to walk! We had to explain that walking was a weakness of English people; and at last, as I think the good man began to believe that it was connected with our religion, and that we were pilgrims of some sort, he gave over trying to convert us to the Bosnian way of thinking, and told off a Zaptieh to escort us to our that day's destination, Dervent. Our attempts to rid ourselves from having this encumbrance failed, as the autograph letter of the Pashà made him responsible for our safety.

We left Turkish Brood after first mollifying our

Zaptieh with a present of tobacco, and for a few miles followed the road along the Save valley, stopping once to purchase at a roadside cottage some sweet milk—*slátko miléko*. I have come upon some of our Sclavonic cousins who could understand the English word! The homesteads were very like the Croatian and Slavonian in general arrangement. The common yard and paling, the wooden cottage roofed with long shingles, and the various outhouses, were there, but the wickerwork maize-garners were less capacious and more like large clothes-baskets, and the whole was on a smaller scale. We heard that the system of house-communities existed hereabouts to a much less extent than on the Austrian side of the Save, but here and there as many as three or four families are to be found in the same homestead with a common house-father and house-mother. Round each cottage were a number of plum-trees, and in each yard was a small distillery for making Slivovitz. Further on, a Serbian merchant drove up in an Arabà or native waggon, and courteously invited us to take a quarter of an hour's lift, which we accepted, though it was sad jolty work, and we were not sorry to get out again.

Soon after passing a Turkish graveyard, with the usual turbaned tombstones—some of the turbans of majestic height—we turned off from the Save valley, and leaving the road, waded across the Ukrina stream, when to our astonishment the Zaptieh, instead of following, stood shivering on the brink; but our surprise was turned to indignation when the fellow shouted to a Christian woman, who was passing along the other bank, to carry him across! We gave vent to such forcible expressions of disapprobation as deterred the poor woman

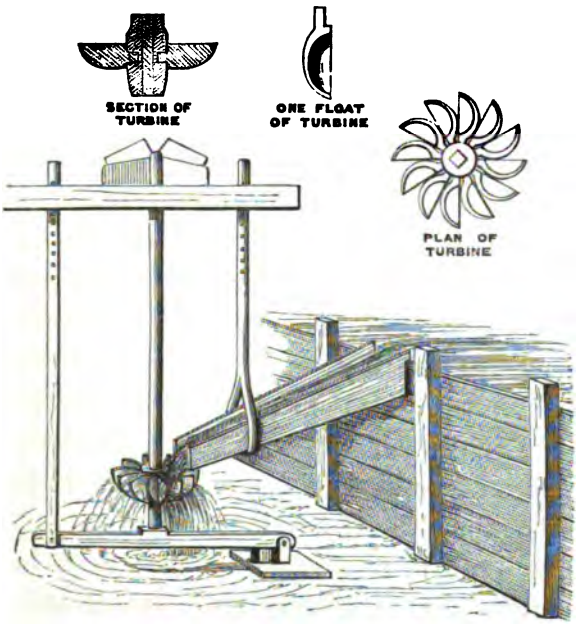
from obeying my lord's commands; but a rayah man coming up, the Zaptieh, notwithstanding our indignant Jok! jok! (No! no!) succeeded in requisitioning him, and in spite of all our gesticulations the Christian carried over our escort on his back. When the Zaptieh saw that we were very angry, he recompensed his bearer with a handful of tobacco; and it must be owned that the Christian seemed satisfied by the transaction, and that neither the leggings nor the boots of the Zaptieh were adapted for rapid disembarrassment.

Further on we ascended a gentle chain of hills by delicious foot-paths across hayfields, or amidst luxuriant crops of maize—through oak-forests, and, what was stranger, woods of plum-trees laden with small unripe fruit; and now and again along pretty country lanes, where the hedges feasted us with a profusion of blackberries whose size attested the richness of the soil, and whose flavour seemed to combine all that was nicest in blackberry and mulberry. Both fields and hedgerows were varied with a beautiful array of flowers, amongst which I noticed yellow snapdragon, sky-blue flax, a sweet flowering-rush, and a heath of wondrous aroma.

About sunset we stopped at a small shed on the banks of the Ukrina, where, seated among a group of Christian peasants, we regaled ourselves with black coffee which was being dispensed at the rate of about a farthing a small cup. Hard by, fixed over the Ukrina stream, was a water-mill for grinding corn, of the most primitive construction, an idea of which is best given by the accompanying diagram. These turbines are universal throughout Bosnia, and are to be also seen in Croatia.

The peasants here were mostly Vlachs, that is, they

belonged to the Greek Church. The men wore red and black turbans, a flowing white linen tunic like the Croats, with a fringe of that coarse lace which we had noticed in Slavonia. A leathern belt wound several times round the waist served as a pocket for their smoking apparatus; their trowsers were worn loose and expansive as the Croatian, sometimes close about the calf; their hair was sometimes plaited together behind, and sometimes hung down



Plan of Turbine Mill.

in two elf-locks—the crown of the head being shaven, as with the Turks. As to the women, they were dressed in light tunics and aprons, much as Croats and Sclavonians, but their hair was often plaited like the men's into a single pig-tail. On their head was a white kerchief arranged in a fashion peculiar to themselves, with a flower-like tassel at one side; and they usually wore in front of

the two necessary aprons a superfluous black one with long fringe. Here is a Greek Christian girl that we saw at a well, and who graciously allowed us to slake our thirst from the bucket she had just drawn up.

Bosniac Girl of the Poesávina.

These Greek Church women wore blue embroidery to their dresses, but the Roman Catholics of this part, though dressing otherwise like the Greeks, distinguish themselves from their fellow-Christians by embroidering their clothes with red, while their men protest against an Universal Church by wearing tighter breeches than the Orthodox. It is hardly to be expected after this that they should call the founder of their faith by the same name, and indeed, the Romanists call Christ 'Krst,' and themselves 'Krisčiani,' while the Greeks speak of 'Hrist' and of themselves as 'Hrisčiani;' so that H in Bosnia is a shibboleth. The Greek Bosnians use Cyrillian characters, and call themselves distinctively Serbs or Pravo-Sclaves, that is, 'true Sclaves'; the others look on the Cyrillian character as a snare of the devil, and far from trying to claim fellowship with the people of Free Serbia, style themselves Latins—'Latinski'—for it always seems to be a tendency of Romanists to thrust patriotic interests into the background.

The Christian men dress much as the Turks about here, or to put it more accurately, the poorer Mussulman Bosniacs have not much departed from their old Scla-

vonic attire; and though the Turkish townspeople show themselves off in indigo bags and Oriental vests, their peasants are often only to be distinguished from the Christians round by a preference for white turbans.

We now crossed the Ukrina stream once more, by means of a weir set up to increase the water-power of the turbine, and presently struck again upon the road just before entering Dervent, our halting-place for the night, which rose up before us picturesquely perched, with its two minarets, on a height above the river. Here we were first conducted by our Zaptieh to the Konak of the Kaïmakám—a bigger personage than a Mudìr. But we, mistaking the official residence for a hostelry, were beginning to air our Bosniac in an attempt to order dinner, when a demand for our Bujuruldu put a stop to these indiscreet utterances. Leaving our pass at the Konak for the night, to be digested at leisure by the authorities, we found a real *Han*, and being shown an upper room, with a few bits of matting and carpet stretched on the divan to serve as beds and seats, were presently supping *à la Bosniaque*. Our *menu* consisted of hot milk, a fowl (pili), *chlébba*, or bread in shape of a round flat cake, brownish and coarse and rather sour, but superior to the black bread one meets with in German villages; *Méd*, or honey; and the usual black coffee, all set before us in tinned-copper dishes on a round tray of the same metal—the *Tepšia*—as is usual in Turkey.

Our landlord could speak a little Italian, and we found a very pleasant German Jew, who acted as our interpreter and gave us what information we desired as to the neighbourhood. From him we learnt that in Dervent, of the population estimated at 2,000, about 40

per cent. belonged to the Greek Church, most of the rest being Mahometan. Although there are no native newspapers, a knowledge of the revolt in the Herzegóvina had spread among the Christians here by means of the orthodox priests, but the rayahs were described to us as too down-trodden even to wish to rise.

We shared our apartment with an Imám, a Mahometan priest, who dined opposite us from another tray, having first most religiously washed his hands. The holy man slept considerably sounder than we, who were unused to this Turkish kennelling and its concomitants, and certainly were not at all sorry when our Jewish friend roused us next morning, to say that the Pashà of Banjaluka desired us to pay him a visit at the Konak.

We found the old gentleman seated on a divan of more sumptuous appearance than any we had yet seen, with two other dignitaries, a Mutasarìf (probably of Banjaluka), and the Kaïmakám of Dervent. Two chairs were brought for the 'Europeans;' and the Pashà, after enquiring courteously about our travels, and giving us a friendly message to our Consul, chose out for us a Zaptieh after his own heart, who was to escort us on our next day's march, and whom he particularly enjoined to obey us in everything, wait when we waited, and sleep where we slept. His excellency was as fat and jolly a personage as ever dined, and in a grey European dress, with his measured English way of speaking, good-humoured face, and hearty manner, he reminded us more of a fox-hunting squire than a Turk; though there are episodes in his life—and Ali Riza Pashà is an historical character—which smack more of the Divan than the hunting-field. He began his career as a soldier, but soon

discovered that swash-bucklering was not his forte, and that his nerves were better adapted for the arts of peace; for coming upon the Russians near Kars, he literally took to his heels, and having the misfortune to be followed by his men, was dismissed the army. But he had now proved himself incapable, and accordingly became a natural recipient of Turkish honours. In due course he was created a Pashà, and received the lucrative post of Banjaluka, where to this day, though he is unable to write his name. he retains his office by administering heavy bribes alternately at Stamboul and Serajevo. With the Divan it has long been an *arcanum imperii*, that the more incompetent the official the greater his tribute of bribery. At this moment our Pashà was engaged in collecting troops to be employed, so it was said, against the insurgents in the Herzegóvina. But why were they to be massed at Banjaluka, in a remote corner of Bosnia?

Leaving the Konak, we took a stroll through the streets of Dervent, and observed the wares, which may be divided into two kinds—the Oriental and the English. Many Manchester goods, Sheffield cutlery, and other useful articles, find their way here from England by way of Trieste; and we actually found in our chamber in the Han a hair-brush with the name of an English maker on it. The chief product of Dervent and its neighbourhood, besides the Slivovitz, which every cottage makes for itself, is dried plums. These plums are especially grown in the Possávina—the part of Bosnia bordering on the Save—and indeed form the principal article of the export of the country, amounting yearly in value to about 40,000*l.*, nearly an eighth of her total exports. They are shipped

up the Save and then overland to Trieste, where they are packed in wooden boxes, and thence find their way to the Western markets, so that many of the inferior qualities of the so-called French plums sold in this country are really Bosnian.

At 8.30 we left Dervent, passing the shapeless ruins of an old castle, two walls of which can alone be traced now, and two mosques, one of them almost as dilapidated as the castle wall. Our march lay through a beautiful country, over the undulating hills which separate the valleys of the Save and Bosna, beyond which, in the exquisitely clear air, rose the lilac outlines of loftier ranges, while every now and then a gap in the hills would reveal to us the rich Possávina spread out below in dim vistas of forest and cornland. We partly kept to the road, partly indulged in short cuts and by-paths through a country sparsely scattered at long intervals with huts and stray maize-plots. Then the scenery took a wilder aspect. We passed through lonely woods of scrubby oak, and next set to traversing long stretches of open land, relieved with island-like patches, and clumps of nut-trees weighed down by the fond embraces of wild vines. Rare commons they were! and of varying mood; funereal with juniper, or a-frolic with a bright array of butterflies—azure blues, clouded yellows, silver-washed fritillaries, majestic swallow-tails, rising in short flights, and then floating through the air steered by their twin rudders—they and all drinking in the nectar which the tropical sun distilled from seas of heath and bracken, till the whole air was filled with a kind of subtle steam.

But butterflies have no knapsacks! and we ourselves were glad enough to take refuge for a while from the

intense heat of noon in a little Han called Modran, where we obtained a light refection, consisting of coffee and a water-melon. The latter we shared with a pig; first because we heard that eating too much of it was liable to lead to a fever, and secondly that these humble contributions might serve to gladden an existence miserably embarrassed with a three-pronged collar.

Beyond this we crossed a neck of land where the oaks gave place to stunted beeches, and noticed by the roadside two small tombstones. 'Hajduks' graves!' ejaculated our Zaptieh. On one was engraved a Latin, on the other a Greek cross, so they were the graves of Christians; but how had they met their fate? Had they turned brigands?—to redress, perhaps, some wrong unutterable? or were they rather the victims of some outrage? For in Bosnia it is usual to bury the murdered on the side of the road where they fall, and there are other highways in the province lined with such monuments. But the stones are hoar and without inscription.

We next passed a caravan of pack-horses heavily laden with bales, and proceeding, like everything else in Bosnia, at a snail's pace, and then caught a glimpse of the Roman Catholic church of Foca, a long straggling village lying in a valley to the right. The village seemed to shrink away from the high road, but one cottage was nearer, and into the small yard of this our Zaptieh led us to see if we could procure any food. Here we found a Christian woman with a small child, who, bringing out two ragged pieces of carpet for us to lie on outside her hut, did her best to prepare us a meal, and presently set before us a couple of toasted maize-stalks, five eggs

poached in sour milk, some unripe plums, and unleavened maize and rye-bread. For all this she only charged us a single 'grosch,' or about twopence, and seemed surprised when we trebled that amount.

I can hardly describe the misery of the hovel and its surroundings, the haggard mother and poor squalid brat, scarcely better clad than when it entered the world,—the all-wretchedest of homes—with earth for flooring, a few stones in the middle to support the fire, above which hung a piece of hooked wood to support a caldron,—a small hole opening in the roof to let out the smoke, which had covered the wooden walls with soot like the inside of a chimney; a low partition shutting off the lair. There was no light but what came in at the door, and the few tatters she had strewn outside for us were the only furniture. There was besides, a shed, in which we imagined a cow, a small hen-roost, and a little patch of maize; but how little of this ever went to the rayah who tilled it was shown by the size of the garner, which was a mere wicker-work basket. But the most indescribable tokens of destitution were some clothes, or what once had been such, hung to the fence,—they which were mere shapeless bundles of rags. We could not wonder much after this that the rest of the Christian village shunned the neighbourhood of the road.

Leaving this abode of misery we began to descend into the valley of the Bosna, and pursuing a lane whose hedges were brilliant with the scarlet sprays of wild vines —they can take the gorgeous hues of Virginia creepers —we arrived about five at a small Han called Radanka, about an hour from Doboj, where we were glad to turn in, and obtained much the same accommodation as the

night before. We were much amused at our Zaptieh, who showed religious scruples against taking the sour wine of the country, obtainable here, but drank copious draughts of Arrack (Raki), and showed no objection to Rum. At Doboj, however, where we got good red Slavonian wine, these scruples vanished.

Next morning we had a difficulty with mine host, a German-speaking Slavonian, who charged us a ducat—a monstrous sum for a night's entertainment in Bosnia, and over three times as much as we had paid at Dervent. Our Zaptieh assessed us at half the amount, and we were preparing to pay that much and be off; but the Hanjia had the wit to lock up L——'s knapsack, so we had nothing for it but to offer our host the choice of accepting our terms, or the ducat he demanded, with the prospect of being complained of to the Mudìr of Doboj. He chose the latter alternative and we left, our Zaptieh shouting 'Hajdùk Hanjia!' (Brigand innkeeper!).

Our Zaptieh was, in his way, a very good fellow, and we were pleased at the friendly manner in which he treated the rayahs. His demonstrations of affection towards ourselves and Englishmen in general were perhaps a little too hilarious; for he kept shouting for miles at a time that the Turks and English were brothers. He accompanied us presently in a swim in the blue waters of the Bosna, which is here so rapid that we had to choose out a sheltered bay in which to disport ourselves. About half an hour after, resuming our trudge, on passing a turn in the road, the old castle of Doboj rose before us, finely seated on a conical hill.

We found a Han in the lower part of the town, and then visited the Mudìr, whom we found seated on a small

but neat and brilliant divan, and to whom our Zaptieh poured forth the story of our Hanjia's extortion. We have some reason to believe that two Zaptiehs were dispatched to enquire into the matter.

We now ascended the hill to explore the upper part of the town and the castle. The main street is an undulating and snaky mud-path, along each side of which the usual unglazed shops are ranged, in which English cottons, knives and scissors, and European-labelled bottles containing various spirits, were mixed with gold-embroidered Turkish apparel, and a variety of tinned-copper salvers, and water vessels of coffee-pot shape. In one shop rude hand-mills for grinding salt were for sale, of this shape.

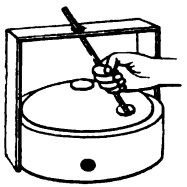
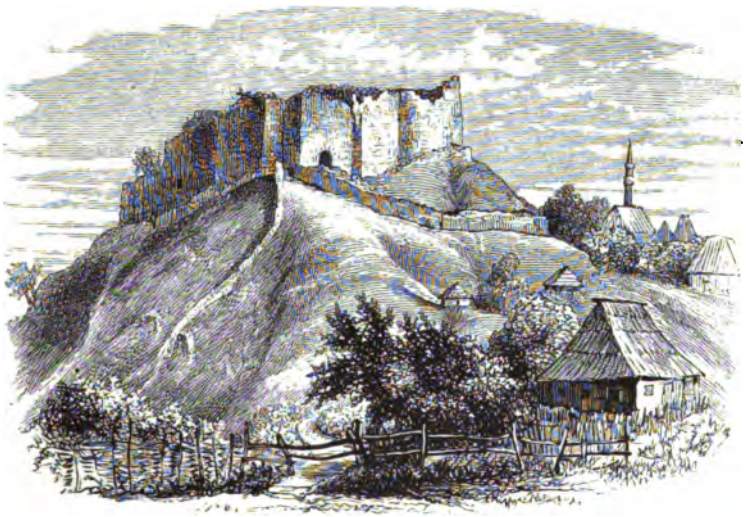


Diagram of Salt-mill.

But the wine shop carried one back to some tavern of antiquity. It displayed a wooden bar facing the street, covered with an array of jars of that Roman shape already noticed, and called hereabouts *testjas*. Behind this the vendor stood and filled brimming cups and jars with thick red wine for the passers-by. The whole scene called to mind a Roman wine-bar, as it is still to be seen on a Gallic monument discovered at Dijon.

We now directed our footsteps to the old castle that crowns the summit of the hill. The 'Starigrad,' as it is called here, is one of the most interesting historic relics in the whole of Bosnia. A glance from its mouldering walls makes one realise the importance of its situation. The peak on which the castle of Doboj stands juts out abruptly into the valley of the Bosna just at the point where in one direction the Sprecca opens out an avenue

towards the Drina and Serbian frontier, and in the other the pass of Dervent conducts the road to Croatia. The castle, therefore, was the key to the whole valley of the Bosna against a foe coming from the Hungarian plains, and commanded the highway through the province of Ussora to the very heart of the Bosnian kingdom. The maize-covered river-flat that spreads below it seems one of those spots destined by nature to be the battle-field of



Old Castle of Doboj.

nations; and the very name of Doboj or Dvoboi, as it was formerly written, means in Bosniac 'the two fights.'

As Prince of Ussora, this castle belonged to Tvartko I., who first erected Bosnia into a kingdom. He entrusted the stronghold to the safe keeping of the Croatian Ban, John Horvath, with whom he was bound by common jealousy of the Hungarian suzerain. It was within its walls that the Ban, the bishop of Agram, and the King of Bosnia, concocted, in 1387, the plot by which the

Hungarian queen and queen-mother were seized, and the Croat and Bosnian magnates revolted against Sigismund, the King of Hungary. But Sigismund was victorious, and in 1390 the Ban and bishop were shut up within the walls of Doboj, and captured; the Ban while attempting to escape, the bishop in the castle itself, which was forced to surrender; while the King of Bosnia, seeing his province of Ussora overrun, was forced to return to his allegiance. In 1408 another revolt, under Tvartko III., against the Hungarian suzerain, was crushed under these same walls, and the King of Bosnia himself captured in the battle. A terrible vengeance now followed, and 120 nobles, Bosnian and Croatian, are said to have been executed within these walls, and their bodies thrown into the river below. This was at a time when both Hungary and Bosnia should have been united against the Turkish invaders. But the sad national tragedy was being played out, and in due course Doboj, the key of the Christian kingdom, became the stronghold of the Turk. It is a place full of dismal associations for the Christians of Bosnia; they seem to shrink instinctively from the ill-omened site, and at this day the population of Doboj is almost exclusively Mahometan. We could not wonder at coming upon a tradition among the rayahs of this neighbourhood that it was within these walls that the old Bosnian nobility forswore their faith and country and renegaded to the Infidel.

Under the Turks the castle appears to have long since fallen into the decay in which it now moulders. Prince Eugene seems to have found no difficulty in taking it *en passant* during his hasty dash into Bosnia in 1697; and in 1717 it again fell for awhile into the hands of the

imperialists under General Petrasch. At the present day even the Turks recognise it as a ruin, and apparently throw no obstacle in the way of those who may wish to explore it. We, at any rate, entered the old fortress unopposed, passing through a now broken archway, the former outer gate of the castle, which opens on its least precipitous side upon the neck of the hill where the present upper town of Doboj is situated.

We now found ourselves in the outer yard, between the castle and the exterior walls, in a kind of covered causeway leading to the inner gateway of the castle itself. Here, groping among the rubble, we discovered an old cannon of apparently very early date, with two dolphins forming handles—an ancient trophy, we liked to think, from the Venetians; but though we looked carefully about the walls and fragments for any inscriptions or elegant details of architecture, we hit on nothing except an old square stone with an almost effaced chevron moulding round it, set in a dark and inaccessible position in the wall inside the castle-gateway, and which may have had some further device on it. Entering by this gateway, the arch of which is of ogival shape, we passed the remains of what may have been the dwelling-house of some former Turkish commandant, now in a state which makes it dangerous to the passer-by. Then clambering up among the more ancient and massive ruins, we came upon an old chamber in the wall, with a barrel-vaulting, where we discovered a quantity of rotten musket-stocks, which must have been mouldering here for centuries, and a small arsenal-full of stone cannon-balls, such as from time to time turn up on Bosworth Field. Further on we came to the tower which forms the northern corner of

the castle, which is tolerably perfect inside, and in shape resembles a halved octagon. There appear to have been two other towers at the two other corners of the castle, which in shape is triangular; but I will not attempt more than a rough plan of this medley of ruins, which, half-concealed with brambles and wild vine, and tufted in every crevice with maidenhair and rue-fern, are more picturesque than intelligible.

Having returned to our Han, we found our Mudìr seated on a divan in one of the rooms, which was strewn with bright Roumelian carpets, in general character very like the Slavonian. He knew no tongues but Bosniac, Arabic, Turkish, and modern Greek; but though I succeeded in describing to him our visit to the castle in the language of Thucydides, we found it on the whole better to make use of our host—a Montenegrine by birth, who has picked up a little Swabian—as an interpreter. The Mudìr told us that the Turkish government were anxious to dispose of the old castle as an eligible site, or a useful quarry for building purposes. Shade of Bosnian kings! Our Mahometan, with the greatest *sang froid*, ordered a bottle of thick red Slavonian wine, and proceeded to consume it before our eyes; but the wine-bar in the upper town had already familiarised us with the laxity of true-believers.

As the Mudìr could not understand German, the Montenegrine, who was an ardent Southern Sclave, could give vent to his patriotic sentiments without reserve. He literally devoured our map of the Herzegóvina, and entreated us to sell it him. He believed the insurrection would be successful, and had heard that Mostar was blockaded—for rumours of the first slight successes of

the insurgents in the Narenta valley had penetrated in an exaggerated form to the extremities of Bosnia. We asked if he believed that the Christian Bosniacs of the neighbourhood would rise?

'No,' he answered; 'I have little hopes of them—they are a poor lot!' but (pointing to the mountains of the south-east) 'out there, about Dolnja Tuzla, and along the Serbian frontier, there is a finer race of men; *they* will join their brothers against the Turkish swine! We think that even you English will leave the Turks to their fate this time.'

I said that there were other European nations from whom the Southern Sclaves had more to fear than from England.

'Yes,' he continued; 'we know the ambition of Russia; but we don't want the Russians to lord it over us any more than the Turks! no, nor the Austrians either.'

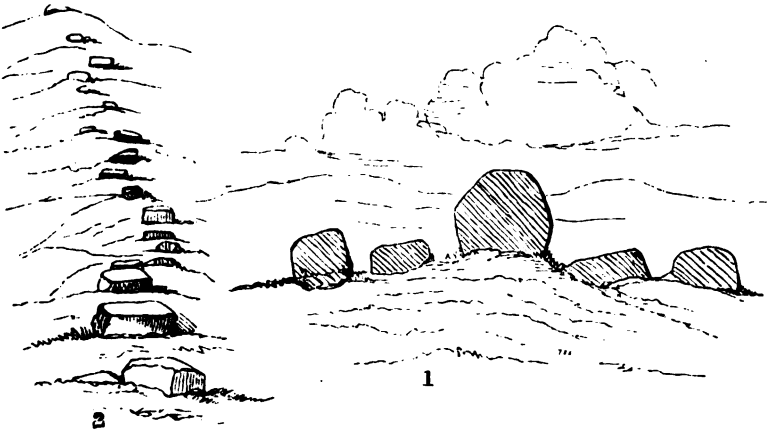
While sketching the Starigrad I had another proof of the kindness with which the Bosniac Turks treat children. A small boy of about seven came up in the most fearless manner and stated for my benefit that a plum-tree was called 'sliva,' and a house 'kuca,' all which and sundry other items of information the little man volunteered without the slightest sign of distrust at my outlandish appearance. As I took a last twilight glimpse at the mournfully historic castle a star was setting beneath its topmost parapet, as if to betoken that the dreams of patriots were vain and the hopes of Christian Bosnia had set for ever.

We passed an unquiet night, owing to swarms of gnats, which droned about our chamber and forced us to

cover our faces with nets; and were up, and, with a new Zaptieh who had been assigned to us by the Mudìr, on our way again almost before it was light, bound for Tešanj, the old capital of Ussora. For an hour or so we still followed the valley of the Bosna, which is here very beautiful, the timber finer than any we have yet seen in Bosnia, tall poplars and magnificent oaks crowning the banks or chequering the emerald pools with their shadows. On each side of the valley rose the slopes of the low forest-mountains, usually at a gentle incline, but at one point a sheer cliff of the most brilliant limestone—snow-white as Parian marble—towered above our path. This was just at the point where the Ussora torrent runs into the Bosna, and here we left the main road and turned off towards Tešanj by country lanes, following for some time the right bank of the Ussora. On our way we twice stopped to refresh ourselves at wayside cafés, which are simply rough sheds—four poles supporting a thatch of leafy branches—beneath whose shade sits the coffee-maker with a supply of copper pots, earthenware *testjas*, and brilliant little cups of about the capacity of an ordinary wine-glass. Round the shed run planks raised about a foot from the ground, which serve the wayfarer as a divan on which to quaff the black powdery thimblefuls, or to demolish huge slices of water-melon. As we walked on we were much struck by the tameness of the magpies, which would settle just before us, and let us approach as near as if they were domesticated pigeons. About two hours from Tešanj we left our valley and gradually ascended a wooded range which rises some 300 feet above the Bosna, where the beeches became larger—a forest of thick pollard stumps, which gradually gladed out into

luxuriant heather-land, deliciously perfumed with ferny incense, from which opened out our first panorama of the mountain-peaks that form the heart of Bosnia. In the blue distance rose the dominating cone of Vlašić, but there were no grim Alpine giants, no glacier seas, no jagged horns of rock. The speciality of the mountains was rather their softness of contour. What was quite strange to us was the aerial clearness, the refined delicacy of the colouring—turquoise, lilac, and faint pervading pink.

As we were preparing to begin our descent from these uplands towards Tešanj, some large white objects amongst the heather on a neighbouring hill caught our eye, which, on investigation, we found to belong to a curious prehistoric monument of the kind popularly known as Druidic. It was an alignment of large oblong blocks along the neck of the hill; but the stones, unlike those of Stonehenge or Carnac, were laid on their faces, and not set upright. The blocks, which were composed of limestone and conglomerate, had in most cases been roughly squared, and the largest measured seven feet by four. The chain extended between two knolls of the hill-top, and on looking along it from the lowest of these (see diagram, p. 112), it presented a wavy and serpentine appearance, which may have been due to the slight inequalities of the soil. At one point near this end rose a small hillock capped by a larger than ordinary block of snow-white limestone, in form hexangular, and with some of the facets deftly hewn (see diagram). Before this on either side were two smaller and flatter slabs of rock, arranged apparently with some special reference to the block between them, and which gave me the impression that it had been meant to serve as an altar; though whether these stones were



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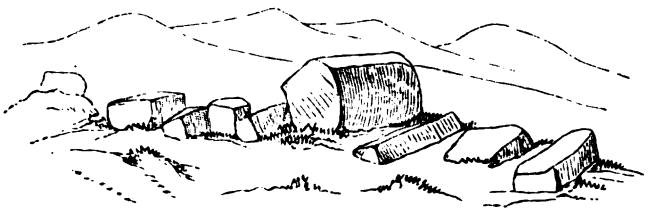

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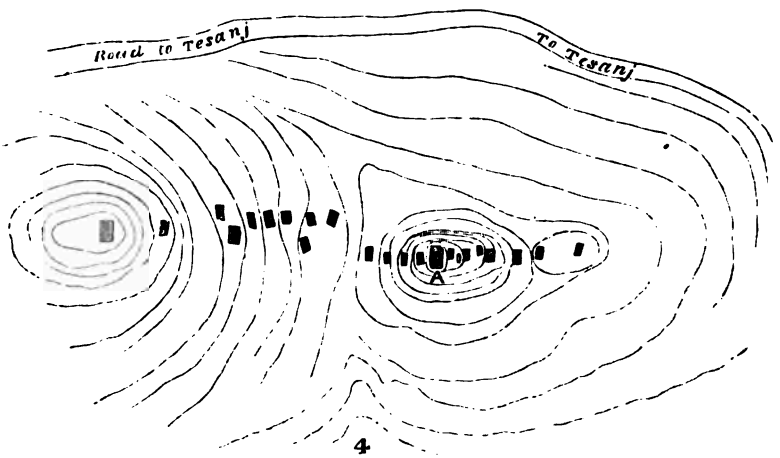

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'The Old Stones,' near Tešanj.

set here by heathen Sclaves or by one of the earlier races of Illyria, and with what object, it would be hazardous to conjecture. By the peasants about they are known as the Old Stones—Stari Stéona.

Nearing Tešanj we came upon, and partly followed, the remains of an ancient road, roughly paved in such an antique fashion as to remind me of the streets from time to time exhumed on the sites of Roman towns. Perhaps it really in some way represented the continuity of Roman engineering. Certain it is that the wooden bridges, such as the one on which we crossed the Ussora, and others that we were afterwards to meet with, with their beam-work arches and supports and their lattice railings, strangely recalled some of Trajan's handicraft. The Bosnian waggons—not so unlike, either, in form, the *gementia plaustra* of antiquity—as they rumble along the old-world roads and bridges, with creaking so loud and stridulous as literally to make woods and rocks re-echo with their wailing, bring before you another feature in the country life of classic times, which in the England of to-day it is hard to realise. With such discord piercing your ears, there seems new point in those exquisite lines of Martial which describe his friend's garden as not too near the highway—'ne blando rota sit molesta somno.'[1] Heard from afar the sound is not so unpleasant, and might be mistaken for the plaintive whistling of the wind; but if any one wants to know what it is like at close quarters, he had better tweak a young pig's tail and listen.

The view which now broke upon us was the most beautiful that we had yet set eyes on in Bosnia. It is

[1] Martial, Ep. lib. iv. 64.

best seen by climbing the high rocks which start up above the little Tešanška Rieka. Below you winds the gorge of the shallow stream, its steeps and narrow meadow-land shaded with orchards and plum-woods, amongst which peep out the chalet-like roofs and slender minarets of the truly Alpine town of Tešanj. But all this only forms an avenue to a bold rocky height which leaves the town clinging to the two sides of the valley and towers up in the middle in isolated grandeur, crowned with the

Castle of Tešanj.

old castle of the Bans of Ussora, whose walls on one side frown over an overhanging precipice on to the sources of the rivulet several hundred feet below. It is more perfect, but not so open to investigation as that of Doboj, being still made use of by the Turks. Like the other it is triangular, and ends in a polygonal tower, which here is capped by a conical roof. Below this tower are some subsidiary fortifications and a solitary tower, in general

effect not unlike the Campanile of St. Mark at Venice on a small scale.

Parts of the castle are probably of great antiquity. Indeed the magnificence of the position would point it out as a stronghold in any age. Tešanj is in fact one of the earliest Sclavonic strongholds in Bosnia of which we possess any record, for there seems no reason to doubt its identification with the Tesnec mentioned as a Serbian town by Constantine Porphyrogenitus in the tenth century.[1] It was the residence of the Bans of Ussora, and probably of earlier Zupans, the former area of whose jurisdiction seems to be still indicated by the name Župa, which clings to this mountainous triangle between the Bosna and the Verbas. When Ussora became a province of Bosnia, and Bosnia a kingdom, Tešanj was therefore a royal castle, and it was probably one of the seventy strongholds 'defended by nature and art' which fell into the hands of Mahomet II. during those terrible eight days which followed the capture of the last Bosnian king in 1463. Soon afterwards, however, when Matthias Corvinus restored Northern Bosnia to Hungary and Christendom, and made of it the Banat of Jaycze, Tešanj was again set free from the Paynim yoke. But it fell into the custody of the Voivode, whose carelessness lost Zwornik to the Pashà of Upper Bosnia in 1520. The Pashà, regardless of terms of capitulation which he had conceded, 'keeping,' as the Bosnians bitterly expressed it, 'Turkish faith,' butchered all except the young or the beautiful, who might be useful for the harem or the Janissary camp. When the people of Tešanj, and they of Sokol, another fortress held by this Unready,

[1] Šafarik (*Slavische Alterthümer*) identifies the two.

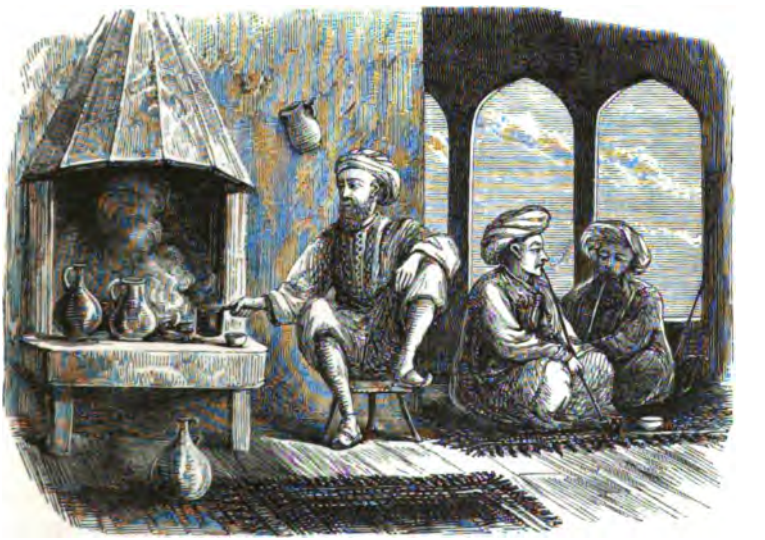
heard of the miserable fate of the Zwornikers, a panic seized on them, and, setting fire to the castle, they fled to the mountains, though it is said that few escaped the Turkish sword. With Tešanj[1] one of the keys of Lower Bosnia was lost, and the Banat of Jaycze did not long survive this disaster.

At present Tešanj has some importance as a centre of the corn trade, and though containing but 2,000 inhabitants at the outside, is the seat of a Kaïmakám, a more exalted governor than a Mudìr, to whose sumptuous white Konak we now made our way. As we approached it we found the whole place buzzing with peasants, who were issuing from the Konak in troops, and we were obliged to wait some time in an antechamber, where we were at liberty to exchange a few remarks with a good-natured Italian-speaking official, before we were admitted to the great man's presence. When we were admitted we found a very civilized being in thin white clothes of European cut, and who but for his fez might have been mistaken for an Italian. He looked dreadfully bored, and not without reason, for he had been reviewing hundreds of peasants all the morning; but he was extremely courteous, and treated us to the usual coffee and cigarettes. Paper cigarettes!—twenty years ago they would have been narghilés, ambery, Oriental, ablaze with gold and jewels, enchantingly barbaric; but their date is fled; the West advances and the East recedes; and now, even in Conservative old Bosnia, the pipe is degenerating into the symbol of a fogy! *Sic transit gloria mundi.* It was to be observed that the Kaïmakám's coffee-cup was twice as big as ours; but, as L—— remarked, '*we* could not well com-

[1] I assume that the Castrum Tessenii of the Chronicles means Tešanj.

plain.' We were able to converse with him, as we found that he could speak French 'full feteously.' On our enquiring what the large assemblage of peasants meant, he explained that he was collecting the Redif or reserve, adding incidentally, for our information, 'Nous avons une petite guerre dans l'Herzek.' But why, we asked one another again, were the reserves to be sent to Banjaluka?

The Kaïmakám attached a new Zaptieh to us, with orders to find us suitable lodgings in the town. What



Turkish Café, Tešanj.

was our dismay when he led us into a dark and filthy stable!—but following him up a ladder we emerged on the landing of what we afterwards learnt by experience to be the typical Bosnian inn, in which the whole ground floor is set apart for horses. Our room was fairly clean, but infested with an ambuscade of carpeting; and our host, who was a Roman Catholic, soon provided us with a meal

of which the principal features were hard-boiled eggs, flat cakes of very fair bread, and a curious dish of clotted cream called *kaimak*, and peculiar to Bosnia, though varying, according to the local cuisine, from an approach to Devonshire cream to the mere scum of boiled milk, and sometimes mixed with little lumps of honey or sugar. From here I adjourned to a neighbouring café, discovered by entering another stable and climbing another ladder, leaving L—— to the safe keeping of our Zaptieh, who was snoring on the floor of our room. I found myself amidst a bevy of comfortable Turks, who were alternately sipping their mocha and smoking their long chibouks,—for they belonged to the old school, and were robed in flowing dressing-gowns and surmounted with pompous turbans.

In exploring the streets—which are narrow and filthy, though sweeter than those of many a North-German town !—I was struck once more with the extraordinary jumble of wares exhibited in each store. Instead of one shopman reserving his energies for haberdashery, and another for confectionery, and so forth, you would come upon a goodly row of Turks, squatting hopefully on what is equally the floor and counter of their several shops, each of whom set up to supply his customers with turbans, coffee-pots, knives, boots, tobacco, carpets, Turkish delight, gun-flints, water-melons, and amulets against warts; so that it was rather confusing to decide which shop to go to if you wanted to suit yourself with anything, and you could not be certain of getting the best tobacco where you had observed the nattiest sandals! Amongst the wares, wax, which is one of the principal articles of Bosnian export, formed an important item; and besides

these miscellaneous stores there were others more exclusive, some of which were set apart for the sale of salt, exposed in massive cubes. But though there are prolific salt-springs not so very far off, at Dolnja Tuzla, towards the Serbian border, it must not be assumed that these were native products, for Bosnia prefers to import her salt from Galicia, Dalmatia, Sicily, and Wallachia. But the shop which most took my fancy was the blacksmith's; it was quite irresistible to see a grimy old Turk in a majestic head-piece—there is something comically incongruous between a turban and a sledge-hammer!—alternately working the beam of his bellows and hammering away on a primitive anvil, fixed into a rough section of oak trunk.

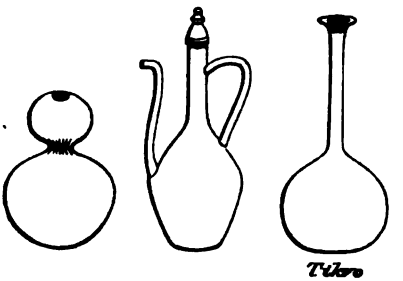
While trying to make my way to the other side of the valley I found myself hemmed in by a variety of fences, which I was forced to surmount, and run the gauntlet through private orchards, with whose owners I happily avoided an encounter, and finally emerged with a whole skin on the Christian quarter, which lies east of the castle. The inhabitants here belonged to the Latin Church; but though the Roman Catholic priesthood in Bosnia leans toward Croatia, and shrinks from Serbia with more horror than from Stamboul, yet these Latin women of Tešanj betrayed, perhaps unconsciously, their sisterhood with the heretics beyond the Drina. They were not coiffed Croat fashion, in a kerchief, like the peasants we had seen in the Bosnian Possávina, but their hair was plaited round a fez, *à la belle Serbe*, with flowers stuck in coquettishly on one side, and drooping gracefully about the ear. They displayed, too, the Serbian partiality for purple, and a maiden with a scarf crossed over the

bosom recalled the peasant girls about Belgrade. The rest of their dress—the double girdle, the twin aprons, the tunics with expanding sleeves—may be described as South Sclavonic. The men, though surmounted with turbans, differed usually from the Turks in wearing a white tunic in place of the gorgeous vest and jacket, and short flowing white trowsers instead of indigo bags. Those Christian men, however, who were more well to do, and inhabited the mercantile part of the town, were, like our landlord, in complete Turkish costume.

Latin Maiden of Tešanj.

As it was now near sunset a large assemblage of the neighbouring girls and housewives had gathered together at a spring to draw water and gossip. I found them very friendly, except one old woman, between whom and myself a most unfortunate disagreement arose. The cause of our tiff was that I—being, as the reader may have perceived, curious in pots and pans—so far trespassed on the old lady's forbearance as to attempt to pocket—not indeed that antique and ponderous utensil itself—but a sketch of the water-pot, which, after duly filling at the spring, she had in just confidence laid down, the better to gossip with her coevals. But chancing to turn round, and seeing the outline of her *tikvo*—for that was the name by which she knew it—transferred to my paper, the old woman's fury knew no bounds; and taking the law of copyright into her own hands, she snatched up the outraged vessel and soused a good portion of its contents over my person. She then emptied out what few drops

remained—she would have none of your 'water bewitched'—and hastily refilling her pot, left in a huff. It appears that she had taken me for a sorcerer, and had been piously desirous of exorcising the devil within me by a baptism of a rough and ready sort. Her motives may therefore have been honourable to her head and heart, though such misconceptions are sometimes unpleasant at the time. Meanwhile, here is the tikvo, and two other vessels which I succeeded in drawing without any enforced lustrations—one of a gourd-like shape, common



Pots from Teŝanj.

in Southern Europe; the other a water-jug like a coffee-pot, of the tinned copper which in Bosnia greatly supplants earthenware.

There is a sad side, too, to that episode of the old woman in the intense ignorance and concomitant superstition which it reveals. In other parts of Eastern Europe I have met with just the same repugnance against allowing me to take representations of animate or even inanimate belongings. In Wallachia I once nearly felt a peasant's whip for attempting to sketch his horse. In other parts of Bosnia I have found natives who refused to allow me to sketch them, even when I offered them money if they would let me do so. I can only refer it

to a wide-spread underlying belief in the Black Art, and especially that grim outgrowth of Fetishism which our old friend Thomas Ingoldsby places so vividly before us in the 'Leech of Folkestone.' The almost universal use of amulets and talismans, of which more will be said later on, is but symptomatic of the same superstition, and its adoption by the rayahs is chiefly due to the same Oriental influences which are traceable, in more ways than one, in their everyday life. While returning to our Han from the spring I witnessed a good instance of the way in which Mahometan ideas touching the seclusion of women have taken hold of the rayah mind. As I was proceeding along a lane between some cottage enclosures, I happened to pass a Christian woman on the other side of the palings, and certainly on the wrong side of forty. So far was I from staring at her that I had hardly noticed her in passing, till she screamed after me, 'Hai' ti! Hai' ti!' 'Quick; be off!' a usual expression of veiled Mahometan women in Bosnia if passed too closely on the road; and on my looking round to see if anything was the matter, she repeated these expressions with increased emphasis, and rapidly raising her voice to cockatoo pitch, gave vent to the enquiry, which, though couched in not too courteous terms, few visitors to Bosnia remain long unacquainted with—*Što glédaš?* 'What are you staring at?' The view was certainly not very attractive, and as she seemed inclined to follow up her remarks with some more practical demonstration, and I myself was anything but desirous of crossing the path of a second Bosnian virago on the same afternoon, I beat a hasty retreat, venturing, how-

ever, to think that it would have been better if she had carried out her Oriental principles to their logical conclusion and veiled herself entirely, as the rayah women of some parts of Bosnia—about Pristina, for example—actually go so far as to do. I found that L—— had been faring worse than myself; for in attempting to penetrate along another lane he was received in front and flank with such a volley of stones as repulsed him with loss.

Next morning, hearing that the Kaïmakám wished to see us before we proceeded on our way, we visited the Konak about seven; but were obliged to waste nearly two hours of a time of day most valuable to pedestrians, waiting for the great man. While we were thus doomed to loaf, a very learned-looking Effendi of the Kaïmakám's divan came up and solicited permission to look through our spectacles, exchanging the compliment by lending us his own, which we found to our surprise to be made of plain window-glass, and even that, partly owing to dirt and partly to its inferior quality, was anything but crystalline, and positively obscured the vision. But he probably found them useful in impressing the Kaïmakám with a due sense of his erudition, and he certainly succeeded in focussing his subordinates with them most effectually. The worthy man's delight on looking through spectacles that really aided the sight was something childish, but we were not inclined to accept his overtures for a swap.

At last the Kaïmakám himself appeared, attired this time in a light white suit of most correct cut. He was evidently a Turk of the new school, and showed a most intelligent interest in our map, which he understood

perfectly, and pointed out on it the route of the new railway which has just been begun in Bosnia.

. He was all politeness; but when we sketched out our projected mountain route to Travnik, and added moreover that we were going on foot, he betrayed such a desire to dissuade us from our purpose as convinced us that he had some misgivings as to our object in visiting the country, and that he more than half suspected us of being insurgent emissaries of some kind. When we expressed our intention of making Comušina, a small Christian village where there is a Franciscan monastery, our that day's destination, he began to urge all kinds of obstacles to our plan. There was no road—the country was impassable—we should not be able to procure any food, and it was impossible that we should ever find our way to Travnik by this route. Let him persuade us to go round by Zepše, and then follow the high road; he would see that we were provided with a good arabà (a Bosnian waggon)—or would we prefer horses?

We, however, remained firm, and our pass from the Vali being imperative, there was nothing for it but to let us have our way. The game, as he thought, was played out; and further concealment being useless, he dropped his objections with admirable tact, and mentioned incidentally that we should come in for a large Christian gathering at Comušina—'*Ce que peut vous intéresser.*' He evidently believed himself that we knew all about the gathering already, and I do not blame his suspicions; for the moment was far more critical than we had any idea of, and to the mind of even a liberal Turk our design of leaving the road and plunging into the mountains was, on any other hypothesis, sheer insanity—for anything that

we might protest about the English passion for scenery and mountaineering. We afterwards discovered that in addition to the Zaptieh whom he forced on us as guide and guard, another was despatched to Comušina with an express commission to observe our movements.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PILGRIMAGE ON THE FOREST-MOUNTAIN.

Through the Forests of the Black Mountain—The Flower of Illyria—A Mysterious Fly—Enchanted Ground—The Fairy Mountain—Great Christian Pilgrimage—The Shrine on the Mountain-top—Christian Votaries in the Garb of Islàm—The Night-encampment—How the Turks dance—Anacreontic Songs—An Epic Bard, Poetic Genius of Bosniacs—Insolence of Turkish Soldiers and their Ill-treatment of the Rayahs—Types at the Fair—Aspect and Character of Men—*Chefs-d'œuvre* of Flint-knapping—Christian Graveyard and Monastery—Dismiss our Zaptieh—Night on Forest-mountain of Troghìr—Wrecks by Wind and Lightning—Scene of Forest Fire—Timber Barricades—Summit of Vučia Planina—A *Bon-vivant*—Steep Descent—Night in a Hole—Almost impassable Gorge—Egyptian Rocks—Repulsed from a Moslem Village—Tombs of the Bogomiles—Arrive at Franciscan Monastery of Gučiagora—Fears of a Massacre—Relations of Roman Catholics with the Turks—Austrian Influence in Bosnia—Aspirations of the Bosnian Monks.

At last we made our escape from the Kaïmakám, and, escorted by our new Zaptieh, began ascending the Crni Vrch, or Black Mountain, named like the Crnagora (Montenegro), not from any blackness of the rock, but from being covered with dark forests, or simply from its savage wildness, 'black' being with the Sclaves synonymous with everything harsh and fierce. About an hour and a quarter's ascent brought us to one of its summits, when we passed a Mahometan woman, who, though veiled, went through the absurd formality—common enough among the Bosniac Mahometans—of squatting against the roadside with her back turned towards us till we had put a sufficiency of road between her and ourselves. Further on we came to a shed such as we had seen in the

vale of Ussora, where we regaled ourselves with coffee, and a chubby kind of cucumber, which however our Zaptieh was the only one to fancy.

Beyond here the scenery became wilder and indescribably beautiful. On one side rolled out beneath us the Possávina and the winding vale of Bosna, and far beyond the dim ranges of Slavonia; on the other side rose the peaks and shoulders of Vlašvić and Troghìr and a tossing sea of low mountains, the nearer billows green with the fine forest growth, into which we now plunged—and to quit the scorching sun of noon for woodlands still fresh with the dewy coolness of night is indeed to take an aërial bath! The beeches amongst which we now steered our course, by a meandering forest-path, were no longer gnarled and stumpy, but tall and queenly, as those of an English park. Amongst them, here and there, towered isolated oaks, champions as it seemed of a lost fight, tough rugged old barbarians, battling every inch with those civilized victorious beeches—hemmed round but unyielding—heroic, taking every attitude of god-like struggle—here a manly, muscular Laocöon, wrestling with serpentine brambles and underwood, that insinuates itself among the knotted limbs—a mighty Hercules, uplifted arm and club as to fell the hundred-headed Hydra—or there sovereign Jove, the Thunderer himself, hurling—so the jagged branches interpreted themselves—forked lightning at the beechlings round. But in vain. The oaks must be content to reign in plain and valley. On these uplands the beeches camp triumphantly, till higher still the pines repulse them from the mountain citadels, and in the great struggle for existence each tree finds its own level.

At our feet—a soft refrain from this deep bass of nature—pale, dreamy tufts of male and lady fern, delicately luminous in the forest-depths — Canterbury bells — fit accompaniment of English pilgrims!—vibrating to the zephyrs in the orbs of sunlight; brighter still the ruby coronals of sweet-williams; and where it should be, among its native mountains, luxuriant gentian, drooping like Solomon's seal, weighed down as with elfin vases of lapis lazuli. This is the flower of Illyria, which, as Pliny tells us, took its name from her last king, that Gentius who ruled these lands in the days of Perseus of Macedon, and who first brought into credit the virtues of the herb which now alone preserves his memory.

Now and then we emerge on a glade of breathing bracken—from the leafy orchestra round, the myriad chirp of tree-crickets, caught up below by blue and red winged brothers, who, in their glee, half skipping and half flying, seem amphibious of earth and heaven—a 'kingly' minstrelsy, as beseeming the rank and beauty of the butterfly dancers. Amongst the company we noticed a purple Emperor, Dukes of Burgundy, majestic Swallow-tails, a cream-spotted Tiger-moth—beauties of Camberwell—not to speak of blues and lesser stars—marsh fritillaries and delicate wood-whites, hovering over damper hollows; and in one dark watery dell 'edgèd with poplar pale,' a black and mysterious butterfly, which I am content to leave within the limits of the unknown. It is not for me to enquire into the transformation of such sooty insects—*nec scire fas est!*—for we are now treading enchanted ground —we are actually on the skirts of earthly fairyland. Yonder dark forest mountain, unfathomable as it seems, is called by a name which the Bosniac woodman still

mentions with awe. It is nothing else than the Vila Gora —the fairy mountain. Yes! even within the limits of Europe the nymphs of the old world have something more than twilight thickets for their mourning; here at least they have still some sunny glades and laughing runnels left them for their merry-go-rounds. We are now in a land where the fairies live not only in the lays but the minds of men—and malicious sprites some of them are, sable as that mysterious fly! As the peasant gropes his way through yonder haunted pine-wood, the trees begin to drip with grisly lichen, the trunks grow scarred and sooty with storm and lightning, and a cloudy pall obscures the sun, and a sudden gust of wind rattles the bony limbs above—and lo! across the gloomiest forest-crypt, lashing her coal-black stag with serpent scourge, shoots—*the Evil Vila!*

But let us be chary of such ill-omened words! and pass on rather to that flowery dell among the beech-trees where the good Vilas are dancing. In form they are as beautiful maidens with ever-loosened zones. Their eyes are blue as the heavens, and their hair, which falls even to their ankles, golden as the sunlight. Some are riding through the forest on wind-swift steeds. They are singing the fates of men; they are weaving destinies; they are watching with motherly tenderness over the slumbers of the heroes of the race, who, lapped in their bosoms, are dreaming on of better days in many a mountain cave, till the guardian nymph shall rouse each warrior from his sleep, to sunder for ever the chains of the oppressors. Methinks they are waking even now!

Once or twice our ears were saluted with strange idyllic strains, harmonizing with the scenery, and we

passed by swineherds recumbent beneath spreading beech-trees, and piping to their bristly charge on barbaric instruments. We chose a shady chesnut-tree by a stream, under which to cook our frugal repast (for though nature was bountiful of blackberries we could not live on them), and while so engaged a shepherd lad came up and serenaded us with Bosnian airs on his rude double pipe or Svìrala.

We now followed a small tributary of the Ussora, and in its shallow bed made our first acquaintance with the mineral wealth of the country. It was a brilliant mosaic, a medley of vermeiled jasper, snow-white quartz, fragments of rich iron ore, glittering scales of mica, green serpentine; and we picked up a beautiful piece of opaline chalcedony, enwrapping a nest of little crystals in its agaty folds. The hamlet near the point where this rivulet runs into the Ussora is known as Zlatina, which means golden, and is a name commonly given throughout Bosnia to places where gold is popularly supposed to exist; but though there are many old gold mines in different parts, and gold is still washed in some of the rivers, the ignorant peasants are said to mistake sulphur for it, or perhaps more probably the interior of iron-pyrites—our 'crow gold'—so that the name itself proves nothing.

Beyond here we forded the Ussora, and now began to fall in with long trains of Bosnian rayahs, a troop of small Bosnian horses laden with bales and human beings, all streaming in the same direction as ourselves. It was evening when we began to ascend a small wooded mountain, escorted by this motley troop; the women and children mostly on foot, the men usually on horseback, and with their bright red turbans—worn about here by even the poorest classes—forming a brilliant foreground

to the surrounding foliage. We followed the current, and an hour's winding ascent brought us to the summit of a mountain, normally lonely and devoid of habitation, but now thronged to overflowing by a gorgeous array of peasants from the uttermost recesses of Christian Bosnia, and some even from beyond the Serbian frontier. The summit of the mountain formed a long flat neck capacious enough to accommodate many thousands, and rising to its highest point towards its north-western extremity. As each detachment of peasants arrived they tethered their horses, and made straight to the summit of the ridge, which was surmounted by a rude shrine. This was the central point of the vast assemblage, and the reason of this great Christian gathering was soon explained.

The Roman Catholic population of this part of Bosnia had assembled from their mountain strongholds far and wide to do honour to two of their saints, known in their own parlance as Svéta Góspa and Svéta Kátta. Our Lady and St. Catherine; St. Mary the patroness of the old Bosnian kingdom, and St. Catherine the favoured Virgin Martyr of Bosnian Queens. To-morrow was the feast of the Miraculous Assumption, and the pilgrims had thronged to this Christian Delphos, the sacred navel of their land, in a great crisis of their national history, if not to consult saintly oracles, at least to obtain the support of their two tutelary goddesses. Though we realized it not at the time, we were on something more than the eve of a Romish feast. On the very day of this great pilgrimage, while these thousands were praying before their mountain shrine, a revolt was beginning in Bosnia, of which we have not yet seen the end, and which, for better or worse, must change her whole future.

This is what happened at the shrine. On arriving, each peasant bowed reverently before it, and executed certain mystic passes connected with his religion. He then made his way step by step round the outside of the shrine, moving, as they say, with the sun, from left to right; and if he were particularly pious or particularly conscience-smitten, he stumped round on his knees. On the right or northern side of the shrine a priest standing within it held forth a gilt crucifix, which each passer-by

Pilgrims at the Shrine, near Comušina.

kissed; and having performed the circuit of the exterior, each votary entered the shrine itself and completed his devotions before barbaric pictures of his divinities which were facing east—laying, it might be, on the altar a homely nosegay of rosemary and golden zinnias. Many devotees, after leaving the mysterious canopy, remained facing it outside, as represented in the sketch, on their knees, counting their beads or holding out their clenched

fists in a peculiar attitude, intended, perhaps, to represent a cross. Some prayed very earnestly; and indeed the occasion was no ordinary one. When each had finished, he left the immediate neighbourhood of the shrine and joined the multitude below, so that the grassy slope around the building, which was a rude wooden shed, was reserved for those actually performing their devotions. This sketch was drawn on the eve of the festival, when the shrine was less crowded.

But what was most striking was the thoroughly Mahometan appearance of so many of these Christian devotees. The influence of Islàm seemed to have infected even their ritual; for many grovelled on the ground and kissed the earth, as in a mosque. There was one man whom I should have mistaken for a Hadji or Turkish pilgrim; there were others with the shaven crown of a true believing Moslem, and the single pig-tail, so thoughtfully preserved by the Faithful to aid the Angel Gabriel in dragging them into Paradise. There were women with faces so nearly eclipsed that they seemed in fear of the injunctions of the Koran; and even the monks who had come up from the monastery of Comušina might be mistaken at a little distance for Turkish officials. There was something pathetic in the sight of so many Christians, dressed indeed in the garb of Mahometans, but still clinging to the faith of their fathers.[1] Indeed, the whole scene was one which, though well-nigh

[1] This curious impress of Mahometanism on Bosnian Christianity may be illustrated by other facts. Pilgrimages to Jerusalem are undertaken by Christians almost as frequently as pilgrimages to Mecca by Mahometans. The performance of such is reckoned as honourable among the rayahs as among the Turks, and the Christian pilgrims assume the same title of Hadji. The Holy Sepulchre is often known by the name Tjaba, which is nothing but the Arabian Caaba!—*See* Ranke, 'Die letzten Unruhen in Bosnien, 1820–1832,' in Bohn's translation, p. 314.

impossible to describe, no one who had seen it could ever forget, and in which even those who lament the superstition must acknowledge some elements of grandeur and beauty;—the solitary mountain-peak, momentarily thronged by pilgrims who in some childish yearning after heaven had pitched their place of worship here so as to be nearer their celestial goal—the votaries themselves—these poor peasants, brutalized by centuries of misrule, steeped in ignorance and bigotry, outcasts of this world rapt in silent communings (as they believed) with another and a happier; beneath them the primeval forest; around in every direction an aërial gulph; and beyond, far as the eye could pierce the deepening twilight, range upon range of lonely mountains.

Not but what these thrifty Bosniacs had turned the opportunity to account by combining with their religious festival and pilgrimage a large fair—or, as the Germans would say, a year-market—which occupied the other end of the mountain neck. A long lane was formed along which to arrange the wares, but the show was mostly reserved for the *festa* itself on the morrow. On each side of this lane the peasants were camped in families; and in the festivities of the night and the fair next morning we saw displayed before us, as in some brilliant picture-book, the whole life of the rayah country people from a large tract of Bosnia: their varying costumes, their simple diet, their cheap necessities, their dances and discordant minstrelsy, and over all, the shadow of a Damoclean scimetar.

As the night drew on the whole neck of the mountain was lit up by cheery bonfires, round which the peasants clustered in social circles. Our Zaptieh provided us with blazing logs for ourselves, over which we performed our

own culinary operations, supplemented by a generous haunch from a sheep, roasted in the usual Bosnian fashion. This is how the peasants cooked their meat—for on this high-day there were some who indulged in such a luxury as mutton. They took a sharp stake about eight feet long, and inserting it in the slaughtered animal's mouth or neck, skewered it right through the carcase and out at the tail. Two low forks were now driven into the ground, the huge spit with its burden was lodged on them, a large fire was kindled over against it, and the peasants took turn and turn about to make the spit go round. A goodly portion of the assemblage seemed determined to make a night of it, and what with carousing, dancing, singing, and playing, I will not deny that they succeeded.

The first dance I saw was of a comic kind, performed by two men, and there were so many varying figures that one fancied they must improvise them as they went on. The accompaniment on a ghuzla, the one-stringed lute of the Serbs, was of the dolefullest, and the dance itself was anything but graceful. The chief object that they apparently had in view was to dislocate every limb in the most comfortable way possible. Now and then they stamped on the ground, and then walked after each other and round each other in a clown-like fashion; and now and then they would pause and tread gingerly with their feet, as if they were trying whether ice would bear, fumbling the while in a stupid way about their noses, as if to see that spectacles were safely fixed on them. The Kolo, however, or round dance of the Sclaves, was more elegant, and chiefly danced by the girls, who formed themselves in a ring and danced round and round, sometimes in a very spirited manner.

The most monotonous of all the dances was that with which some Turkish officials, who had fixed their quarters at the further end of the mountain neck, solaced themselves. Not that they danced themselves! they were far too lazy and phlegmatic to do that; but they impressed into their service a succession of rayah boys, who in turn danced long *pas seuls* before their lords and masters. Without leaving what we may call his pedestal, a boy kept treading the ground to the weary see-sawing music, and trying to make every muscle and limb quiver like a jelly. Then, after performing this operation for a good ten minutes, with his face towards his Turkish admirers, he slowly turned round on his pivot and danced—if such tremulous distortion could be called dancing!—for an equal space of time, with his back to the spectators, and then he gradually swerved round again as if he were roasting before a slow fire, and was from time to time adjusted by a turnspit! But the Turks, comfortably squatted on carpets strewn over the turf, gazed gravely on by the hour together, and seemed to enjoy the spectacle.

We heard much playing of ghuzlas and double pipes and flutes, and much vocal accompaniment with lyric songs and long epic ballads. The instruments, with the exception of the ghuzla, were the same as the Croatian already described, and the ghuzla itself resembled a tamburitza with three strings and bow in place of fingers; but the playing on them struck me as slightly better than what we had heard at Sizsek. The metre was as curious and as much a relic of an older world as the instruments whose Arcadian affinities have been already touched on. One of the many minstrels was enchanting an audience of Bosniac maidens with a lyric, whose measure, unless my

ears deceived me, was identical with that of Anacreon's song beginning,

λέγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες,
Ἀνακρέων γέρων εἶ.

And it was strange and impressive, with the air merry with tree-crickets from the foliage around, to catch, as it seemed, the cadence of that exquisite ode in which the Teian bard paid his homage to the same cicadas!

μακαρίζομέν σε τέττιξ,
ὅτι δενδρέων ἐπ' ἄκρων
ὀλίγην δρόσον πεπωκὼς,
βασιλεὺς ὅπως ἀείδεις.

But the songs, though interesting, were not beautiful, and, to tell the truth, were often more like a succession of street-cries than any other sound, human or divine! This was mainly owing to what was the chief peculiarity of the singing—the long stress, namely, laid by the voice on the last syllable or the last trochee, insomuch that success in a singer seemed to lie in the ability of keeping on at the concluding howl longer than his fellows.

One asks oneself with amazement how such dolorous chaunts could possibly have originated? Was it possibly the dire necessity of droning in concert with a bag-pipe? The '*dudelsack*'—pitilessly expressive word!—is not unknown in Bosnia at this day, and was certainly as much the property of the primitive Sclave as of the primitive Englishman. Doubtless, too, early singing is pinched and crippled and distorted by the rudeness of early instruments. I did not see a bagpipe here, but traced its evil communications everywhere. It seemed to have corrupted all the other instruments. They had caught it. It had got into their throats like a fog, and given a twang to every

chord. It was a positive nightmare of bagpipes. There was a bagpipe in the flute, and a bagpipe in the lute, and a bagpipe even in the whistle.

The singing, at any rate, reacts on the poetry; for the long expenditure of breath renders a pause a physical necessity for the recovery of wind at the end of every two lines, so that the lays were generally divided into couplets. Much that looks Procrustean, and many apparently capricious full stops in classic metres, might, one would think, be referred to similar causes. Nearly a minute would sometimes elapse after one couplet before the singer had recovered breath to continue.

But what carried one back into epic days at once was a larger gathering, forming a spacious ring lit up by a blazing fire, in the middle of which a Bosniac bard took his seat on a rough log, and tuning his ghuzla began to pour forth one of the grand sagas of his race. Could it have been an unpremeditated lay? Without a book or any aid to memory he rolled out the ballad for hour after hour, and when I turned to rest, not long before sunrise, he was still rhapsodizing. I do not pretend to know what was the burthen of the ballad. Perchance it recorded the enchantments of the Vila in yonder forest mountain; perchance it told how Czar Dūshan marched to seize the city of the Cæsars; or of the finding of Knez Lazar and the sad day of Kóssovo; or, mayhap it belonged to that later cycle of Serbian poetry which centres round the half-hero half-renegade Marko Kraljevich.[1] For in this land, without books, without history, it is these heroic lays—Tabories they call them, from Tavor, their God of

[1] For the story of Marko Kraljevich or 'Kings' son Marko,' and the Cycles of Serbian poetry, see 'The Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe,' by G. Muir Mackenzie and A. P. Irby, p. 87, &c.

War—that keep alive from generation to generation the sacred traditions of the race. In the days of bondage these have been the one proud heirloom of the Serbian people from the Adriatic to the Danube. Their spirit has been continually refreshed from the perennial fount of epic song. Separated by creed and the barriers of nature, and the caprice of man, it is this national poetry that has kept them from forgetting that they are brothers, that has turned their mind's eye back from the divisions of the present to the union of the past, and has fed their ambition with the memories of a time when one of their princes seemed about to catch up the falling diadem of Byzantium and place it on his brow. And the Bosnian Serb seems to forget the narrower traditions of his half alien kingdom in these more glorious legends, which override the cant of geographers and diplomatists, and make him see a brother in the Serb of the Black Mountain or Old Serbia, or the free Principality; and, indeed, he too has some claims to share these memories, for the city of the Serbian Cæsars, Prizren the Czarigrad, lies within the Bosnian limits.

Doleful, then, as these strains may seem to a civilized ear, it ill becomes the stranger to mock at them. Over those rude men they seemed to exercise a kind of charm. The hearers of the bard to whom I was listening seemed never to grow weary. Every now and then an ecstatic thrill would run through the whole circle, and find utterance in inarticulate murmurs of delight. So carried away are the emotions of the listeners, that it is by no means rare—though I did not witness this—for them to be moved to tears. 'I cannot describe,' says an observer,[1]

[1] Wessely, quoted in Introduction to 'Servian Popular Poetry,' translated by Sir John Bowring.

'the pathos with which these songs are sometimes sung. I have witnessed crowds surrounding a blind old singer, and every cheek was wet with tears; it was not the music, but the words, which affected them.' For these songs speak to the heart. They are instinct with that natural simplicity which is the very soul of pathos. True, there is lacking something of the tremendous energy of our old Teutonic sagas. There is less sword-play; but there is more poetry. We should never expect to find an Anglo-Saxon gleeman of our epic days likening, as does one of these unlettered Bosnian bards, the cheeks of the loved one to the flush of dawn and her eyelids to the silken wings of swallows. This airiness of phantasy, the brilliance of the imagery, seem to witness the close communion of the race with the Oriental world around them; but there is a national sobriety ever bridling the imagination, just as we have seen the Oriental gorgeousness of a Serbian lady's dress tempered with something of the homely Serbian house-mother. But what, perhaps, is more striking than all, is to find the rude simplicity of Homer combined with a dramatic force more characteristic of the age of Euripides.[1] Surely in such spring flowers—and wintry indeed has been the spring of this poor Bosnian stem!—is to be found the best proof that the stock is not all cankered, and the surest earnest of fruits to ripen yet. In a poetry that has received the reverent homage of Goethe it cannot be fanciful to see a token that the race is capable of attaining to the highest pinnacles of civilization. It can hardly be unreasonable to seek here for a retort

[1] Let any English reader who thinks these encomiums overdrawn procure the faithful and beautiful translations of Sir John Bowring, cited above, and judge for himself.

against those who speak of the South Sclavonic rayah as an utterly degraded being, and who cannot discern that

> 'He still retains,
> 'Mid much abasement, what he has received
> From Nature—an intense and glowing mind.'

It is unfortunate that I am unable to conclude the account of this—to me—uniquely interesting night with the mention of songs and ballads, and that more must be added which it is most displeasing to relate.

It is only just to say that, taking into consideration the troubles in the Herzegóvina, and—what may have been traceable in the hurried calling-out of the reserve at Dervent and Tešanj—the possible foreknowledge of the imminence of an outbreak in Bosnia, it was quite natural for the Turkish authorities to view with suspicion an assemblage of several thousand Christian Bosniacs, and even to take precautionary measures against any disturbances—or conspiracy. No one can therefore blame the Kaïmakám of Tešanj for dispatching some officials and a retinue of gendarmes to watch the proceedings. This night the Turks had taken their station at the end of the neck of the hill, as if the better to ward off any possible attack, and to secure a line of retreat if necessary. The presence of these Zaptiehs gave me an opportunity of observing how these tools of the Mahometan government dealt with the Christian Bosniacs, when not under the immediate surveillance of foreign consuls. Briefly, they treated them like a herd of cattle; and it is hard to say which was the more revolting, the intolerable insolence or the downright cruelty.

I was standing in one of the circles where a Bosnian gleeman was rehearsing a national epic, when the spell

of the song was rudely broken by a Zaptieh, who, bursting through the ring of listeners and thrusting the rayahs to right and left, stood before the embers in the middle, and, playing with his cutlass with one hand, demanded who would light his pipe, in such a savage tone as quite infuriated me. The Bosniacs took it more calmly. The old minstrel laid down his lute and paused for awhile in his lay. For a few moments there was a moody silence—as if some blunted sense of injury had outlived long use of wrongs—then a fine man stepped forward sheepishly and lit the bully's pipe.

Another time a knot of peasants were gathered together in friendly converse in the grassy middle-lane, when two Zaptiehs rushed forward with whips, and flogged them away, *women* as well as men! But the worst instance of brutality that came within my observation took place while I was discussing a bottle of Slavonian wine, and exchanging English songs for Bosnian, with a merry group of rayahs, belonging mostly to the Greek Church, 'Serbs,' as they proudly called themselves, who had come to take part in the fair and festa of their Roman Catholic rivals. Of a sudden our festivities were broken in upon by the sounds of a scuffle behind, accompanied by such shrieks as made me start up, and the firelight fell on a gendarme—the same, I think, who had interrupted the minstrelsy—who, with a stick or some kind of weapon, was beating an old Christian man as if he were a pig, and kicking the poor cringing wretch the while till he howled for mercy. I was stepping forward to interpose, but two Bosniacs clutched hold of me and held me back, whispering with more covered hatred than can be described, 'Tis only the Turks!' The Zaptieh, however, not wishing to provoke

Frankish intervention, desisted from his belabouring, and left his victim to limp away as best he might. The group of 'Serbs' had not shown any sign of attempting a rescue, but I saw more than one brow knit ominously for the moment. But the visible emotion was transient, and their faces relapsed into that impassive stolidity which is the normal expression of the Bosnian rayah.

It has been already observed that a Zaptieh had been told off with the express commission of observing our motions, and it was a continual annoyance to find a gendarme ever dogging at our heels. But it was obviously disagreeable to the Turks that I should be about at all; and as the night advanced our detective began to find the duties of espionage somewhat wearisome, and appears to have put our own Zaptieh, with whom I noticed him confabulating, up to bidding me retire to rest, as if he were rather commander than escort. This he did to my no small astonishment, while I was listening to one of the ballads, and was sent roundly about his business for his pains, to the unconcealed delight of the Christians, who from that moment dubbed us Consuls—a name given by the Bosniacs to any Europeans who are not subject to the caprices of Turkish gendarmes; for they argue that no one less than a foreign representative would dare to lift a finger against these creatures of their tyrants.

But at last, though the epic still rolled on—sometimes these rhapsodies continue with intervals for days at a time!—and though the interest of the audience flagged not, I thought it time to follow the example set hours before by L——, who was somewhat footsore, and to lie down beside our fire. And if anyone fancies that our mountain lair was altogether a bed of roses, he is mis-

taken, for the night was very cold, and we were always being partly scorched and partly frozen; and as the ground was anything but even, falling asleep was rather a doubtful advantage, since we were pretty sure to roll either into the embers on one side, or down the steep on the other; and if neither of these casualties befel us 'twas odds that we started up with a most corporeal and hoofy nightmare upon us, and discovered that one of the Arab horses, which encompassed us round about, had mistaken our blanket bags for fodder, and was proceeding to act upon that assumption.

But it begins to dawn, the vast camp is astir, a subtle aroma of coffee pervades our waking senses, and a new day breaks forth, wondrously fair to look upon, but to Bosnia pregnant with bloodshed and misery.

Yet there is no sign of trouble here. New arrivals are perpetually swelling the festal gathering and crowding round the shrine. It was a brilliant scene, which no words can convey; but the reader will permit me to introduce the characteristic group seated on yonder trunk.

The man to the right, in a red turban and a dark indigo jacket, is a fair example of the Bosniac rayah of these parts, and indeed his dress is much the same throughout the country. He wears a loose white linen tunic and trowsers, which latter are confined about the calf in this instance, though they are often loose and flowing, as among the Croats. His feet are sandalled in the never-failing Opankas, which seem common to all the southern Sclaves, and may not improbably be the same foot-covering as that mentioned by Constantine Porphyrogenitus. The Byzantine Emperor says that the Romans

called the boots of the Serbli (or Serbs) Serbula, and Serbulianos all those who were poorly booted; and indeed if these are the sandals alluded to, it must be confessed that the Byzantine contempt for them as boots was merited, for experience has taught me that the straps easily break, and that the soles are worn through in no time. The woman seated on the middle of the trunk is representative of the ordinary Latin peasants hereabouts,

Types at the Fair.

the red border of her jacket being probably an ensign of her Catholicism as near Dervent. The rest of the jacket is black, contrasting with the clean white tunic below; but the general effect would be funereal were it not for her apron, which is of as divers colours as Joseph's coat, and displays those diamond patterns so much affected by the peasants near Belgrade. The twin brooches on her belt may remind the antiquary of those worn

by our Anglo-Saxon great-grandmothers, or of such as are exhumed from old Serbian graves, and the silver-work of her ear-rings is doubtless an inheritance from Byzantium.

The standing figure to her left belongs to a very curious type both of feature and costume. This was the first occasion on which we came upon a dress the affinities of which were other than Serbian or Croatian. The multitude of decoration is overpowering. She is studded with Turkish coins as with a cuirass of scale armour, her arms loaded with bracelets, and her fingers with rings; ornamental patterns are crowded over her jacket and apron; a gorgeous orange being the pervading colour. Her hair was spangled with coins in a way which we afterwards saw repeated among the unveiled Mahometan women of the Narenta valley. There was a certain heaviness about the dress which contrasted with the lighter costumes around; it belonged to the general class of Bosnian costume extending west and south towards Dalmatia and the Herzegóvinan frontier. Its *nuances* are decidedly Dalmatian. As we crossed the mountains towards Travnik we came upon more specimens of this type; and in the gorges of Troghìr and Mazulia were again struck by the curious stamp of features, which in these mountains seems always to accompany this peculiar attire. The broad face and flat nose suggest quite a different parentage, and I noticed brothers and husbands who showed that the peculiarity was not confined to one sex. I remember one man in particular with nose so curiously flattened that one was almost tempted to believe that his profile had been deformed by a bandage drawn tightly across the face in childhood, after the old Hunnish

fashion, and went on to speculate whether some of the followers of Attila, or perchance some of those Tartars who flooded Bosnia in the thirteenth century, might not have been caught in these mountain basins. But this much is certain, that at the present day these gorgeous barbarians speak Bosniac like their neighbours.

To the left of our Hunnish friend sits a woman in the most civilized costume of Christian Bosnia, and which with peculiarities of its own is eminently Serbian, of the Danube, and will recall the maiden of Tešanj. Here, however, besides the hair plaited round a tasselled fez, and the scarf crossed X-wise over the bosom, is the expanding skirt and the fur-bordered jacket, such as the ladies of Belgrade delight in wearing.

Some of the girls have decked their hair with zinnias and even sunflowers. The quantity of false coral and bead necklaces worn is overpowering, as is the endless variety of modes in which the white and red kerchiefs that drape the heads are set. Sometimes it was arranged not unlike the coiffure of the last queen of Bosnia, as she appears on her monumental slab. Sometimes, as has been already noticed, it threatened to conceal the face entirely, and some of these half Mahometans were to be seen with the 'bags' reaching to their ankles, *à la belle Turque*. One girl was arrayed as a bride—in lily white, except the flowers in her hair, which just peeped forth from beneath a kerchief-veil, woven of the lightest texture of the country, and falling airily about her person, fringed with simple lace.

But another maiden demands my presence, and I am called away to sketch, at her own request, a Bosnian belle,

coiffed in the brightest of rosy kerchiefs, enveloped in a jacket with the most gorgeous golden border, and cinctured with a sash of orange and purple. Whether the attitude in which she sate for her portrait was the most elegant she could have chosen, and whether her boots, in which I fancy she took a peculiar pride, were of that form most adapted for displaying maidenly

Bosnian Belle.

gracility of ankle, may be left for a forbearing public to decide.

Her hair is dark—nor let any ungallantly suggest that its hue is due to artificial causes. Granted that a powder does exist called Kna; let it freely be admitted that the fair Serbs often show themselves as desirous as the ladies of the harem to acquire those raven tresses which the Koran distinguishes as a sign of comeliness and

strength. But a glance—a scintillation—from those eyes would annihilate any detractor so mean as to bring such imputations against our Bosniac beauty! Here at once, so to speak, we are on *terra firma*. These at least are incapable of assuming an un-genuine hue; and they are *black*, black as the sloes with which the national poets delight to compare their mistresses' orbs, and haloed round with such dark lashes and eyebrows as the same Serbian imagination fondly likens to 'leeches from the fountain.' But she was rather the exception in the crowd, and the evident esteem in which her good looks were held was probably more due to this accident of hue than anything else; for if the women's tresses were sometimes of the fashionable colour, their eyes were oftener of a traitorous turquoise than of jet; and as to the little children, their hair was of a tell-tale flaxen. Nay, it is to be feared that if our maiden was on the look out for a black-eyed sweetheart to match her, she would find some difficulty in realizing her hopes, since the men's eyes were generally of greys or watery blues, and their lanky locks took an unfortunate reddish hue of brown; and even supposing her pockets to have been as full of gold, she was likely to fall as far short of her ideal as the maiden of Serbian poetry, who sings:—

'I wish the happy time were nigh,
When youths are sold, that I might buy.
But for an azure-eyed Milinar,[1]
I would not give a single dinar,
Though for a raven-black eyed youth,
A thousand golden coins in truth.
Alas! alas! and is it true,
My own fair youth has eyes of blue!'[2]

[1] Miller.

[2] 'Servian Popular Poetry,' translated by J. Bowring, p. 219.

The women looked as a rule pleasanter than the men, whose general appearance, as may perhaps be gathered from the illustration, is anything but prepossessing. The whole crown is shorn of hair, Turkish fashion, but usually, instead of the single pig-tail of the faithful, two long elf-locks are left dangling from the back of the head, and the effect of the bare occiput with these two sickly appendages is little short of disgusting; add to which that the natural length of the neck is exaggerated by this tonsure. From the front the aspect is not more pleasing; the bald pate, combined with the bony attenuated face and round eyebrows, being often in a ghastly manner suggestive of a death's-head. The long sunken eye-slits, whose outer corners curve down, so as to follow the lines of the brow-arches, give them an air of sleepy cunning, the eyebrows often overhanging as to form a den for the suspicious roving eyes. The lips are thick, broad and pouting. The whole face seems dazed, and it is almost beyond mortal patience to see the heavy, slow, owlish way in which their head turns on its axis if anything attracts their attention. When you look at them they always seem as if they do not know what expression is expected of them, and their stolidity is enhanced by turbans which make them look top-heavy. It is easy to understand why the quick-witted Greeks of the Lower Empire should have nick-named the Sclaves Chondrokephaloi, or 'block-heads.'

Yet after all, the hideous tonsure and what is vilest in their demeanour are but accidental badges of servitude and oppression—removable by a few generations of free government. The sluggishness of their deliberation may be quickened by culture; and, the causes of suspicion

once removed, the hang-dog look of the Bosniac would disappear as surely as it has ceased among the free Serbians, and as it is disappearing at this day among the liberated Wallachian serfs. The slow, measured utterance of the race, so far from being a proof of inferiority, has been compared by Ami Boué to that of Englishmen, and this keen observer of the Serbs speaks of the people and language as born, if any ever were, for parliamentary government.

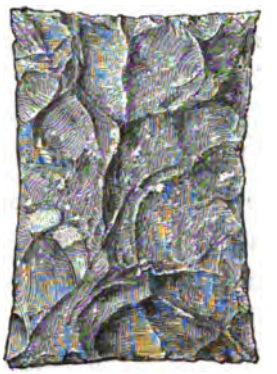
The frame of these Bosniac countrymen lacks the elegance and suppleness of the modern Greek, but it is stronger and of larger mould. No stranger who passes through Bosnia can fail to be struck at the exceeding stature of the inhabitants. The fair here is thronged with men six feet high, and over. An English traveller who passed through this country in 1634, and stayed a day or two in 'Saraih,' 'the metropolis of the kingdome of Bosnah,' says, 'the most notable things I found was the goodnesse of the water, and vaste, almost *gyant-like* stature of the men, which with their bordring upon *Germany*, made mee suppose them to be the offspring of those old *Germans* noted by *Cæsar* and *Tacitus* for their huge size, which in other places is now degenerate into the ordinary proportions of men.'[1] Gaunt they may be, lean and overgrown; but they are sons of Anak; and though they may now seem a cowering rabble, the example of their self-liberated brothers in Montenegro and free Serbia should teach the world that in happier

[1] 'A Voyage into the Levant. A Briefe Relation of a Iourney lately performed by Master *Henry Blunt*, Gentleman, from *England* by the way of *Venice* into *Dalmatia*, *Sclavonia*, *Bosnah*, *Hungary*, *Macedonia*, *Thessaly*, *Thrace*, *Rhodes*, and *Egypt*, unto *Gran Cairo*.' The third Edition. London: 1638; p. 8.

circumstances they too might hold up their heads and display the spirit of heroes. Even in their features, in their broad benevolent forehead and aquiline nose, are disguised the lineaments of grandeur and manly beauty. Despite the ill-favour of their expression there was generally a lurking geniality to be detected in it, and when among themselves I was struck with their kindly manners and good-fellowship; indeed I suspect that it is generally the stranger's own fault—probably his want of tact in posing before them as the friend of the Turk—if they do not show themselves friendly to him, and relapse into a bearish reserve. And though the Bosniacs are much accused of that common failing of the Southern Sclaves, intoxication, it must be said to their credit that in this large gathering—so large that hardly a spot of standing ground was left unoccupied in the whole mountain neck—yet we did not notice a single case of drunkenness, and this though there were plenty of booths in the fair for the sale of arrack and Slavonian wine. Indeed the general orderliness, the absence of licence of any sort, among the Christian part of the assembly, was beyond all praise.

As to the fair the display of wares was poor enough, there being little exposed for sale beyond the usual crockery, and the cheapest and most gimcrack jewelry, brass rings, and brooches of the very worst Bosnian fabric, and here and there a little fruit—water-melons, and small plums and pears. The only articles worth mentioning were the square, elegantly chipped gun-flints, of a kind which is to be found in all Bosnian markets. These are knapped at Avlona, in Albania, near the old Acroceraunian promontory, from about which the flints are

gathered ; and they are interesting, as being probably the most perfect representatives in modern Europe of an art which was once the highest among mankind. Our Norfolk flint-knappers, who still export this old world article of commerce to the savages of Africa, could never compete with the artists who turn out these *chef-d'œuvres* of delicate flaking!



Gun-Flint.

About 1 P.M. we started on our mountain-crossing expedition towards Travnik ; first descending from our altitude towards the Franciscan monastery of Comušina, which we found to consist of an unpretending house and a bare, pewless church standing in the middle of a wretched little village. The door of the monastery was fastened, and a woman who parleyed with us from an upper window said that all the 'brothers' were up at the shrine. On our way we had passed through the Christian cemetery—a wilderness so deep in bracken that it seemed to have been purposely left to the charitable clothing of Nature, as if they feared that even their graves, if seen, might be insulted by the passing Zaptieh. The memorials here were rude stones, sometimes scarcely touched by art, sometimes rudely graven with a Latin cross like one of the 'Hajduks' graves' already described. But we groped among the fern-leaves in vain for an inscription.

Beyond this we descended by a path to the Ussora, and finding that our attendant Zaptieh's scansorial powers

were small, and that, not having on his shoulders a heavy knapsack like ourselves, he was yet inclined to lag hopelessly, there was nothing for it but to dismiss him, after first inditing under a walnut-tree beside the waters of Ussora a letter in our choicest French to the Kaïmakàm, in which we gave our escort a good character, only expressing our regret that his inability to climb mountains *à l'Anglaise* deprived us of the further pleasure of his company. We afterwards had reason to regret that besides the backshish or largess which was his due we gave him too large a proportion of our remaining store of bread, not sufficiently realising the slow progress which we should make between this and Travnik.

We now followed the river bed, every now and then wading from one side to the other of the shallow stream in a vain search for a forest-path which should lead in the right direction. We found Major Roskiević's[1] map so completely out, that we really suspected that he had been the victim of the Vila's enchantments,—and who, conversant with the history of the building of Scodra, does not know that it is her practice to thwart engineers who presumptuously invade her precincts? And I would urge in proof of this hypothesis that her sacred mount, the Vila Gora of the peasants hereabouts, under whose brows we are now passing, is conspicuous by its absence on the Major's chart. Before we had concluded our itinerary of Bosnia we had further proofs that the Vila or some other freakish sprite had possessed that unfortunate officer.

[1] An officer of the general staff who was employed by the Austrian Government to draw up a map of Bosnia, and followed this up by his 'Studien über Bosnien und die Herzegovina,' partly an itinerary, partly a statistical account, but meagre and disappointing. Franz Maurer, 'Reise durch Bosnien,' is equally loud in his denunciations of the Major's map.

Often has the Major played the part of a will-o'-the-wisp for our especial misguidance! At times he would display such extraordinary capacities of faith as to remove mountains. He would evolve streams which existed not, out of his inner consciousness, and when he conceived that this pleasantry had gone far enough he would swallow them up in the earth. He would transport villages bodily. He would run a broad valley through a mountain mass from which Xerxes would have recoiled, and bridge over chasms at which Stephenson would have shuddered. Nor is his humour always of this ponderous turn; he has his lighter veins, too, in which he will paint you a zigzagging road straight as a line, or pop the only path on the wrong side of the stream!

At about 5 P.M. we found ourselves at the junction of the Ziraja and the Blatnica, as we learnt from some peasants—for they never meet according to the Major. The peasants, who were dressed in the heavily ornamented quasi-Dalmatian costume of these mountains, and were of the type which it has pleased me to call Hunnish, were much delighted at a present of English needles from the 'consuls.'

Among the bushes near the water we saw a most beautiful sight. This was a fine convolvulus hawk-moth, with its broad wings of delicately mottled grey, over four inches from tip to tip, and its taper body banded with tiger stripes of rose and black; not shrouded in night, but lit up with the golden haze of evening, and stretching forth a proboscis full an inch long to draw the honey from the yellow lips of a salvia-spike, round which it kept circling, so intent upon its nectar as to let me gaze within a foot of it.

We now began ascending the Troghìr Planina by a faintly indicated woodman's path, overshadowed by a beech-forest of finer growth than any we had yet seen, interspersed with equally majestic pines. Amongst these mysterious labyrinths we lost our path, and coming towards dusk on an inviting glade commanding a lovely mountain panorama, pitched on it as our place of bivouac for the night. Here we found no difficulty in collecting firewood for a cheery fire, and bracken enough to form a springy mattress; and having cooked our frugal supper, we submitted to be lulled to sleep by the chorus of tree-crickets above. The night was again fine; so that except for the cold, which in the small hours of the morning was bitter—as it generally is when the camp-fire has burnt down beyond recovery!—we passed a fairly comfortable night, till we were aroused by the droning of gnats in our ears, and were again on our way, before the sun.

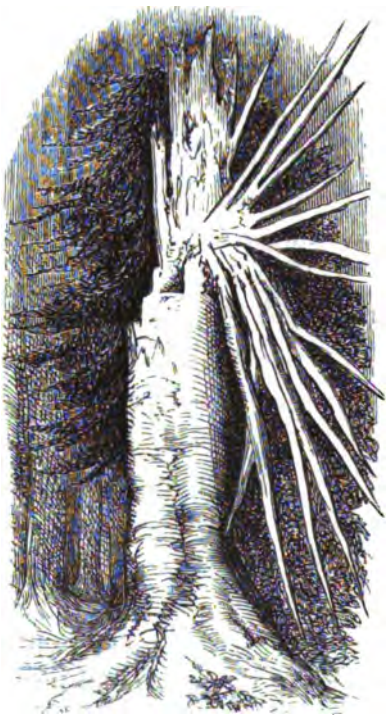
But now we began to be beset by a difficulty which while in the forest zone of the mountains we had not anticipated; namely, the absence of water, caused by the porous character of the limestone rock; and though we succeeded in finding our path again, all the runnels we passed were dried by summer drought. The woods were very silent, and there was no morning song of birds beyond the cooing of a dove; but while we were resting we heard a deep musical hum among the tree-tops, proceeding from myriads of gnats, some of which were droning below. We kept gradually ascending the back of the Planina, our path continually disappearing or losing itself in a maze of lesser tracks, which might have been made as much by animals as by man; and every now and then we had to scramble on

as best we could over tree-trunks of monstrous girth that barred our path. But still no water to make breakfast palatable! till about two hours after starting we came to a stagnant pool or puddle about the size of an ordinary washing-basin, which, as necessity knows no law, we were driven to make use of, and to pick the tadpoles out of our tea as best we might.

But how describe this forest scenery!—how paint, so that others may see as we saw them, the golden rays of the rising sun slanting between the leafy tiers of the beeches, intersecting their shady trunks with pillars of light, shimmering beyond against the dark mountain flank; not dappling it in round noon-day patches, but streaking it horizontally with golden ripples, comparable to nothing but mackerel clouds glorified by the sunset, trailing across some darker tract of sky. Now and then the mighty trunks and branches frame vistas of mountain and valley, flooded still by a forest sea unflecked by habitation—an enamel of quiet blue. Then the luminous foliage of the beeches gives place for a while to more sombre pines, whose turpentiny fragrance floats like morning incense down the forest aisles. Hour after hour, as we ascend, the forest still looms around us, but the scenery is perpetually changing.

At one point we reached a mountain bluff more open to the wind, and found ourselves in a clearing not made by man. From the rocky summit an awful scene of ruin burst upon us. That soft blue heaven—azure and cloudless as a tranquil sea—it, too, has its storms and windy Scyllas to play havoc among these aërial masts. This was one universal wreck—the wreck of an Armada. Far and wide every tree had been struck down like Canaanitic walls.

The very current of the tornado was marked by the lie of the prostrate trunks. At times a confused medley—piles of scarce distinguishable spars and giant hulks—jumbled together as if they had been nine-pins!—showed the eddy of a whirlwind; but generally these trunks were strewed pointing from the north-east like so many magnets: one vast torrent track of destruction marking the course of the *Bora*, the irresistible storm-wind of Illyria. In places we have found the periodic force of this wind utilized by the Bosniacs, who cut the trees a quarter through on the leeward side and leave the rest to the wood-craft of Boreas.



Tree struck by Lightning.

But once more we plunge into the primeval shadows to find ourselves among more isolated monuments of ruin. Here it is the artillery of heaven that has been playing on the masted swell of the green Planina. Now we have reached the very focus of an electric storm. The trunks of beech and fir sometimes riven asunder, more generally erect but decapitated, stripped of bark and branches; sometimes shattered columns charred by the aërial explosion, sometimes splintered up into trophies of white spears. Here is one of the most striking witnesses

to the stupendous power of lightning that I have ever seen. A beech about eighty feet in height was snapped in two, the upper part hurled on to the slope below, the lower still rooted to the ground, but the hard wood splashed by the thunderer's bolt—as when a bomb-shell strikes the sea—into gigantic splinters: keen, shapely blades, as much as twenty feet in length.

Then, again, we passed through a region of pines, grim, time-stained—scarred and bereft of limbs in many a battle with the elements—with bare long arms and patriarchal beards of hoary lichen; an older generation of trees, waiting in vain for kindly axe or levelling blast; and awakening, in their Arctic desolation, memories of a Lapland forest-scene. And now once more a charming transformation takes place. Cheerful beech avenues again overarch us, or open out in sunny glades, where butterflies—commas, whites, clouded yellows—are fluttering and settling about yellow salvias and a flower which looked like a rosy phlox with a single blossom. Now we found, to our great relief, an icy-cold stream, and prepared our noon-day repast in a beechwood glen that carried us back to the chalk hills of old England. Here we recognized around us those old familiar ferns, the prickly and the maiden-hair [1]—polypody, flouncing the old stumps with charitable raiment—rarer tufts of blechnum; and, prying curiously among the beech-roots for another of our chalk-hill favourites, we found—sure enough!—that spiky shell [2] which seems to imitate the form and colour of the sheathed buds of the beech-leaves.

The track we now followed began to descend rapidly, and we discovered, after climbing down a considerable

[1] Asplenium Trichomanes. [2] Clausilia laminata.

way, that we were on the wrong side of the watershed, so that there was nothing for it but to reascend as nearly as possible two thousand feet towards the main ridge of Troghìr which we had left.

A comparatively bare steep tempted us to make straight for our object; but having with difficulty fought our way upwards through a jungle of fern and dwarf elder, we presently found ourselves entangled among the *débris* of a not very ancient forest fire. The ground was toothed with sharp splinters of burnt rock, and strewn with a network of branches, too rotten to bear our weight, but quite strong enough to trap our feet and tumble us over—all which gins and snares were treacherously concealed by a forest of bracken which rose above our heads. Add to this, that at every few yards we had to scale high barricades of sooty timber, and at the time were at a loss to conceive why Providence should have made fir-trees so confoundedly spiky! When it is remembered that we had about five-and-twenty pounds on our backs, and that the sun was broiling hot, it may be imagined that our progress was slow, and in fact we were forced to win every inch as much with our hands as our feet. However, as we gradually stormed our citadel, we were rewarded for our bumps and lacerations by a view as strange as it was picturesque. In these upper regions it was only the smaller trees that had been actually burnt down, the larger had been simply killed and left standing. The sight as we looked down had a savage fascination quite unique; the colours were so varied, so striking, so bizarre, that they deserved to have been perpetuated by a great painter. Here and there were the charred funereal skeletons of forest giants, with jagged stumps of branches in harsh relief against a distant

background of green valley and blue undulating mountain, almost voluptuous in its softness of tint and contour. In some trunks the blackness was chequered, where the bark had peeled off, by broad scars, taking every tint of amber; in others, it was draped in ashy festoons of lichen, or swathed in verdant folds of moss. Some trees, already roasted to death by fire, had at a later period been shivered by the lightning, and the whiteness of their splinters showed that little but their bark had been charred by the previous conflagration. Some indeed had actually survived it, and on one side a small island of still flourishing trees —a dark yew-green fir, an emerald and a golden beech— stood out against the sootiest thicket.

But we gradually left this funereal waste beneath us, and groping upwards once more through virgin forest, at last succeeded in regaining the ridge of Troghìr. We even hit on our lost path, but it soon eluded us again and disappeared beneath the wrecks of tall pine-trees, which seemed to have buried all traces of it. For here, if a fallen tree bars the path, the Bosniac woodman does not cut it away, but either climbs over it, or, if the obstacle is too high for man or beast to surmount, he deserts the track altogether and makes another elsewhere. Thus the forest barricades are gradually allowed to accumulate till they reach dimensions simply stupendous, and the path which originally swerved a few yards out of its course may eventually be turned as much as a mile. But we had learnt a lesson about trusting to paths which, while still smarting from the effects of our second ascent of Troghìr, we were not likely to neglect; so this time we followed the guidance of our compass as literally as we could, scaling barrier after barrier till we were well nigh worn out.

No one, I think, who has not himself tried to penetrate a primeval forest on a windy mountain ridge, can realize what these obstacles really are! It was late in the afternoon when we conquered our last barricade, and to our delight beheld before us the smooth lawny swell which forms the summit of the Vučia Planina, from which the Troghìr is an offshoot.

An easy ascent brought us to the top, where we rested awhile to enjoy the glorious mountain panorama that opened out all round. We are now in the very heart of Alpine Bosnia, 'each one of whose lofty mountains,' to quote the words of her native historian,[1] 'exalted to Ayuk, the fiery star, is an eyesore to the foe.' But the traveller must make allowance for Oriental hyperbole. Here, at least, the mountains were contented with a less sidereal stature; nor was there much that could even be called rocky or precipitous except the head of Vlašić to the south, which peered over lower mountain shoulders and conical peaks, shrouded, as the long neck of Troghìr below us, as all the other Goras and Planinas round, with dense forest growth. To call the scenery Swiss would be mere flattery; indeed, its whole character, the small height of the mountains, the want of boldness, the down-like swell of their contours, recalls rather the Carpathians than any part of the Alps that I have seen. The summit of Vučia, on which we now are, is inconsiderable as regards altitude, not being more than 4,300 feet, according to our aneroid, though, to be sure, the Major makes it 5,000—for the sake of round numbers. There is something Carpathian, too, about the forests, the gigantic pines and beeches, and —as might be expected from the commonly calcareous

[1] Omer Effendi of Novi, op. cit. p. 85.

nature of the soil—in the flora generally. Here, as in the ranges that border Roumania, the drooping gentian, the sweet-william, and the sunflower are among the most noticeable flowers.

But the sun is sinking low in the heavens, and it is high time for us to be again on our legs. We now made our way across the southern slopes of the summit, or rather table-land, of Vučia, which forms a lovely Alp or mountain pasture. At intervals we came upon peasants of the type we had seen the evening before (we had met with no human being in the intervening day) tending kine, or mowing hay. When, however, we approached some women—who, being unveiled, we assumed to be Latin Christians—to ask the bearings of Travnik, they rushed away into a thicket screeching, 'Hai 'ti! Hai 'ti!' 'Off! off!' so Moslemized—if indeed they were rayahs, as we think certain—were their ideas of propriety! One of them had made a sign which we mistook for an answer to our enquiry, and against our better judgment we followed the direction indicated, and which afterwards turned out to be hopelessly wrong.

Meanwhile, our lines had fallen in pleasant places. The fresh scent of hay was delicious; the soft undulating mountain lawn, dotted with magnificent beeches, kept perpetually recalling a fine English park; on one side, too, it was appropriately fringed by a fir-plantation of Nature. It was quite hard to realize that we were far from any town or even shelter. In the midst of these loneliest of mountains one kept half expecting to catch sight of the cosy red gables and mullioned windows of an old Elizabethan mansion. The beeches seemed to have caught the inspiration of the landscape. In the freer atmosphere

of these glades they had lost the almost poplar-like procerity of their forest-growth, and expanded into that more pear-shaped outline which is so congenial to genteel precincts. Over those forest depths through which we had been diving all the day had reigned the 'silence of the central sea,' but these woodland coasts and islands were alive with garden songsters—tits and wrens and blackbirds—fluttering about in the golden sunshine of evening, and filling our ears with familiar home melodies.

Here, too, we saw another convolvulus hawk-moth, up and dissipating at an hour when all well-regulated moths should be wrapped in downy slumbers, and making, as we thought, a most unfair use of a proboscis two inches long to drain the nectar from a whole salvia spike, before any of its fellows should be awake to cry halves. It was decidedly livelier than our friend of yestereen, and so absorbed in its own enjoyment as to take quite as little notice of our presence. It was a pert fly, and seemed quite to revel in the sunlight—a '*fast*' trait, it is to be feared, in a nocturnal insect. It would coquette with those saffron lips, and bob airily up and down before a flower ere it poised to steal its sweetness. It had a keener, a more epicurean, enjoyment of life than the other, and gave itself all the airs of a bon-vivant. Indeed it showed its good taste in its preference for salvia; for the scent of these flowers is exquisite, and I have sometimes stopped wonderingly to look for musk, so like is the smell at a little distance off.

On this side of the mountains the flowers and foliage are more luxuriant. Glade and woodland are sprinkled with kinds we have not yet met with, a large rosy cranesbill, a yellow labiate, with a peak of the most gorgeous

purple leaves—if indeed they were not petals—tremulous little hair-bells, lastræa and delicate varieties of ferns. Here and there bright scarlet strawberries gemmed the ground. The trees grow to an even more gigantic stature than those we saw before. We measured beeches fifteen feet in circumference at about three feet from the ground; and many—as on the Mazulia Planina opposite, where some of the finest timber in Bosnia is said to grow—rise to a height of a hundred and twenty feet. A pine-tree measured fourteen feet and a half in girth.

For we are again immersed in the primeval forest—and night seems nearer and shelter further. The sun was already setting, when a gap in the trees revealed to us a mountain vista, which showed that we were on the wrong side of the ridge. A woodman whom we presently met told us that we were going towards Zenica instead of Travnik, and we discovered that we were on the debatable mountain neck, between the Vučia and Gorcevica Planinas. The woodman intimated to us that to strike across and attempt to regain the Travnik path was hopeless, and that we had better follow the ridge in the direction of Zenica. But we made up our minds to cut across and follow the valley of a stream which led in our direction. Accordingly we crossed over to the western side of our ridge, and found ourselves on the brink of an almost precipitous steep, descending to the Jasenica, our desired stream, heard but not seen, thirteen hundred feet below.

The mean angle at which this slope descended was, as nearly as we could calculate, 60°. Had it been bare, we could not possibly have descended it, laden as we

were; but it was covered with beech-trees, which might stop us if we fell, so we resolved to attempt a descent.

It was certainly very difficult work; the beech-leaves made it slippery, and concealed rocks and boughs would trip us up, or a piece of soil give way. We were perpetually dislodging fragments of rock, which rolled and leapt down, quicker and quicker, crash after crash, cannonading against the trunks, taking bigger and bigger bounds, till a final plunge told us that they had reached the stream. They never lodged half way. Every now and then we seemed likely to follow them, but we always succeeded in arresting our fall by clutching at a trunk in passing. It grew darker and darker; but we still kept on at our painful task, till, about six hundred feet down, I broke one of my knapsack-straps in a tumble, and it being impossible in such a position either to mend it or to carry it, we were lucky in discovering, close by, a hollow—formed by the uprooting of a forest giant—to serve as sleeping-quarters for our third night running, *sub Jove frigido*, and where we literally *lodged* till peep-o'-day. The worst was that we were unable to collect fuel for a fire, and before morning a chill breeze sprang up, and the thermometer sank almost to freezing point; for, in less mountainous localities than this, August frosts are by no means rare in Bosnia. For nocturnal visitors we might take our choice—as the wind invented footsteps—of the wild swine, bears and wolves, that inhabit these mountains; but none of these fourfooted gentry molested us; and except that once or twice we woke with the cold, or by reason of sundry stones and awkward tags of roots, which would keep running into us, we slept soundly enough.

Aug. 17.—Having executed the needful repairs, we continued our descent before sunrise, and finally found ourselves at the bottom of the gorge—the opposite steep of Mazulia frowning over us as precipitously as that which we had descended, and the whole ravine being so narrow that there was room for nothing but the Jasenica torrent below, over-arched by the stupendous beeches which clung to both steeps.

In a dry part of its bed we demolished our last scrap of bread, and reviewed our position, which was not favourable. The gorge in which we found ourselves was from all points so inaccessible that we doubted whether it had ever been trodden by foot of man before. To make our way along the valley seemed well nigh impossible, so vast were the rock and timber barricades with which the torrent had piled its course. On the other hand, to re-ascend either steep was tantamount to a defeat, and in either case would bring us no forwarder. But it was becoming painfully evident that we must get somewhere, and quickly—as the day before, owing to our ill-judged liberality to our Zaptieh, we had had to stint ourselves of food, and now the last scrap of solid nutriment was gone —there could be no doubt about that! So, all things considered, there was nothing for it but to fight our way down the gorge as best we might, and trust that as the stream got lower its valley would widen. We found that the best way was to plunge bodily through the water, now and then jumping from rock to rock, or slipping into deep pools, and every few yards having to scale dams of trunks and branches, whose hugeness showed the force of the torrent in the rainy season. The want of an axe made a good deal of this work more difficult than it otherwise

would have been, so that it sometimes took an hour to make a few score yards of way.

And yet the guerdon of our struggle was rich indeed. An hour or so from our starting-point the sides of our ravine became more rocky, and started up sheerly on either side of the stream, which, dashing between these 'iron gates,' leapt from a rocky platform, and plunged some sixty feet below in a magnificent cascade. We were forced to make a tedious détour by climbing up the steep; but the rocky walls, the overhanging beeches, the snow-white foam veining the abysmal gloom, gave us glimpses of a beautiful picture. The vegetation, too, of our valley was marvellous in its luxuriance. Here, where the rays of the meridian sun scarcely pierce, stately sunflowers would raise their great flaming crowns as if to light up the shades of fell and forest. Drooping gentians (weeping willows among flowers) hung lovingly over the stream—methought they were its guardian nymphs, swelling its waters with tributary dew from a myriad azure urns! The dimensions taken by some of the ferns were certainly extraordinary; the lady-fern waved feather-like sprays near five feet in length, the hart's-tongue put forth fronds like small palm-leaves, three feet long and about three inches broad. Even the tree-like moss[1] that cushioned the damp crevices between the rocks rose to an abnormal stature.

After many weary hours the valley began to open out a little, and the stream allowed us room for passage on its margin. Further on we came to little patches of meadow land by its side, and even, here and there, to traces of a path, and another sign of man, an old camp-fire. Beyond

[1] Bryum ligulatum.

this, again, the mountains grew more rocky, the trees smaller and more scanty, and scenery of a bolder kind broke upon us. First, as if to prepare us for what was to follow, a tall obelisk of rock started up in the middle of the gorge; and having passed, as it were, Cleopatra's Needle, the rock-architecture took an appropriately Egyptian

Rocky Gorge of the Jasenica.

character, and we found ourselves among what it only required a slight exercise of imagination to transform into the ruins of the Pharaohs. Colossal walls and columns towered on each side of the torrent, and scarcely allowed it a passage; and, looking through these antique portals,

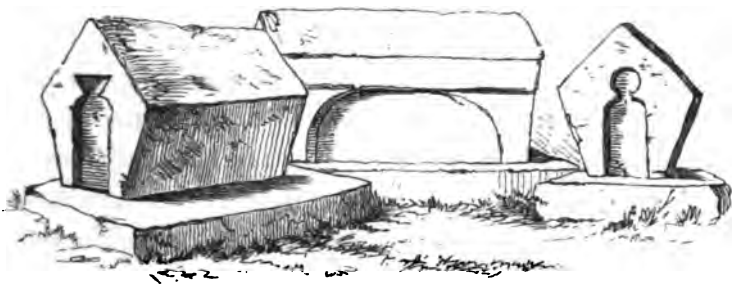
the top of a pyramid appeared in the distance—the limestone peak of Vlašić.

We made our way with some difficulty through the precipitous defile, and were rewarded by a cheerful prospect of a maize-covered height beyond, surmounted by wooden huts and the minaret of a mosque. A short climb brought us to the village, called Zagredzi, hanging on the slope of Mt. Mazulia. Here we thought to get something to eat, for we were half famished; but we certainly were not prepared for the inhospitality of the villagers, who apparently were all Mahometans. As we passed along the street every door was slammed. The women scurried away and hid themselves; even the men fled at our approach; and though we succeeded so far as to parley with one, no entreaties or offers of money could induce him to procure us bread or milk. So there was nothing for it but to proceed on our way and shake the dust of this churlish village from our feet. Just outside we passed what we take to have been an old *karaula* or watch-tower, of rough masonry, square in shape, with barred windows and an old circular arch now half buried in the ground, surmounted by a plain round moulding. Happily, beyond this we came upon an apple-tree, and, as the ground was strewn with apples, considered ourselves justified in anticipating the vagrant swine.

We presently met a party of countrymen, and persuaded one, in return for coin of the realm, to put us into the way to the village of Podove, there to strike the path for the Franciscan monastery of Gučiagora, where we purposed to throw ourselves on monkish hospitality. At Podove we found for the first time some monuments of a kind which we were to meet with again in other parts

of Bosnia, and which are scattered over the whole country.

These are large tombstones, some as much as six feet long by three in height, of a tea-caddy shape, resting on a broader stone platform. The impression they give you is that they are descendants of Roman sarcophagi, and indeed their upper part is exactly similar to some Roman monuments.[1] There is, so far as I have seen, no inscription on them; but occasionally, as on some of those at Podove, they are ornamented with incised arches at the end and side of a quasi-Gothic form, which may be useful



Mysterious Sepulchres, Podove.

in determining their date. The erosion of the stone and mutilated condition of many probably point to considerable antiquity, as also does the fact that I have twice noticed them overturned and blocking up the channel of streams which had undermined their original standing ground. They certainly bear no resemblance to the turbaned columns of Turkish cemeteries, and indeed an examination of those at Podove convinced me that many had been purposely mutilated by the unbeliever.

All these facts point to the conclusion that they are,

[1] As, for instance, some rough Roman sarcophagi found at York, and now in the garden of the Philosophical Society of the town.

as the Bosniacs express it when they want to indicate a date previous to the Turkish captivity, 'more than three hundred years old.' On the other hand, if not Moslem, neither are they like the memorial stone crosses, such as one we were shortly to see at Gučiagora, which are the undoubted work of Christians, and which date back at least to the sixteenth century.

There are, however, some modern monuments which we noticed at one place in the Herzegóvina which resemble these in outline; these were in a small Jewish graveyard outside Mostar, and had Hebrew inscriptions on them. But the Jews of Bosnia and the Herzegóvina are all a Spanish-speaking people, who took refuge from their Christian oppressors within the borders of more tolerant Islám in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Previous to this settlement there do not seem to have been any Jews in the country, since in early Bosnian history, so occupied with religious struggles, so blood-stained with fanaticism, there is not, so far as I am aware, any mention of them. Even at the present day they are, as regards numbers, an insignificant minority, domiciled almost exclusively in a few of the larger towns.[1] It is hardly conceivable, therefore, that in early times the Hebrews should have occupied the country to such an extent as to have dotted it with these monuments, which are to be found *passim* throughout Bosnia. On the other hand, the stones that we saw near Mostar were considerably smaller than these ancient examples; and it seems quite possible that the Jews, with their national thriftiness, should have simply used some of

[1] There are at present about 3,000 Jews in Bosnia, resident mainly in Serajevo, Travnik, Banjaluka, and Novipazar. *See* Thoemmel, 'Beschreibung des Vilajet Bosnien,' p. 108.

these old blocks which they found ready to hand, cutting off the time-worn exterior or exposing a new surface for their inscriptions, but for convenience sake retaining the original form. Whatever the explanation of these Mostar monuments, I feel constrained to give up the hypothesis that these older memorials are of Jewish workmanship.

But to whom, then, are these mysterious blocks to be referred? A better key to the solution of their origin and date is to be obtained by comparing them with some monuments of more finished execution and greater fecundity of ornament described by Sir Gardner Wilkinson,[1] as existing near Imoschi and at other places on the Dalmatian frontier. These, although not exactly answering to the ruder handiwork of the Bosnian midlands, are yet so evidently allied, that what is true of them must to a great extent be true of these before us. On the blocks described by Sir Gardner there occur devices such as huntsmen with bows and spears, knights holding sword and shield, and even occasionally rude armorial bearings, all which fix the date of their execution between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries.

There were other peculiarities about 'these unknown sepulchres,' as Sir Gardner calls even the more storied Dalmatian monuments. On many appeared a crescent moon with a star or stars, and on others an arm holding a sword. Now it is a curious fact that, of these two devices, one—the moon and star—is the emblem of Illyria, occurring in the middle of the old Bosnian escutcheon;[2]

[1] *Dalmatia and Montenegro*, by Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S., vol. ii. p. 181, &c. For some in Narenta Valley, see p. 31.

[2] The coincidence between the appearance of the moon on these monu-

the other—the arm of offence—is the ensign of Primorie, the Serbian coast-land. These sepulchral devices seem, therefore, to have been badges of nationality or clanship; unless, indeed, anyone prefers to suspect that the moon and star possessed a superstitious, before they acquired a heraldic, import.[1]

In the lonely gorge of the Želesnica, to the south-west of Serajevo, we found one of these lunar monuments, which I mention here as it further illustrates the connection between the Bosnian and Dalmatian tombs. It was

Ancient Monuments in Želesnica Valley.

a sarcophagus of the same kind as those at Podove, but with a crescent rudely engraved at one end. In juxtaposition with this was an upright slab, I can scarcely call it a cross, about six feet high and much mutilated.

But there is another point of resemblance even more

ments and on the Bosnian arms had already suggested itself to me before I was aware that it had also struck Sir Gardner Wilkinson.

[1] The moon and stars were favourite symbols on Mithraic gems and monuments, which are nowhere more plentiful than in Illyria, if I may judge from personal experience. They were also in vogue with the Gnostics. According to Manes the moon was a purgatory of good spirits; their immediate haven after death. *See* King's 'Gnostics and their Remains.'

important than the half moon, to connect the sepulchres we saw with those described by Sir Gardner.

Out of a large number of these Bosnian monuments which we examined here and elsewhere, there was not one on which we could detect the remotest semblance of a cross. Sir Gardner Wilkinson notices, with reference to the Dalmatian tombs, that 'it is singular that the cross should occur so rarely,' and supposes that those few monuments on which he found it belong to a later date, when, owing to the Turkish Conquests, there was more reason to introduce the distinguishing emblem of Christianity. For my part I cannot think this account satisfactory; but it seems to me that an explanation lies at hand which will make the absence of the cross on these monuments at once intelligible, and may serve as a clue towards unravelling the mystery of their origin.

The Bogomiles—that strange Manichæan sect whose history has been already touched on, and who appear to have formed the majority of the Bosnian population during the very centuries in which these monuments were erected—shrank with horror from representations of the cross. 'They abhor the cross as the instrument of Christ's death,' says Euthymius,[1] who, from having been commissioned by the Emperor to extract the full tenets of the sect out of its 'heresiarch' Basil, is peculiarly qualified to speak on the matter. When pressed by Euthymius as to the reason why the Bogomiles, when vexed with devils,

[1] Euthymius Zygabenus, *Panoplia.* Harmenopulus gives the same account. The passages of these authors relating to the Bogomiles are collected in the *Disquisitio Historico-theologica* de Bogomilis, *quam, Præside* Samuele Andrea, *ventilandam proponit* Benjamin Vigilantius, Polonus. In the *Bibliotheca Historiæ Hereseologicæ*, tom. i. fasc. i. p. 124, &c. (Hamburg, 1723.)

ran to the cross and cried out to it, he made answer that the evil spirits within them loved the cross, for it was their own handiwork. It appeased them, therefore, or enticed them forth. Is not, then, the absence of the cross on these monuments, coupled with the fact of its presence on all undoubtedly *orthodox* sepulchres throughout these regions, and some of these of considerable antiquity, strong presumptive evidence that they are the work of those old Bosnian puritans?

This reasoning will perhaps appear the more significant when it is added that the modern Bosniacs refer these hoary sepulchres to the Bogomiles.

Thus the voice of tradition, the remarkable conformity of these tombs with a salient peculiarity of the Bogomilian religion, the approximate date of their erection—all point to the same conclusion. Add to these the locality of so many of these ancient graveyards. During the course of our journey through Bosnia we came upon many spots where these interesting monuments existed. They were generally away from towns—in mountain gorges, by unfrequented paths—in the Wilderness, in short, where the Bogomiles took refuge from their Romish oppressors. The secluded position of these tombs recalls the words of Raphael of Volaterra, who speaks of the Manichæan brotherhoods as living in hidden valleys among the mountains of Bosnia.[1] It has already been noticed that the peculiar situation of these sectaries, perhaps too their iconoclastic tenets, made them ready to welcome Mahometan in place of Romish rulers, and favoured that process of renegation which has given us a Sclavonic race of believers in the Prophet. May not this account for the preservation of

[1] *Raph. Volat.* 1–8.

so many of these monuments, when nearly every other præ-Turkish memorial of Bosnia has been swept away? Is it not conceivable that these renegade Manichees may still have looked with peculiar tenderness on the tombs of their fathers, and have averted the hand of the destroyer? Alas! neither heretic nor infidel has a *vates sacer* to enlighten us on these sepulchral mysteries; but we at least found it pleasing to believe that the rudely hewn blocks, that we came upon amid primeval forest or solitary mountain glen, were, as the Bosniacs assert, 'the tombs of the Bogomiles'—the sole material memorials of those staunch upholders of Puritan faith in the days of grosser superstition, whose sweet spiritual influences every reformed church in the world feels still, though it may not acknowledge!

We now crossed the river Bila, into which the Jasenica had debouched, and ascending the hills to the south-west, presently came in sight of the lately erected Franciscan monastery of Gučiagora—a large white barrack-like pile with a bulbous church tower, situate at the hollow of the hill, at an altitude of 2,300 feet above the sea, according to our reckoning. On a hillock just outside was a curious Christian monument, of evidently considerable antiquity. On one side was a foliated cross of some merit; on the other a Latin cross, showing that it was the work of Roman Catholics, as indeed one would expect from the denomination of the present inhabitants of this neighbourhood. But it belonged to a period when the Illyrian church did not disdain to make use of the national Serbian alphabet, for it presented an inscription, the Cyrillian characters of which the present monks of Gučiagora were unable to decipher.

Making our way through the entrance arch of the monastery, much as if we were entering an Oxford College, we found ourselves in a quadrangle with cloisters below. There a monk came up to us, and bidding us follow him upstairs, conducted us to the guest-chamber, where others of the fraternity soon made their appearance, and received us with right monkish hospitality. They were not slow in perceiving, from our hungry plight, that we were in need of something more substantial than ghostly comfort; and while some hurried off to their manciple with orders to provide us speedily with a solid refection, others revived our drooping spirits for the moment with native Bosnian wine—fresh from the goat-skin—happily succeeded by Turkish coffee.

The monks were Minorites, of that order of St. Francis of Assisi whose services in combating Bosnian heresy of old have been already recorded.[1] They were fourteen, all told; and certainly, so far as room was concerned, they had power to add to their numbers, for their church forms only one side of their quadrangle, the other three being intended for occupation; and as there are three storeys, and each side has thirty-nine windows looking into the quadrangle, it may be gathered that the monks are not pinched for room.

The church itself, which completed the quadrangle in most appropriately collegiate fashion, was a painful jumble of paint and stucco with wooden pillars, and a few saintly gimcracks. For musical performances it possessed a harmonium, and, like that at Comušina, it was completely devoid of pews.

The monks were unfeignedly astonished at our ap-

[1] See the introductory *Historical Review of Bosnia*.

pearance, and would hardly believe that we had arrived on foot and without escort. They said that to travel in Bosnia at present without Turkish guards was sheer madness; that the state of the country was becoming more critical every moment; and that the insurrection in the Herzegóvina had roused Mahometan fanaticism to such a pitch that all the Christians of the neighbourhood were seriously dreading a massacre. The monks themselves certainly seemed to share the prevailing panic; for the day before, when the Latins of the district were assembled at the monastery to celebrate the feast of the Assumption, the brothers had sent off to the Mutasarîf, the Turkish governor of Travnik, for protection. The Mutasarîf, recognising, apparently, the legitimacy of their fears, had sent them a guard of soldiers, and the Christian congregation had performed their devotions under the tutelage of Turkish bayonets.

It may at first sight seem strange that people in fear of Turkish violence should have had recourse to Turkish protection, and perhaps stranger still that such protection should have been accorded them. The explanation, in fact, lies at the root of much that is least intelligible to the outsider in the present state of Bosnia.

It has been the policy of the Mahometan conqueror to favour the Roman Church in the province, as a ready counterpoise to the orthodox Serbians, who in numbers far outweigh the Mussulmans,[1] and who, in contradistinction to the Latins, are imbued with national aspirations. On the other hand the Roman ecclesiastics entertain a far more wholesome abhorrence of their fellow-Christians

[1] The respective numbers at the last official return were:—Greeks, 576,756; Mahometans, 442,050.

than of the infidel, and so the alliance is compacted by mutual benefits. The Turks, from the year 1463, when Sultan Mahomet granted the Franciscan monks their great Charter of Liberties, the 'Atname,'[1] have been politicly liberal to them, exempting their monasteries and lands from taxation, and freeing the brothers from the capitation tax which weighs on the rayah. In return, the monks have exerted their influence in rendering the Latins submissive to their rulers, and have backed up the Mahometans in their oppression of the Serbs, as the members of the Greek Church are significantly called. When the Latins have been ill-used, it has been principally owing to the weakness of the Osmanlì element and the bigotry of the Sclavonic renegades of Bosnia, of whose almost independent rule mention has already been made. When, in 1850, Omer Pashà dealt the death-blow to Mahometan feudalism here, and practically recovered Bosnia for the Sultan, he received support from many of the Latins. At the present moment the danger which the monks were in such dread of, was not from the Turkish authorities, but from the Sclavonic Mussulmans, the representatives of the old provincial Janissarism, the descendants of the Capetans and Begs, who eye the myrmidons of the Stamboul Government with almost as much hostility as they do the rayah, and, true to their conservative bigotry, draw far less subtle distinctions between one Giaour and another.

We were naturally inclined to suppose the fears of the monks exaggerated, and could not help thinking that if their situation were as desperate as they would fain make it out, it would have been better if, instead of pray-

[1] See *Historical Review of Bosnia.*

ing, they had taken arms and instructed their flock how to defy the Moslem in their mountain fastnesses. As for their lamentations, they smacked of Gildas in their querulousness! The brothers were especially apprehensive of a bloody anti-Christian outbreak in Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, where they doubted whether the Pashà—himself, in their opinion, a tolerant man enough—could restrain the fanaticism of the Mussulman population, which exceeds that of all other Bosnian Mahometans, as much as the bigotry of Bosnian Mahometans in general exceeds that of all the other followers of the Prophet in Turkey-in-Europe. Of the revolt in the Herzegóvina the monks knew but little, except that Mostar had not fallen.

These alarmist outpourings were relieved by a hospitable diversion. The brothers conducted us to the refectory—a spacious chamber, the size of an average college hall—where we met with most sumptuous entertainment—as we thought it at the time—consisting of some lumps of mutton, good brown bread, eggs poached in cheesy milk, vermicelli, and a sweet melon—a sign that we were advancing south.

Seated once more in the guest-room, we exchanged ideas with the monks on a variety of interesting topics, and were much struck with the amount of culture which many of them possessed. They comprised among them a respectable acquaintance with modern languages—one knowing German, another French, another Italian, and most possessed of at least a smattering of Latin—so that we were able to hold a most polyglot conversation. The German-speaking monks told us that they had received their education at the monastery of Diacovar, in Slavonia. This was founded in 1857 by the well-known bishop

Strossmeyer, and endowed by the present Emperor of Austria. It was intended as a theological seminary for the brothers of the Bosnian order of Minorites, to whom it was handed over. There is a certain fitness about its locality, as after the Turkish conquest of Bosnia it was at Diacovar that her titular bishops fixed their residence; and it was from there that, for a while, they exercised a nominal control over their diocese, under Cæsarean influence. The sheep among wolves, however, very naturally turned away from absentee shepherds, and sought spiritual guidance from the Minorites, who lived in their midst and shared their vicissitudes. The establishment of this seminary is therefore a very good move if it was sought to revive the Imperial influence, for the Franciscan organisation in Bosnia, on which the whole Latin population depend for their ghostly needs,[1] is thus placed to a great extent under the tutorship of Austria; and if the monks gain in culture, his Apostolic Majesty gains in good-will. Add to this that the Roman Church in Bosnia is in one way or another indebted to the Imperial Government for pecuniary contributions, and that the establishment of the Austrian Consulate-General at Serajevo in 1850 has

[1] In Bosnia even the parochial duties are performed by monks of this order, who discard the monastic dress and wear the ordinary civil costume, including cutlasses and pistols. Every three years the chapter of the order (the Provincial, that is, of the Minorites, with a custos and four definitors) elects a 'mission for the cure of souls,' and the monks who are doing service as secular priests are either confirmed in their office or exchanged for others. The head or 'Quardian' of every monastery is also priest for his district. Thus the parish churches are completely dependent on the Franciscan brotherhood, each monastery possessing so many churches. This at Gučiagora has nine; that at Sutiska, the largest in Bosnia, as many as twenty-two churches. As parish priests, however, the brothers find their allegiance somewhat divided between the Vicar Apostolic of Bosnia and the Provincial of their order. *See* Thoemmel, *Beschreibung des Vilajet Bosnien*, p. 96, &c.

made it possible for Austria to play the part of patroness[1] of the Catholics in Bosnia, and to carry into effect in the most emphatic way in this part of the Sultan's dominions the right of protecting the Roman Catholic Church in Turkey, which she secured by the Peace of Carlovitz. No one, after this, will be surprised to learn that the Roman Catholic influence in Bosnia is a lever in the hands of Austria; and, to quote the words of an attaché of the Austrian Consulate-General in Serajevo, 'The Emperor of Austria is, in the eyes of Bosnian Roman Catholics, the Emperor and supreme prince of the Catholic Church, just as in the eyes of the Oriental Greek population the Russian Emperor is the head of the Greek Church.'[2]

So we were not long in discovering the Austrian leanings of the monks, while discussing the possible eventualities of Bosnia. They were extremely interested in the attitude of England—complained bitterly of the way in which we had supported the Turk against the rayah, but at the same time professed themselves extremely hostile to Russia. But they betrayed a lively repugnance to the Great Serbian idea in any shape, seeing in Serbian unity the triumph of their Greek rivals, who form the large majority of the population of Bosnia, and who would at

[1] Gustav Thoemmel, Op. cit. pp. 94–6, gives statistics showing the improved state of the Roman Catholic Church in Bosnia since the establishment of the Austrian Consulate-General in Serajevo. Writing in 1867, he says that in 1850 there were only forty-one parsonages in Bosnia, now sixty-nine. Up to 1860 only the three old monasteries of Sutiska, Fojnica, and Kreševo existed; since then three more have been founded, namely this at Gučiagora, one at Gorica, near Livno, and one at Široki-brieg, in the Herzegóvina, six hours west of Mostar. In 1850 the Roman Catholic population was 160,000, in 1874 it had risen to 185,503.

[2] Gustav Thoemmel, *Beschreibung des Vilajet Bosnien*. Wien. 1867, p. 101.

once become the ruling caste[1] if Bosnia were united to Free Serbia, Montenegro, and the other fragments of the old Serbian Empire. As far as we could gather their aspirations, they were willing to see the old kingship of Bosnia restored under the suzerainty of Catholic Austria, thinking that the Latins would thus recover their old dominant position in the country, and the Catholic rulers obtain the same support of Austrian cannon as their forefathers had of Hungarian battleaxes. Failing the erection of a Roman Catholic principality under the wing of the double-eagle, they were willing to see the whole country occupied by Austria, and actually annexed. But rather than see Bosnia in any form a *Serbian* state, they would accept the continuance of Turkish rule.

[1] According to the last census there were 576,756 Bosniacs of the orthodox Greek Church, and only 185,503 Roman Catholics.

CHAPTER V.

TRAVNIK AND FOINICA.

A Turkish Cemetery—Arrive at Travnik—Taken for Insurgent Emissaries—The ex-Capital of Bosnia—New Readings of the Korân—Streets of Travnik—Veiling of Women in Bosnia—Survivals of old Sclavonic Family Life among Bosnian Mahometans—Their Views on the Picturesque—Their Dignity, oracular Condescension, and *Laissez Aller*—Hostile Demonstrations—Bashi Bazouks—'Alarums Excursions!'—Insulted by armed Turks—Rout of the Infidels—Departure of Mahometan Volunteers for Seat of War—Ordered to change our Route—A Turkish Road—Busovac—Romish Chapel and Bosnian Han—The Police defied—Our Mountain Route to Foinica—Ores and Mineral Springs—Dignity at a Disadvantage—Turkish Picnic—The Franciscan Monastery at Foinica—Refused Admittance—An 'Open Sesamé!'—'The Book of Arms of the Old Bosnian Nobility'—Escutcheon of Czar Dûshan—Shield of Bosnia—Armorial Mythology of Sclaves—The Descendants of Bosnian Kings and Nobles—The Ancient Lords of Foinica—The 'Marcian Family' and their Royal Grants—A Lift in the Kadi's Carriage—Traces of former Gold Mines—Mineral Wealth of Bosnia—A 'Black Country' of the future—Why Bosnian Mines are unworked—Influence of Ancient Rome and Ragusa on past and present History of Bosnia, and on the distribution of her Population—A fashionable Spa—Kiseljak and—Beds!

But it is high time to take leave of this hospitable brotherhood and continue our way to Travnik, which we proposed to reach that night. The monks kindly found us a Latin peasant from the neighbouring village to set us in the right path, and we began a winding ascent of a foot of Mt. Vlašić. From the crest of this a fine mountain prospect opened out to the south and west, range overtopping range till they culminated in the far distance towards the Dalmatian frontier. But below we caught sight of what was then a more welcome prospect, the high-road, namely, leading to Travnik—it being now four days

since we had seen anything which by a stretch of courtesy could be called a road! Taking leave of our guide, who was vastly gratified by a couple of 'grosch,' as the Bosniacs call piasters, we made our way to the highway and followed the telegraph wires—for it was actually lined with telegraph wires—in the Travnik direction. On one side of us flowed the little river Lašva, driving a succession of turbine-mills such as have been already described; and on the other the limestone heights of Mt. Vlašić rose above us bare as regards vegetation, but as we neared the town planted tier above tier with Turkish gravestones: for throughout Bosnia—as generally in Turkey—the old-world fashion prevails of burying the dead by the road-sides outside the walls of towns. It was an impressive sight, that forest of turbaned columns. Some loftier head-pieces spoke of the old days of Janissary rule. In places great stone sarcophagi were overturned and rifled by the mountain torrent; here and there lay marble slabs fretted with vine-leaves and interlaced devices, which still betrayed their Byzantine ancestry. On the left we passed another landmark of the East—a capacious stone cistern; and at last a turn in the road revealed to us the ex-capital of Bosnia—mosques, minarets, and chalet-like houses harmonizing with the Alpine precipices above; and, in the midst of the town, a craggy acropolis crowned with another castle of old Bosnian kings.

We had scarcely entered the town when an observant Zaptieh pounced upon us to know our business; and on our demanding to see the Mutasarìf,[1] or Governor, conducted us to the Konak. The Mutasarìf was at the time

[1] Since the new constitutional laws of July, 1865, Travnik has become the seat of Government for one of the seven circles, or Mutasarifliks, into

absent from the town at his country house—at least so we were informed, though considering the critical state of the country the statement seemed almost incredible. We were therefore obliged to show our credentials to his lieutenant; but this functionary, for some reason, which the small smattering of Italian of which he was master failed to convey to us, at once 'smelt a rat,' and, as the best court of enquiry at hand, hurried us off to the telegraph office, where one of the officials spoke French, and then and there put us through a severe cross-questioning as to our route and our objects in travelling.

'How was it possible,' he asked, 'for you to have arrived at Travnik without escort? You say that you come from Tešanj over the mountains, but you don't expect us to believe that you came on foot! Besides, where is the *pièce de conviction?* Where is your Zaptieh? You say that you are now on the way to Serajevo, but'—and this was regarded as the most damning fact of all—'we see this order in the Vali's handwriting was given at Serajevo, and you must therefore be coming from it; at any rate you must have been there, which you deny.'

It was a little embarrassing to know how to convince people who put both postal transmission and pedestrianism beyond the range of human possibilities! However, a circumstantial account of our itinerary, coupled with the awkward fact that they could not deny that our bujuruldu was in the actual autograph of the Governor-General, and that however we came by it, we had it in our

which the Vilajet of Bosnia (including Herzegóvina) is divided. The Mutasarif is an officer superior to the Kaïmakàm as the Kaïmakàm to the Mudìr. The Mutasarifliks answer to the German *Kreise*, the Kaimakamliks (districts under Kaimakām) to *Bezirke*.

possession, brought our officials to reason, or at any rate to a wholesome perception that we were masters of the situation. So the Mutasarîf's *locum tenens* being reduced to express himself satisfied with our explanation, our French interrogator changed his tone to one of apology. He explained that our arrival had been so mysterious that we seemed to have dropped from the clouds, and our being on foot and unattended convinced the authorities that we must be Austrian emissaries sent to excite the Bosnian rayahs to revolt! 'You see, monsieur,' he wound up, 'you come in very delicate times'—and certainly, to judge by the un-Turkish bustle of the telegraph office, the times were 'delicate' indeed!

A Zaptieh was now told off to escort us to the 'best hotel in Travnik,' and after a little more stumbling and slipping through streets so terribly cobbled that they made one sigh for the mountain-side again, we arrived at our destination, a miserable *han*, where we were ushered into an upper room, and our wants attended to with due dilatoriness by the squalid *hanjia* and a boy rejoicing in the name of 'Smily,' who between them made up the whole personnel of the establishment. Here, while waiting for the pilaf and indescribables which compose our evening meal, we have leisure to reflect on the augustness of the town in which this is considered 'first-class accommodation.'

For Travnik, in the eyes of your Bosniac, is decidedly no mean city. Although at present, with its 12,000 inhabitants, only a quarter the size of Serajevo, and indeed at no period comparable to it either in populousness or commercial activity, Travnik was yet for nearly two centuries the political capital of Bosnia, and the seat of

her Viziers. Their original seat was indeed Serajevo, but when the Vizierate of Bosnia stretched itself over Slavonia to the Drave, Banjaluka was fixed on as the city of residence, owing, it would seem, to the remoteness of the older capital from the new frontier. But when Buda was recovered in 1686, Banjaluka might be regarded as too much at the mercy of a *coup de main*, and the Divan of the Vizier was again transferred beyond the watershed and pitched at Travnik, as if the Turks were still loath to give up hopes of once more ruling on the Hungarian bank of the Save. At any rate they kept up the pleasing fiction that they ruled it still, for down to quite recent times the Vizier-Pashà who resided here clung to the vain title 'Vizier of Hungary.' The importance of Travnik is seen in the interesting 'Account of the War in Bosnia,' written in the first half of the last century by a native Bosnian historian.[1] Travnik is the seat of government and jurisdiction. It is here that a kind of parliament is 'summoned by the Vizier, consisting of the magnates, judges, muftis, priests, and other learned effendis,' to grant supplies in view of the invasion of Bosnia by the Austrians. It is outside the walls, on the 'plains of Travnik,' that the army of true believers assembles from all parts of the province. Serajevo, the seat of the native aristocracy, became indeed more and more the real seat of government, but the Sultan's Lieutenant was obliged to content himself with his shadowy dignity at Travnik, till Omer Pashà in 1850 finally crushed the Capetans and transferred the Vizierial residence once more to the Serai.

[1] Omer Effendi of Novi, whose writings were edited and printed by Ibrahim in Turkish, and were translated into English by C. Fraser in 1830.

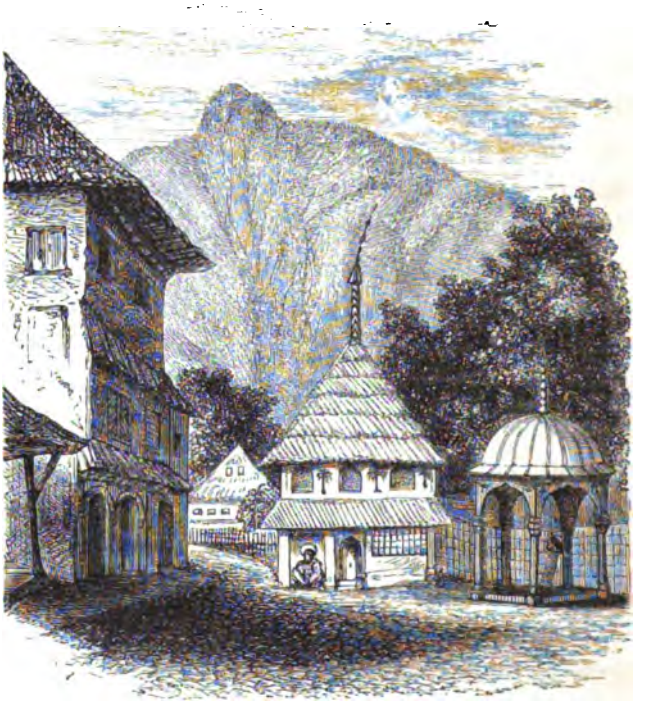
Aug. 18.—Next morning, while we are still enjoying hard-earned rest—and let it be recorded, in justice to our hanjia, that our room was tolerably free from vermin—a most honourable exception in Bosnia!—in comes the acting Governor, whose acquaintance we had made the day before, leading his little boy, decked out in raiment of purple velvet and crimson silk, with gold brocade and elaborate arabesques of embroidery—more gorgeously bedizened than any princeling of our poor civilised West! —and begs me to photograph, or, failing that, to sketch the little man. As a camera I had brought with me had unfortunately come to grief at an early period of our tour, I was reduced—for all my disavowals of artistic skill—to attempt what portraiture I could. The child, like his father, was a true Osmanlì, unlike the light-haired offspring of the native Sclavonic Mussulmans, dark in eye and locks, and precociously endowed withal with something of the gravity of his race. His self-possession, indeed, was amusing. He could not have been more than six years old, but he leant quite quietly against his father's knees, hardly shifting his position the whole while, and laid his little hand on the big hilt of his paternal scimetar—instructed, doubtless, to look all the future hero! The pride of the fond papa in his hopeful was an amiable study, though purblind Frankish eyes might detect little that was remarkable about the prodigy. Alas! the artist was uninstructed as to those points the insistance on which was most acceptable to his patron; and though the Turkish parent was on the whole satisfied with a scrutiny of my humble performance, he looked up from the paper with an air of profound art-criticism, and requested me, as I loved truth, to make the eyebrows

darker. It was too true; I had not done justice to the raven pigment!

And the Koràn? it may be asked, what about the prohibition of the Prophet against the portrayal of living things? Actually it is observed about as rigorously in Bosnia as the prohibition against drinking wine. Within the last year or two a Dalmatian photographer has set up in Serajevo; and to prove the laxity of morals in this respect, it may be mentioned that Mahometan priests have their likenesses taken by him, and that in one case he was summoned to reproduce a whole group of Turks engaged in the interment of a fellow-believer.

We found much to interest us in the streets of Travnik, and indeed the superior architecture of the town still witnesses its old importance as the seat of government. There are some larger buildings besides the castle already mentioned — palaces of bye-gone Viziers, barracks for Turkish troops. Even the ordinary rows of wooden houses—with their latticed dairy-like windows, the central bays of their upper storey, the blue pillars and other ornaments painted outside—are not without variety in hue and outline; and amongst these rise more solid edifices of stone. Here, for instance, is one such—the best in the town—supported on arcades of solid masonry, adorned with rosettes carved in the spandrils of the arches: perhaps an old Bezestan or cloth-hall—very possibly the magazine of some merchant prince from Ragusa, for the arcading below is characteristic of the street architecture of the old republic. Beyond this—we are surveying one of the most picturesque street scenes in Travnik—rises an old mosque of wood, time-stained, dilapidated, with pinnacle awry. At its side an elegant cupola, supported

on four columns and ogee arches, encanopies the turbaned tomb of a Mahometan saint; for every true believer who falls in battle against the infidel 'drinks,' as the Bosnian historian expresses it, 'the sweet sherbet of martyrdom,' and passes from this 'vale of tears' to enter with saintly honours into the joys of Paradise. Beyond these



View in Travnik.

rose a background of gardens and spreading foliage, and above, the naked precipices of Mount Vlašić.

Climbing round by the hills to rejoin the town on the other side, we gained a more general view of the city, and counted no less than thirteen minarets, besides two clock-towers, and—what we had not seen in a Bos-

nian town before—the stone cupolas of the bath and the larger mosques or dzámias. The porches of some of these Mahometan prayer-houses had altered little from those of the early Christian church, and were in truth as Byzantine as their domes. The walls of some are most brilliant—not to say tawdry, outside—painted with what were meant to be delectable fore-glimpses of Paradise—palm-trees loaded with dates, fruitful vines sprouting forth from vases, or here a luscious melon with a knife ready inserted for the carving. Like devices might be seen on the spandrils of the kiosques that rose over the saints' graves, but all in the most gaudy and inharmonious colours. Against the walls of some of the mosques were built the wooden booths of Travnik tradesmen, so that the disfigurement of sacred edifices by secular accretions is not confined to Christian countries. The most gorgeous of all the dzámias had been converted into a kind of gathering-ground for the fruit and vegetable market—as if the fruiterers considered that the celestial fruits painted on the sanctuary walls above might be useful in suggesting to customers the propriety of enjoying the humbler fruits of earth, and serve generally as a good trade advertisement. It is, however, to be hoped that the faithful will be supplied with better plums hereafter than are to be obtained for love or money in the Travnik market.

Narrow rows lined with the usual open stores—varied and fascinating as ever. Armourers' shops, with *handshars* or Bosnian cutlasses, yataghans, quaint ornamental guns and pistols; another store containing nothing but melons; grindstones next door; two or three watchmakers—glazed windows to these, and a goodly

exposure of turnips; as elsewhere, many Jacks-of-all-trades. Among the primitive arts practised here that of a rope-maker struck me. He held the cord tight with his great toe, while he twisted it with his fingers. The inhabitants of Travnik are mostly Moslems, with a small infusion of Spanish Jews and Serbs, or members of the Greek Church, some of whom are the most well-to-do merchants in the place, and have organized a company—the *Kombeni*, as it is known here—for facilitating traffic with Serajevo. Their wives were dressed in the style which distinguishes the Christian women of Bosnian towns from those of most country districts, and which approaches the fashions of Belgrade.

In strange contrast to these were the Mahometan women, several of whom we noticed in the streets towards evening. Their whole face was concealed but for the tiniest eyeslits imaginable; but their insatiable bashfulness is not contented even with this, for in passing a stranger they must needs bow the head so that the fringe of the upper veil which curtains the head falls forward far enough to eclipse their last loophole of humanity! Their hands they modestly hide in two front pockets of their dress. Their exterior envelopes are sometimes green, sometimes white, sometimes of a darker hue; those whose under veil is black and outer white, looking at a little distance strikingly like nuns. Besides the two ordinary veils—that which drapes the head and that which swathes the nose, mouth, and bosom—their forehead is often covered with an additional piece not unlike the half mask worn at masquerade balls, usually of black horsehair, with the two eyeslits above-mentioned fringed with gold. The whole form is mummied in such a way that

an Englishman who had travelled through a great deal of the Ottoman dominions, but who had not visited Bosnia, could hardly be induced to believe that the figure below represented a woman of European Turkey. To find her like, one must transport oneself as far away as Egypt. Outside the limits of conservative old Bosnia, her disguise would be laughed at by the Turks themselves!

Bosniac Mahometan Woman.

But what is still stranger is, that in Bosnia should coexist the two extremes of veiling and not veiling. If the married women here veil themselves more than anywhere else, *en revanche* unmarried girls are allowed to display their charms in a way which, to the well regulated Turk of another province when he first visits Bosnia, is quite scandalous. There is a Turkish proverb, 'Go to Bosnia if you wish to see your betrothed!' It is actually a fact that in this reactionary land there are such things as Mahometan love-matches; and even when the mother is allowed to select the spouse in the usual way, by inspecting, that is, the 'stock' in the baths, even then—so demoralized are the customs of these Mahometan Sclaves!—the young people are allowed to converse together before tying the conjugal knot. On Fridays and Mondays —days of greater liberty to all the Mahometan women —lovers may steal up to their sweethearts' windows

and whisper airy nothings to them through the lattice. This Bosnian custom is called aschyklik, and has been compared with the *Fensterln* of Styria and Upper Austria.[1]

Mondays and Fridays, and through a lattice—what restrictions can be more judicious?

Lamentable to record, the day was a Wednesday and the place a public fountain in the street of Travnik. A Mahometan girl, very slightly veiled, was drawing water, when up comes a young fellow with the ostensible purpose of doing the same. He was a gay deceiver—she might have told it from his roguish look, but for the honour of Islám my pen refuses to chronicle the rest. Of course the artless maiden gave vent to a '*Haiti!*' but in a tone so soft, so insinuating, as abundantly to prove that that word of dismissal is capable of as many interpretations as 'get along, do!' among certain she-Giaours, and to be the natural prelude to more mutual oglings, and squeezes, and gigglings, cut short by the appearance of an unwelcome third party in the distance—retributive Propriety herself, advancing like a walking sack.

Not many years ago a tragic love romance had Travnik for its scene. In the days of the last struggle of feudal Bosnia for her provincial liberties, a young Osmanlì sergeant of Omer Pashà's army, who was stationed here, fell in love with the pretty daughter of a Bosniac Mussulman, and was betrothed to her. Before they could be married, however, the sergeant fell in battle, and the maiden, when she heard of the death of her beloved, rather than survive him and be forced to marry another, blew out her brains with a pistol. The moral drawn by Omer Pashà, in relating this tragic story, was

[1] See Roskievič.

admirable. 'It all comes of not wearing the veil, and letting affianced couples see each other. If she had always kept her *yashmak* on her face she might have married another man, for there would have been no great love in the matter.'[1]

This approach towards natural relations between the two sexes is doubtless, as much else among the Bosniac Mussulmans, a survival of the old Sclavonic family life. The Mahometan house in Bosnia more nearly approaches our idea of *home* than in any other part of Turkey. We learnt that polygamy was almost non-existent throughout the province. It has been dying out, it is true, in other parts of Turkey, but here it appears never to have taken. What is still perhaps exceptional among the wealthier Turks, the richest Bosniacs have only one wife. Some of them are said to have concubines, but public opinion here denounces the Moslem. who concludes more than one marriage. A few years ago a representative of the old feudal nobility, Ali-Beg Dzinić, one of the richest landholders in the country, set all Bosnia in an uproar by taking a second wife in the lifetime of the first.[2] Another peculiarity of these Mussulman Sclaves, illustrating the vitality of the family tie, is to be found in their names. Mahometans elsewhere, with the exception of Persians and Arabs, have no family name; but here, after the orthodox personal appellation, as in the instance above, to the Ali, or Méhchmet, or Selim, these descendants of the old Bosnian nobles add their ancestral patronymic. This, however, is confined to the grandees,

[1] I take this anecdote from the author of *The Danubian Principalities* (vol. ii. p. 326), to whom Omer Pashà related it.

[2] See A. von Hilferding, *Bosnien,—Reise-Skizzen aus dem Jahre* 1857, p. 12 (Aus der Russischen).

and is rather an instance of the tenacity with which the Bosnian aristocracy has clung to its old feudal attributes.

After all, one ought rather perhaps to wonder that these Sclavonic renegades have received so much of the impress of Islám. Considering the difference of race—how strange it is to see a bevy of blue-eyed light-haired Mahometans!—it is curious what thorough Turks these Travnik burghers make. Towards evening many of these grave merchants seated themselves in the gardens of a café just outside the town, and while alternately purring their narghilés and sipping their coffee, contemplated, without uttering a syllable, the beautiful scene before them—the mountains, the green valley, the foaming mill-stream murmuring at their feet.

We were assured by 'Europeans' in Bosnia that the Turks do not care a rap for nature—that they are utterly callous as to scenery; that if anything charmed, it was the peace, the silence—not the beauties of the landscape. It is this, they say, which allures the Turk to seek as his greatest luxury the gardens of his country house. Yet old Edward Brown,[1] in his 'Travels in the Levant,' in the seventeenth century, records how the Grand Signior passed two months on Mount Olympus, not only for the coolness of the air in summer, but also for the sake of enjoying the prospect of the fair champaign of Thessaly on one side and the blue expanse of the Ægean on the other. For flowers at least, all Bosniacs, Mussulman as well as Christian, display an extraordinary love; not only do they adorn their persons with them on every possible occasion, but so great is their craving for them,

[1] In the French translation (Paris, 1674), which is the only copy I have by me. P. 76.

that at Serajevo it is not unfrequent for mendicants to station themselves at the doors of our Consulate to beg, not for bread, but for a single flower from the pretty little garden.

Meanwhile there sit our Turks, to all outward appearance rapt in the enjoyment of the picturesque. What sapient big-wigs, too, they look!—how profoundly versed in all the Law and the Prophets!—of what superfluity of brainiess are those capacious turbans suggestive! It is hard to realise that these gentlemanly beings have been engaged all day in peddling trades. And indeed it is true that they forego with lordly disdain the petty chicaneries of their calling; it is notorious, among foreigners in Bosnia most hostile to the Mahometans, that wares are, as a rule, to be bought cheaper and of better quality with them, than at stores kept by Christians. The true believer will not wilfully cheat, and disdains to bargain. This is always put down to their fatalism; but I doubt if it be not more due to a certain personal dignity which the plastic Sclave of Bosnia has borrowed from the Osmanlì.

One would expect the brows of a pure fatalist to be smooth as marble. There could be, one would think, no trace of emotions to which he is superior. But the features of these Bosniac Mahometans are fretted with a positive network of wrinkles—far more than those of an average Englishman. The truth is that, superior as they are to many of the 'changes and chances of this mortal world,' they, too, have their weak points, and vanities of their own, about which they are touchy as other people. It is their wish on all occasions to seem oracular, to be lawgivers, to impress you with the profundity of their

learning, to give the idea that they know a great deal more than they choose to say—to make up for the paucity of their observations by accentuating their value. Thus on the slightest occasion they will elevate or depress their brow, and otherwise contort the features with a kind of measured emphasis. The wrinkling process resembles that of the dogmatic and self-important type of German; it is the very opposite to that theatrical adaptiveness which leaves the footprints of every emotion on the Zingar's face. Not indeed that the expression arrived at smacks by any means of Teutonic cantankerousness; it is rather a Spanish *Grandezza*—a stately condescending politeness—which converts every shopkeeper you converse with into a *Grand Seigneur!*

Of course in their manner of life and their way of conducting business there are traces enough of the numbing influences of fatalism. Though these Mahometan tradesmen are distinguished by their honesty, which, as everybody knows, is also the best policy, though they are favoured by belonging to the ruling caste, there is a want of enterprize among them which precludes them from favourably competing with the Christians. Almost all the larger businesses in the country are in Christian hands; the Mahometans are shopkeepers at most, not merchants—they are too stationary by temperament. Perhaps they indulge more than the rayahs in narcotics; it was woful to see the ghastly pallor of so many Turkish faces. Here and there in the course of our journey amusing features in Mahometan interiors bore witness of the *laissez-aller* spirit of the inmates. In the Konak at Tešanj was a writing-table made for no less a personage than the Kaïmakám, and it was put together

with bits of wood of uneven sizes, just as they came handy; and here, in the telegraph office at Travnik, was another—quite an elegant escritoir—but the whole spoilt and rendered ridiculous by a piece of wood of insufficient length being stuck in the middle, Providence having been pleased to place it in the way of the upholsterer. If a button comes off an official's coat, he never thinks of replacing it; and if a beast dies before a Bosniac's house, instead of removing it, or even burying it, he leaves it there to stink!

To-day we noticed a certain amount of positive manifestations, and those directed against ourselves. Many of the believers scowled as we passed, and one old fellow did me the distinguished honour of coming up and cursing me in the middle of the street. Once a Mahometan store-keeper positively refused to sell any of his wares to the Giaour—the Kaur, as the Bosniacs call him—and I should have been unable to procure the 'lumps of delight' which I affected, had not a Serb merchant, whose acquaintance I had made, come up and explained that I was neither a Russian, nor an Austrian, but an Englishman, on which the Turk relented at once. We were, however, more seriously annoyed by being followed wheresoever we went by a Zaptieh; and at last, unable to stand such persecution any longer, betook ourselves to the telegraph office to demand an explanation from our French-speaking friend.

'You see,' said he, 'he has orders from the prefect of police to follow you.'

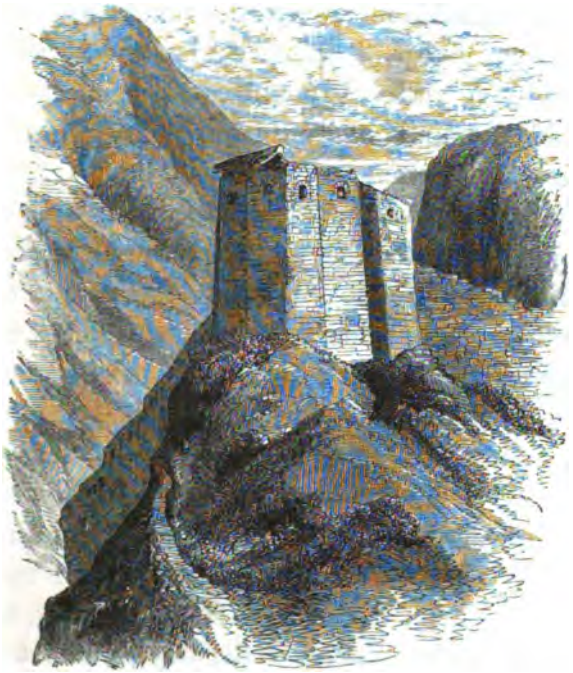
'To follow us! So he still takes us for spies, then?'

'Oh, that is not the reason! It is simply for your safety. You see we are in a very critical state: the

Mahometans here are very fanatical—they may rise against the Christians at any moment.' Had he said, as indeed was the case, that they were actually rising in the neighbouring town of Banjaluka—that the Christians of Bosnia had risen against the Turks—that the Turkish burghers had in places flown to arms in self-defence—that massacres were being perpetrated all along the Save—he would have put us more on our guard. As it was, by subsequently admitting that we were still suspected to be insurgent emissaries, he destroyed the effect of his previous warning, and left us as averse to having a Zaptieh clattering at our heels as we had been before. Perhaps, too, we were rather obtuse in not reading the signs of the times more clearly. During the whole day raw levies, not regulars, not redîf or reserve, but the old Bashi Bazouks, Mahometan volunteers dressed in the ordinary country costumes—the red turban and sash, loaded with antiquated pistols and *handshars* or short sword-knives—had been streaming into the town. Some of them were beating a diabolical tattoo on drums shaped like the bowls of spoons—quite in harmony with the savage aspect of the warriors. During the night we were frequently woke up by bugle-calls, and next morning the uproar had rather increased. We, however, knowing with what brotherly feelings the Bosniac Turks regarded Englishmen, felt no uneasiness on our own account. So that leaving L—— at the Han, I hesitated not to sally forth alone, unencumbered either with escort or a revolver, to sketch the old castle.

This, like the other old castles we have seen, belongs to the days of the Christian kingdom, and is in fact said to have been the work of Tvartko, the first King of Bos-

nia.[1] In form and general aspect it is very much the same as the Starigrads of Doboi and Tešanj. Like them it terminates at one angle in a polygonal tower; and like them, is more remarkable for its situation than the beauty of its architecture. It rises on a peninsular rock with ravines on every side, except where a low narrow neck connects it with the mountains, which dominate



Old Castle of King Tvartko at Travnik.

it so completely that it would be quite untenable at present, though the Turks seem still to use it as a kind of arsenal.

[1] The old name of Travnik appears to have been Herbosa. (See Farlato, *Illyricum Sacrum*, t. iv.) I notice a serious error in Dr. Spruner's *Historisch-Geographisches Hand-Atlas*, where Travnik is made identical with Bobovac, the old seat of Bosnian bans and kings, which is 40 miles to the west, near Vareš.

While I was drawing this venerable ruin I became unpleasantly conscious that a battery of some kind or other was opening a lively fire on me from the rear, and presently, a larger stone than usual whizzing past my head, I thought it high time to make a reconnaissance, and looking round perceived that the enemy chiefly consisted of a lad of about fourteen. Seeing me get up with no very amiable intentions, the urchin fell back on his reserves, a group of armed Turks, to whom I made unmistakeable signs that I should consider it a favour if they would restrain the enthusiasm of youthful Islám; and having thus given vent to my feelings I returned tranquilly to my drawing. Then it was that a well-aimed missile—judging by the sensation it produced, larger than any of its predecessors—hit me on the middle of the back; and this time, being thoroughly roused, I went for our young artilleryman in such earnest that he made for a neighbouring house, and slamming the door, disappeared from my indignant view. Whereat, being still in a very pretty temper, I knocked at the door with my stick, hoping at least to wreak vicarious vengeance on the rascal by means of his parents. While in vain attempting to gain an interview with the inmates, one of the group of Turks with whom the boy had first taken refuge came up and shouted to me 'Tursko! Tursko!' meaning that the boy being a Turk might throw as many stones as he liked at the cursed Giaour.

Finally, as neither knocking nor thumping made any impression on the door, and myself beginning to recover from this 'short madness,' I went back to my original station, and was putting a few finishing touches to my sketch, when the door of refuge opened; the lad, accom-

panied by two armed Turks—one on either side—issued forth, and the three swaggered up to me to insult the dog of a Christian at their leisure.

This was more than mortal patience could stand. I got up, and, disregarding the menaces of the two self-constituted guardians, who, seeing that I meditated some act of personal chastisement on their protégé, shouted 'Tursko! Tursko!' 'He's a Turk! he's a Turk!' in tone as if they would bid me lick the dust off the urchin's feet, I simply said 'Inglese!'[1] 'I'm an Englishman!' and gave the stripling a good hearty box on the ears. The rage of the Turks knew no bounds. For a moment they recoiled a few paces as if struck dumb with amazement; then, with a look of fury, one of them drew his sword-knife and was making at me, but before he had time to disentangle it from his sash or its sheath, I was on him with my stick—happily a good heavy one—and the coward let go his *handshar* and took to his heels. The other Turk, who was beginning to draw his weapon, imitated the example of his mate; the boy ran off in another direction, and I was left in possession of the field. As, however, I was not prepared to withstand all Travnik in arms, and as it seemed possible that this spark might serve to kindle that conflagration of fanaticism which the official had warned us was imminent, I profited by the impression I had made to retreat in good order to our Han, where were my reserves and munitions; and with L—— once more by my side, and our revolvers in our hands, felt more at ease. Meanwhile there was an ominous hum in the town, and it was perhaps fortunate that a Zaptieh shortly arrived to escort us in the other

[1] It is curious that the Italian word should pass current in Bosnia.

direction to the Prefect of Police, as our French interpreter styled him, who demanded our immediate attendance.

On our way we passed through a kind of *Champ de Mars*, with a row of light field-pieces glittering in the sunshine, and swarming with a motley array of those organized brigands, the Bashi Bazouks. Drums were beating, trumpets were sounding, a Tartar messenger in his long coat was riding up post haste to the Konak, and large crowds of citizens were assembled to see a body of these Mahometan volunteers march out of the town for Banjaluka. It was becoming more and more unintelligible to us why troops against Herzegóvinan insurgents should be wanted there, and the real truth that we were in for a Bosnian insurrection was beginning to dawn upon us.

These suspicions were confirmed by the official who had 'wanted' us. After re-inspecting our *bujuruldu*, he informed us, by means of an Italian interpreter, that we were on no account to go to Foinica (where was another Franciscan monastery), as we intended; that a Zaptieh was attached to us, and an Arabà provided to take us straight to Serajevo. So there was nothing for it but to start as if we acquiesced in the arrangement, without, however, in the least relinquishing our intentions. To the last we were taken (so it turned out) for Austrian emissaries, and it was thought desirable to prevent us from holding any communication with the Roman Catholic monks of Foinica.

So we started on our way, ostensibly bound for Serajevo, in a covered waggon, escorted by a Zaptieh, and left Travnik unmolested. The four hours' jolt to Busovac, where we were to sleep, gave us sufficient experi-

ence of what a Turkish high-road can be. To cross a bridge is like driving over a row of fallen trunks with the additional pleasing uncertainty as to whether or not the whole would give way and let us down into the stream below. As to the water-culverts over the lesser brooks, they were almost always broken in, but the horses were equal to the occasion, and always succeeded in jumping the cart over—which itself was springless. At one part we came to a newly-made piece of road, and this was like passing over a succession of heaps of unbroken stones. A precipice yawned at one side, and another cliff rose sheer above us on the other, so that when in the middle of this strait we came upon a monster waggon which had foundered in the vain attempt to make use of the new piece of road, and had taken root as it seemed among large blocks of rock, a serious stoppage occurred; and it was not till after a considerable delay that all the pushing and pulling and levering of our horses, ourselves, our driver, our Zaptieh, and the crew of the foundered waggon, could extricate our cart—which here performed the most extraordinary antics.

But here we are safe at our destination at last; nor are we sorry to have arrived, for our Zaptieh has shown unmistakeable signs of insubordination. Once, to our great indignation, he swooped on some unfortunate rayahs, and before we had time to prevent it, 'requisitioned' them of some bread, for which, to the great surprise of all parties, we paid, as the quickest way out of the difficulty; besides this, our escort and driver thought themselves privileged to drink raki at our expense at every Han they came to, till we took effectual means to disabuse them of the notion that *we* were going to pay for it!

The country we have been passing through is not so rich as the Possávina and the lower vale of Bosna; the crops generally were poor, the mountains were covered with less stately forest growth, and indeed out of the valleys the trees here became quite scrubby. Thus there is a comparative want of softness about the mountain scenery; the conical limestone hills, with their scrubby overgrowth, looking like frozen folds of green drapery, Dureresque in its stiffness and angularity.

Busovac, where we are stopping for the night, is a village of about 700 inhabitants, with a couple of mosques rising among low houses, each in its little enclosure with the shed for kukurutz, the small dwelling-house, the square hearth and fire-dogs, all as in Slavonia and Croatia, but on a smaller scale. Hearing that there was a Roman Catholic chapel here, we asked to be allowed to see it, and were conducted by the priest through some back-yards and houses to a small shed, where a plain room was fitted up with an altar, a few crucifixes, and pictures. The priest conversed with us in Latin; he also knew a smattering of German. He was inclined to do full justice to the tolerance of the Turks, who, he said, did not molest the Latin Christians here in any way.

We entered our Han—which is a fair sample of the ordinary house of the better-off Mahometans in Bosnia—by an archway on either side of which are the stables and abode of menials, and found ourselves in a court (a garden in private houses) from which we ascended by an out-door staircase to the Divanhané, a gallery running the whole length of the house and overlooking the yard or garden, but secured from view by a lattice. In the middle of this a kind of transept runs out to the front of the

house with a bay overlooking the street, and this recess is spread with mats and cushions for the usual mid-day siesta. On either side of this central hall are the rooms with doors opening on to the gallery. We found ours fairly clean, our Hanjia obliging, and altogether fared very well. Our repast consisted of a soup compounded of milk and rice, very fine trout, a chicken very well roasted, and succeeded by kaimak[1] with little bits of sugar floating in it—all excellent; so that it is possible to *dine* even in Bosnia.

Next morning we discovered to our sincere pleasure that our Zaptieh had levanted, so that we had less difficulty than we anticipated in adhering to our original itinerary and defying the Travnik authorities. We drove a few miles further on the Serajevo road in our waggon, and then, stopping at a roadside Han, informed our driver that we had no further need of his services. He seemed at first considerably taken aback at this *coup*, but as we gave him all that was his due had he carried us to the capital, we left him well satisfied. Our next care was to secure a guide over the mountains to Foinica, nor were we long in finding a peasant willing to conduct us. He only asked us to excuse him a few minutes, and presently returned with a serviceable cutlass—rather an ominous beginning to our mountain journey! Our way ran along a gradually ascending footpath winding over the undulations of the Zahorina Planina, and through beechy defiles—the trees not indeed so fine as those of Troghìr and Mazulia Planina, but very beautiful. The flowers and ferns were much the same as we had seen before, but the beech-fern now for the first time became plentiful, and so

[1] See p. 118.

surpassing rich were the tufts of male fern that we seemed to be passing through a gigantic fernery. Now and then we emerged on glades and a few scattered fields, with huts surrounded by fruit-trees, and there were plenty of wild walnut-trees on the mountain itself.

As we ascended the main ridge we detected the first sign of the wealth stored up in the bowels of the mountain, from the mineral taste of the springs; and as we began to descend the southern slopes, the same cause seemed to blight the growth of beech and oak, and in some parts the mountain-side showed bare, while streaks of mica rock glittered like silver in the sunshine. The soil itself from a pale brown took rich ochreous hues, so that the range was not without its golden streaks as well. Here and there our path was strewn with bits of crystalline quartz, and we picked up pieces of iron, lead, and even—we believe—silver ore; and here and there fragments of noble crystals. At the summit our guide had left us, and a steep and rough descent brought us to the village of Foinica.

On our way down we passed some sooty-looking blacksmiths, and a mule laden with their stock-in-trade—theirs being the chief industry of the village. We crossed a bridge over a stream, and were threading our way along one of the narrow lanes of Foinica, when a hue and cry was raised behind us, of which at first we took no notice—on principle—till the sound of hurried footsteps close behind us told us that the demonstration, of whatever kind it was, could no longer be conveniently ignored; and looking round, we discovered a Zaptieh making after us, and flourishing a pistol in a warlike manner. Then it was that we drew forth our magic pass, and there being

someone by who could read it—an extraordinary occurrence—we were allowed to proceed on our way. As, however, we were attempting to ascend to the monastery, a barrack-like pile perched on a rocky platform above the town, another Zaptieh stopped us and bade us accompany him to the Konak, where we found a man who spoke Italian, and after a long preliminary 'interviewing' were told that the Kaïmakàm[1] desired to see us.

So we were conducted some way off to a garden by the stream, where we took his dignity at a disadvantage, for he was engaged, when we appeared on the scene, in the presumably unofficial act of dabbling in the shallow water, and was in a decided state of dishabille. However, he emerged on to terra firma, not the least disconcerted; and having, with due circumspection, arrayed himself in his dressing-gown and slippers, advanced towards us with undiminished grandeur, and went through the saluting process as if neither he nor ourselves had been conscious of each other's presence till that moment. Then, bidding us take our seat upon mats spread upon the grass in the shade of a spreading pear-tree, he treated us to cigarettes and questioned us, by means of the Italian interpreter, as to the objects of our travelling and the places we had been to. While this was going on, several more Turks equally dignified made their appearance, arrayed in the long gowns of undress. These turned out to be the Mudìr, the Kadi, and the Imaum, each of whom went through the usual *temena*, or greeting, by touching in turn his head, mouth, and bosom, thereby intimating, in the majestic symbolism of the East, that in thoughts,

[1] Of what place I am uncertain. He was only visiting Foinica, which itself does not possess so exalted a functionary.

words, and heart, he was equally loyal to us. From the subsequent arrival of a *tepsia*, several mysterious covers, and a roast lamb spitted in the usual way, we perceived that we were intruding on a pic-nic *à la Turque*, and accordingly expressed our desire of adjourning to the monastery, whither the Italian-speaking Effendi was dispatched to conduct us, the Kaïmakàm having first given orders that we should be provided with an arabà for our onward journey. The Kaïmakàm had previously asked us whether we were Romanists or Protestants, possibly not wishing us in the former case to have an opportunity of conversing with co-religionists.

Climbing up to the rocky height on which the monastery stood, we found ourselves in another cloistered court, not unlike what we had seen at Gučiagora. Outside was an old foliated cross, much the same as that which we had noticed at the other monastery, and dating, according to the monks, three hundred years back; but the buildings themselves were almost entirely of the present century. Inside the court we knocked at a door labelled in gold letters 'Clausura;' but no one opened it. Presently, however, a monk sauntered up from another direction, evidently to reconnoitre who the strangers might be before letting them into the sanctum—in troubled times a not unnecessary precaution. Seeing a Mahometan official with us he at once became, as the French say, *boutonné*; protested that there was nothing within worth our inspection; and when we told him our reason for visiting the monastery, which was to see the curious old Bosnian monuments contained there, went so far as to deny that any such existed.

We were beginning to despair of gaining admittance

after this, and should probably have gone away without seeing the most interesting antiquity, perhaps, in the whole of Bosnia—the book, namely, of the Old Christian Nobility, as it existed before the conquest—had it not been for our old friend *the Major*. In his official capacity Major Roskiević had obtained admission to this monastery. As an Austrian and a good Catholic, he had disarmed the suspicions of the monks, and had been admitted to a sight of their invaluable treasure. The Major, though as a rule he does not trouble himself about antiquities, had engraved one of the old designs illuminated in the book, —the armorial bearings, namely, of the old kings of Bosnia; and as I happened to have copied and duly coloured this as an appropriate device for the outside of my note-book, and possible credentials to Bosniac Christians, I took it out of my pocket and, as a last resource, held it up to the monk.

It proved an 'open sesamé' indeed! The monk, who thoroughly believed that no soul outside the monastic walls knew of the existence of the Book of Arms, much less that anyone possessed a facsimile of any of its illuminations, was visibly taken aback. The change that passed over his whole demeanour was most amusing. He no longer attempted to deny that the book we sought existed within, and was now as ready to welcome us inside as he had been to keep us out. Another monk, who had come up during the conversation, which was held in Latin, went off to consult the Prior of the monastery, and there was something of the 'Arabian Nights' in the way in which the 'Clausura' door flew open, and a saintly vision of the Superior of the fraternity himself appeared above, beckoning us upstairs.

We were now ushered into a guest-room of much the same kind as at Gučiagora, and were treated with coffee and Bosnian wine in the same hospitable way, while the Prior and several of the brothers clustered round, and we conversed in German and Latin on our own travels, and the history and prospects of the country; the monks betraying that of the present state of affairs they knew more than they chose to tell. Presently, to our no small delight, the Prior went to an old chest, and unlocking it, brought out the old Book of Arms. It was enclosed in a worn vellum cover, and at the beginning was a Bosnian inscription, written in old Serbian characters, which, Englished, ran as follows:—

'The Book of Arms of the Nobility of Bosnia or Illyria, and Serbia, together set forth by Stanislaus Rubčić, priest, to the glory of Stephen Némanja, Czar of the Serbs and Bosnians. In the year 1340.'[1]

Thus it was a monument of that most interesting moment in Bosnian history when, for a while, she formed part of that greater empire of the Némanjas, which seemed about to weld all the scattered Serbian populations between the Ægean, the Danube, and the Adriatic into one great State. It must not, however, be thought that this M.S. itself dated back to the times of Czar Dūshan. The most cursory glance was sufficient to convince me that the book, in its present state, was a later copy. The designs were still mediæval, but the painting belonged to a period when the art of illuminating was almost dead. They were executed, not on parchment, as doubtless the origi-

[1] In the original Bosnian, as written into Latin characters for me by one of the monks, it ran—Rodoslovje Bosanskoga aliti Iliričkoga, i Srbskoga vladanja zai edno postavlieno po Stanislaú Rubčiću popu, na slavu Stipana Nemanjicu, Cara Srblienak Bosniakak. (1340.)

nal, but on paper, which, however, was without any water-mark, and in places so polished by fingering as to look like vellum. The copyist, moreover, had left his mark in several mis-spelt and bungled words. That it was the original, as the monks asserted, cannot therefore for a moment be maintained, but I have no wish to deny that it was written previous to the Turkish conquest; and I warn any who may harbour such a wish that they have to reckon with Apostolic authority. At the beginning of the book is a short Latin note dated 1800, in which Gregorius, Episcopus Ruspensis, and Vicar Apostolic of Bosnia, certifies 'that this codex has from time immemorial, namely, from the captivity of the kingdom of Bosnia, been zealously preserved by the reverend Franciscan brothers of the family of Foinica.'[1]

Upon the first page was blazoned the Queen of Heaven with the Child on her knees, seated on a golden half-moon. St. Mary was in the middle ages the tutelary goddess of Bosnia, and the crescent is the chosen emblem of Illyria. Next followed a picture of a saint attended by a lion, and intended, if the monks informed us rightly, to represent St. Martin.[2] This was succeeded by two saints beneath a cross, one of them holding a branch; these were Saints Cosmas and Damian, the doughty patrons of the Némanjas whose effigies are still traceable among the rich frescoes of their chosen shrines.[3]

[1] Hunc codicem ab immemorabili tempore, nempe a captivitate Regni Bosniæ, studiose conservatum esse a Reverendis Fratribus Franciscanis Familiæ Foinicensis.

[2] Query, a monastic error for St. Mark.

[3] I refer to the Church of *Giurgevi Stúpovi*, whose dome still rises on a hill above Novi-Pazar. A description of it will be found in '*Travels through the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe*,' by G. Muir Mackenzie and A. P. Irby. London, 1866, p. 309.

This, therefore, formed a fitting preface to the armorial bearings of the great Serbian Czar himself. Above the shield appeared a crowned helmet, whose crest was the double-headed eagle of empire, supporting another rayed crown. On either side were two other casques, each crested with two lions, I take it, from a Macedonian den, crowned and guardant. The shield itself was divided into eleven compartments; in the centre re-appeared the double eagle of the Némanjas, argent on a field gules, and round this were quartered the arms of all the provinces of his empire. Here was the red, crowned lion of Macedonia (this alone appeared in two quarters;) the Moorish trophies of Bosnia; the Slavonian leash of hounds; the three bearded kings of Dalmatia; the chequers, gules and argent of Croatia; the rampant lion of Bulgaria; the Servian battle-axes; the three horse-shoes of Rascia; the armour-cased arm of Primorie, holding aloft her sable scimetar.

The original of this comprehensive escutcheon was devised fifteen years before Czar Dūshan marched with such sanguine hopes to seize Byzantium; and already we see him claiming sway over a territory which embraces the southern provinces of modern Austria, and the greater part of Turkey-in-Europe. The Eastern question was nearer a felicitous solution then than it ever has been since! Had Dūshan found a successor worthy to support his shield, or to wear the double-eagled casque, in all human probability the Turk would never have made good his footing in Europe, the dotard Greeklings of Byzantium would have given place to a youthful power capable of acting as the champion of Christendom and of competing successfully with the civilization of the West; and the

different destiny of these Sclavonic lands might nowhere have been more conspicuous than in this very valley—so rich in the mineral wealth of nature, so deficient in human industry! *Dis aliter placitum*; and were Czar Dūshan himself to return from the grave, he might well shrink from the attempt to form anew the Serbian empire; or if he attempted to cut the knot of complications by the sword, he would find himself opposed not only by Turkish scimetars, but more effectually by the ignoble jealousies of Christendom; and, in a last resort, by the arms of military monarchies, whose rulers prefer to have for neighbours decrepit infidels whom they can bully at their pleasure, to see a Christian State rise on their borders, which might some day form a healthy rival!

After the arms of Stephen Dūshan follow those of the various Illyrian provinces in detail, as being more immediately involved in this Armorial of Nobility. Illyria herself as a unity does not figure in the Czar's shield, but her crescent beneath a star of eight points follows, argent on a field gules. This design appears in the centre of the Bosnian arms; to betoken—so the monks assured us—that Bosnia is the heart of Illyria. One is at once struck with its general resemblance to the star and crescent of the Turks, though their star is at one side of the moon instead of above it. Indeed the presence of these emblems on the Bosnian arms has given rise to the erroneous idea that they were imposed by the Turks as a badge of suzerainty on their conquest of the country.[1]

[1] I find this erroneous theory put forth by the author of the *Spicilegium Observationum Historico-Geographicarum de Bosniæ Regno*,' Lug. Bat. 1736, p. 84. He supposes that this change must have taken place about 1463, when Mahomet subdued the Duchy of St. Sava, and quotes Varennes to the effect that the original arms of Bosnia were an arm of offence—Varennes

The monks, however, were undoubtedly right in referring the star and crescent on the Bosnian shield to her Illyrian connexions; and in fact, in the title at the beginning of the book, Bosnia and Illyria are made synonymous.

Besides the star and crescent, the Bosnian arms consisted of two crossed stakes, sable on ground or, each surmounted by the head of a Moorish king. These trophies appeared in the arms of several of the nobles contained in the volume, and recalled the long struggles of the Sea Serbs with the African corsairs. The early annals of Ragusa—or, as the Serbs call her, Dubrovnik, who often stood in peculiarly close relations with Bosnia, being practically her sea port and emporium—are much occupied with these Saracenic infestations, which extended along the whole Serbian coastland to Albania, and at one time desolated the Bocche di Cattaro. These trophies bear interesting witness to the deep impression left by those struggles on the national mind; but it is curious to find them on the shield of the inland kingdom,[1] rather than on that of Primorie, or Serbia-on-the-Sea.

Bosnian Armorial Bearings.

himself having mistaken the arms of Primorie for those of Bosnia. The Bosnian arms, however, appear to have changed. Thus, in a M.S. armorial in the Bodleian Library, the date of which seems to be about 1506, they are given as—Quarterly, first and fourth, gules, a crown or; second and third, azure, a heart argent. This may have been the arms of the *titulary* Kingdom of Bosnia, erected by Mathias when Upper Bosnia was in the hands of the Turks. Compare also the arms on the monumental slab of Queen Catharine of Bosnia.

[1] Risano, Castelnuovo, &c., on the Bocche di Cattaro, belonged, however, to Bosnia till King Tvartko ceded his immediate sovereignty over them to the Duke of St. Sava.

The scimetar of the Primorian arms seems to refer to these same struggles, and I cannot help suspecting that here is also to be found the true clue towards solving the mystery of the appearance of the star and crescent on the Illyrian escutcheon. The Moslems had early appropriated the old Byzantine half-moon,[1] and Richard Cœur de Lion, on returning from his wars in Palestine, added it as a Saracenic trophy to his royal seal. The moon and stars appear on the Irish coins of John. Nothing could have been more natural than for the Illyrian Serbs engaged in the long contests with the Saracen corsairs to have added this device to their shields for the same reason.

Following the escutcheons of the various Illyrian kingdoms come those of the nobility—there being no less than 126 families whose armorial bearings are blazoned in this book. How much is here to throw a light on the extension of Western ideas over the old Serbian area—how much to illustrate the national history, the national customs—aye, even the old Sclavonic mythology; how much to recall the origin of illustrious dynasties! I have spoken of the Némanjic ensigns; here, too, were the Castriotić, belonging to the family of Scanderbeg—again, a double-eagle, sable on or, and eagle crest to the helm—the arms of the royal house of Bosnia that was to be—the Tvartkoević shield semé of golden fleurs de lys. In many of the arms might be detected a curious play on words. The Kopiević arms, for example, has four lances, in allusion to

[1] 'There can be no doubt,' says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, 'that the crescent on the Turkish arms is an old Byzantine emblem copied by the Moslems on their invasion of the provinces of the empire.' It had been chosen of old, so the story goes, by Byzantium because she had been saved from a night attack of Philip by the moon coming out and revealing the approach of the enemy. See '*Dalmatia*,' &c. vol. ii. p. 184. The Osmanlis must have borrowed the device from their Saracenic predecessors.

the Bosnian word for a lance, *Kopje*. *Brzo* is the native word for 'quick,' and the device of the Barzoević family is a fish in water. More interesting still is the occasional cropping up of the heathen Sclavonic mythology—chiefly seen in the frequent appearance of *zmaje* or dragons, who play so important a part in Serbian folk lore; and—more fascinating than these fire drakes—the Vila herself appears on the shield of the Mergujavić—long-haired and devoid of raiment as in Serbian poetry: the guardian nymph of the race, holding aloft the eagle banner of empire.

The book appropriately concluded with a shield charged with the armorial bearings of the united Bosnian Nobility; and the monks, with an enthusiasm worthy of record, pointed out the motto—read by the light of after events, not without its pathos—SEMPER SPERO.

As this heraldic pageant passes before us—these knightly shields and helms, with their crests, supporters and accoutrements—the imagination is kindled to realize how these isolated regions fitted once into the polity of mediæval Europe. Here, too, in these barbarous neglected lands, the romantic brilliance of chivalry has once held sway. For a moment the Paynim surroundings are forgotten—we wake, and find ourselves still within the limits of Christendom militant. We hear the herald's trump. The barriers that to-day wall off Bosnia from the West sink at the potent blast like the towers of some Eastern magician. The names, the armorial bearings, recall the European cousin-hood of that hierarchy of birth. In due order among the escutcheons of Bosnian nobles appears the shield of the *Frangepani*; that of the Rusciević family reproduces the oriflamme of France: next in order,

by a curious coincidence, follows that of the Sestrićić, strewn with Tudor roses.[1] Perhaps it would be impossible for any other monument to recall more vividly than this Book of Arms, at once the futile dreams of Serbian empire, the wreck of Bosnian kingship, and that dastardly abjuration by her nobles of country and belief.

Or what fitter repository for such a monument than this Minorite monastery? Here, perhaps, better than anywhere else, one perceives how it is among these Franciscan brotherhoods that the traditions of the old Bosnian kingdom most live on. The genealogic lore evinced by the monks with regard to the old nobility was quite surprising to us; they seemed to have the pedigrees by heart; they betrayed sources of information not open to the outside world. To understand how this happens one need only call to mind that the royal race and magnates were in fact but a Roman Catholic minority, holding sway, for the most part, over Greeks and heretics, and that next after the Magyar battle-axe, their mainstay lay in the influence and organisation of these very monks. Thus it befell that, when the crash came, these Franciscan brotherhoods emerged, the only stable remnant from the wreck of the old *régime*. It was in their cloisters that the surviving supporters of Bosnian loyalty rallied; and those who in that supreme moment of national prostration would neither fly nor play the renegade found safety in the bosom of the Church. The monks confided to us that two of the noble families of Bosnia were still represented in the fraternity—the Aloupović and Radieljević.

Others, without actually taking the cowl, seemed to

[1] Of course it is not meant to connect either family with the royal races of France or England.

have found retirement from generation to generation, under shadow, as it were, of the monastery. In the village of Foinica below, a poor rayah family perpetuates the noble race of Kristić; and—more interesting still—the Christian inmates of another Foinican hovel still exult in the royal name of Tvrdkoiević, and preserve the lineage of those Bosnian kings whose mighty castles we have seen at Doboj, Tešanj, and Travnik.

The Franciscans were, in fact, put forward to make terms for Catholic Bosnia with the conqueror; and it was the head of this Foinica brotherhood, Angelo Zvizdović, who took the lead; and advancing like a new Leo to the camp of the terrible Sultan, gained from Mahomet II., on the field of Milodraz in 1463, the great charter of the Franciscans. This was the *Atname*.[1] The Sultan, in this firman, orders that no one shall in any way molest the Bosnian brothers, either in their person, or their property, or their churches; that those who have fled the realm may return, and that the brothers may bring any person they choose from foreign parts into the country. 'And I swear by the great God, the creator of heaven and earth, by the seven books, by the great prophets, by the 124,000 prophets, and by the sabre which I wear, that no one shall act counter to these commands so long as these monks do my bidding and are obedient to my service.'

Nor need it surprise us that it was to Foinica that Roman and aristocratic Bosnia turned in the hour of need. The local history of the district is bound up with that of the old kings and nobles. Foinica was originally

[1] This is given by Thoemmel, '*Vilayet Bosnien*,' p. 92, from whom I take its substance.

a royal domain, and this monastery of the 'Holy Spirit' (Svéta Duša) in all probability owes its origin to the piety of the kings, whose usual residence, Sutiska, was not far off. From the royal race of the Tvartkos it passed to one of the noblest of the noble families whose shields we have been surveying; to that, namely, of Mergnjavić, —they of the *Vila* crest. The hereditary possessions of this house lay at Naissus (Nissa) in Serbia; and coming from the birthplace of Constantine, they modestly traced their descent from the fourth king of Rome! After the Turkish conquest of Bosnia, some members of this family fled, or as they doubtless put it to themselves, *returned*, to the Eternal City. Here one of its scions, a certain John Tomko, published in 1632 the family archives—'The Proofs of the Antiquity and Nobility of the *Marcian* Family, vulgarly known as Marnavić.'[1] Thus we possess, in Latin translations, some of the original deeds by which Foinica was given and confirmed to this *Marcia gens*; and as they are, I suppose, the only documents of the kind relating to Bosnia which have been preserved, I may be permitted to allude to them.

The first grant is by King Stephen Dabiscia, otherwise known as Tvartko II., to Goiko Mergnjavić. 'Seeing that when Bajazet with the Turks came and stood in 'Naglasinci,'[2] and destroyed Bosnia, then came Goiko Mergnjavić and helped us to slay the Turks. And I, King Dabiscia, was with all the province of Bosnia, and with

[1] Indicia vetustatis et nobilitatis familiæ Marciæ vulgo Marnavitzæ, Nissensis. Per Joannem Tomkum ejusdem generis collecta. Romæ typ. Vat. 1632. Whether this book is still attainable I know not; its contents are copied as curious by Balthasar Kerselich in the seventeenth century. See *De Regnis Dalmatiæ*, &c. p. 295, *et seq.*

[2] 'In Naglasincis:' query—Nevesinje, near Mostar.

the Bosnians : and I acted in full council with all the province of the Bosnian realm, and gave and presented, and confirmed to Goiko Mergnjavić, Foinica, and the plain of Godalie in the territory of Imoteschi, both to him and his heirs, and his latest posterity for ever. Amen.'[1] The original of this was in the old Cyrillian or Illyrian characters and in the Bosnian tongue.[2]

This grant appears to have been renewed or confirmed to another Mergniavić, in consideration of services equally distinguished, by King Tvartko III. The second grant, like the other, originally written in the native language, runs as follows:—

'We, Stephen Tvartko Tvartkoević, King of Serbia, Bosnia, Primorie, Dalmatia, of the Western part of Lower Croatia, of Ussora, Sala, Podrinia, &c., with the consent of the realm, and according to the custom of the magnates of every grade, to the Prince John Mergnjavić, of Nissa, for the faithful services he rendered us in our need, when Murat (Amurath), the Turkish Czar, was wroth with us and wasted our dominions; for that then the said John Mergnjavić of Nissa went to the Porte, not sparing his own head for our sake, and found grace for us before the Czar, and rid our realm from his host; we, therefore, grant to him his own portion at Nissa, and Zvornik, and Nissava, and in the realm of Bosnia the country of Foinica,[3]

[1] Dedi et donavi et descripsi Goico Marnaitio, Voinicum et Godaliensem Campum in Imoteschio territorio propo Possussinam, et illi et illius posteritati, et postremæ posteritati in sæcula sæculorum. Amen. Posuje, near Imoschi, seems to be the 'Possussina in territorio Imoteschio.'

[2] It was translated into Latin in 1629, and witnessed by the Pope. To avoid fraud two translations of the original document were prepared, one by the interested Tomko, and the other by a certain Father Methodius Terlecki.

[3] *In Kerselich* 'Pagus Huonice,' a misprint for Foinicæ.

and the land under Thum. And it is our will that this be not taken away from him for any breach of fealty which shall not first have been examined by the Bosnians and the Bosnian Church.' As witnesses appear the Starosts (elders) of the kingdom, the Palatine with his brothers, the Župan Drina Driničić, the other palatines and Princes, and the Aulic marshal of the court. The whole is 'written by the scribe Radoslav, Aulic of the great and glorious lord King Tvartko, in his residential seat of Sutiska, in the year 1426.'

To this was appended the great seal of King Tvartko, attached by red silk: on one side appeared the king seated on the throne of majesty crowned and sceptred; on the other as a knight on horseback, holding shield and lance.

When in 1448 the great Hungarian general, John Hunyadi, defeated by Sultan Amurath on the ill-omened field of Kossovo, was seized in his flight by George, Despot of Serbia, and imprisoned in the fortress of Semendria, he owed his deliverance to another scion of the race, George Mergnjavić, perpetual Count of Zvornik and lord of Foinica, who hurried to his relief with a strong body of troops collected from his territories; and a deed in which Hunyadi confirms this George in his possession bears witness to his gratitude. George Mergnjavić is succeeded by his nephew Tomko, who, besides being lord of Foinica, appears in the deed in which Hunyadi, and Ladislaus king of Hungary, confirm his titles, to be 'Chief Voivode of the Kingdom of Bosnia.' The last donation to the 'Marcian' family is from Mathias Corvinus, who in 1460, six years after the overthrow of the Bosnian kingdom by the Turks, confirms to Tomko

Mergnjavić, Magnificent Count of Zvornik, lord of Foinica, and Starost of the kingdom of Rascia, his 'mills, mines, vineyards, fishpools, and weirs' (aquarum decursus), of which the Ban of Slavonia was attempting to deprive him.

But we must attend to the lords of modern Foinica! A Zaptieh brings a message from the Kaïmakàm to say that he and the Kadi are about to drive to Kisseljak, our own destination, and to offer us a lift in one of their carriages; so, being for many reasons anxious to push on, we declined the pressing invitation of the monks to dine and pass the night with them, and descending once more to the village found an arabà waiting for us outside a Han, where we had ordered some eatables. The arabà—an ordinary country waggon, only provided with a better harness—belonged to the Kadi, but the Kaïmakàm had taken him into his carriage—a more sumptuous equipage—in order to provide room for us. We started therefore under good auspices, these two functionaries acting as our vanguard. Nor did the courtesy of the Turks stop here, for they had given our driver a supply of rosy apples and a sweet red-fleshed melon wherewith to serve us at intervals during the drive. About halfway down the Foinica valley our cortège stopped at a little roadside Han, where the Kaïmakàm motioned us to sit down by him on an open-air divan, canopied by shady branches and overhanging the stream; and while he treated us to coffee and water-melon both he and our Kadi reaped a quiet enjoyment by extending their hospitality to some fishes below.

The pebbles in the bed of the stream are stained of a rich brown and orange with the iron ore in which the

valley abounds. On the flanks of the mountains, on either side, might here and there be detected huge scars and traces of old excavations. These are the mines of gold and silver worked of old by the Romans, and later on by the Ragusans, but now untouched. We are in the very midst of the mineral treasury of Bosnia. This vale of Foinica contains, besides these precious metals, lead ore, arsenic, quarries (unworked) of slate; and in a tributary gorge which we had seen running south-east, cinnabar, rich in quicksilver.[1] A little lower down, just where the Foinica stream runs into the Lepenica, the valley opened out considerably and formed an alluvial plain. Here and there among the stunted vegetation a column of blue smoke marked out a rude forge, where a little iron, the only metal exploited, is smelted to be converted into shovels, horse-shoes, and sundry tools and weapons for Bosnian home consumption. A few miles further down the Lepenica debouches into the valley of the Bosna, which is described as one vast coal-field.

Were we, one kept asking oneself, passing through what some day may become one of the Black Countries of Europe? Would, as the world grew older, something of the tremendous energy of our Midlands burst forth upon this stagnant valley—blasting, boring, blackening, metamorphosing its every feature? Mountains rose around us overgrown with primeval forest—habitations were few and far between. What there were, were miserable hovels—each in its mangy patch of maize—more ruinous than any we remembered having seen in Bosnia. It was hard to transform such into the busy streets of a great city—the silence of the woods seemed too inveterate

[1] At the village of Dušina.

to be ever broken by the crash of a steam-hammer. The hornpipe performed by our waggon, over what the Turks were pleased to call a road, was a positive relief to such desolation; and yet what stretch of imagination could convert it into an iron-way, or our ambling Bosnian pony into a locomotive? We seemed, however, to detect one little omen of the future, and accepted the augury: at one spot the foliage of some neighbouring beech-trees had been browned away prematurely by the fumes of a primitive forge.

And why, it will reasonably be asked, is all this mineral wealth allowed to rust in the bosom of mother earth? Are there not miners in plenty who go further afield than Bosnia in search for precious metals? Yes. But in Australia, even in California, there is something like civilized government. There are railways—there are roads; those in authority do not look upon the successful digger as their natural prey. They are, at any rate, too canny to kill the goose with the golden egg.

But here, not only are there natural obstacles serious in any country, but before any mining can be set on foot a long stretch of road must first be made, to be kept up at the expense of the projectors: add to this, that even when an avenue to one of the highways of the country is thus opened out, it will probably be found impossible to conduct traffic of any magnitude along them; and that there is scarcely a bridge in the country which would support the weight of a heavy load of ores.

But even were these obstacles overcome, there are others of a political nature fatal at the very outset to such enterprises. To take a single instance. Over the hills to the south-east of Foinica, near the Franciscan

monastery of Kreševo, are veins of cinnabar and quicksilver, which have been estimated to be as rich as any in Europe. So rich in fact are they, that a German company were tempted to believe that, despite the expenses of preliminary road-making and outlay of another kind, it might pay to work them. But a concession must first be obtained at Stamboul, and nothing can be obtained at that sink of all human corruption without copious bribery. The company began in good spirits; they made first one 'present' and then another; but months passed, the demands of the Sultan's 'advisers' grew more and more exorbitant, and the prospect of obtaining the required permission more remote, till seeing themselves in a fair way to be ruined before they could begin, they gave up their enterprise as hopeless. Precisely the same causes have prevented the working of the vast coal measures of the Bosna!

There is one remarkable phenomenon in connection with these ore-bearing districts, which must strike anyone who examines the distribution of population in Bosnia; and that is, that these former centres of mining activity are at the present day the strongholds of the Roman Catholic population of the country.

Can it be merely accidental that three of the chief Roman Catholic monasteries in the country—Foinica, Kreševo, and Sutiska—are each placed in the very focus of the richest mineral areas in the province?[1]

[1] Gučiagora, which is the centre of another Roman Catholic district, may be added to these. The waters of the Lašva, which runs through this neighbourhood, contain gold, for which its sands were formerly washed. But I noticed another trace of *Ragusan* mining influence in the name of the spur of Mt. Vlašić, which overlooks the monastery. This is called *Mt. Mossor*, a name given in the Dalmatian coast-lands to mountains where gold

No, surely, it is not fortuitous. It is rather the result of a chain of causes, reaching far back into the past, and which, if I read them rightly, are explanatory of much that is most characteristic and least intelligible in Bosnian history. Stated baldly, I cannot doubt that the presence of the Catholic population and their monastic seats in the mining districts of Bosnia is ultimately due to the Roman conquest, or—if we may single out a man—to Q. Asinius Pollio.

> 'Cui laurus æternos honores
> Delmatico peperit triumpho.'

There seems no good reason for doubting that many of these deserted mines, such as those that scar the mountain sides about Foinica, were the work of Roman miners. A Roman road, for example, has been traced almost to the western foot of this range, connecting it with Dalmatia. In the time of the Romans no less than 50lbs. of gold was turned out daily by these Illyrian miners and dispatched to Rome by the Provost of the Dalmatian treasury[1] at Salona.

When the Nations possessed themselves of the Western Empire, Epidaurus and the Dalmatian cities still continued to be islands of pure *Romanity*; and besides their Roman municipal institutions and their ecclesiastical connection with Rome, these cities may also have preserved some record of these inland deposits of precious metals, and some knowledge of where to look for them. This, at least, is certain, that when the Epidauran republic lived again at Ragusa, her sons sought out the vestiges of the

existed, and which will recall the Mossor that rises above Almissa in Dalmatia. The derivation is simply '*Mons Auri*'—the gold mountain.

[1] Præpositus Thesaurorum Dalmatinorum.

older Roman mines of Illyria, and opened them out anew, so that the former scenes of Roman industry became the chief commercial centres in these barbarous lands. Nor would Ragusa fail to play her allotted part of interpreter between Rome and the southern Sclaves. It is not to be wondered at that in these neighbourhoods Christianity of a purely Roman character should have taken root; and in the days of heresy this connection with Catholic Ragusa would perpetually keep alive influences favourable to the Church.

We can well understand that the superior civilization and wealth of these mining districts would react on the indigenous nobility. Doubtless many noble families actually owed their position to wealth acquired from a mine opened on their lands by these enterprising traders. Many would naturally draw round these small civilized centres. To this Ragusan influence I would therefore refer, not only the peculiarly Roman Catholic character of the population of these mining districts, but also much of the Roman sympathies of the ruling caste. Thus it is not only the Roman Catholic monasteries that are found in connection with the scenes of old Ragusan activity, but also the favourite residences of the Bosnian kings; so that in the neighbourhood of the chief Ragusan castle and trading settlement—called Dubrovnik, after the Sclavonic name of the mother city—rose both the monastery of Sutiska, and the old town of Bobovac, where the Tvartkos once sate in majesty. They are over the hills, to the north-east of Foinica.

Nor is this far-reaching concatenation of causes and effects without its bearings on the future as well.

If in the course of time Bosnia should enter once

more into the civilized system of Europe—if these now unused mines were to be opened out anew, it must be evident that such an industrial development would once more place the chief wealth, and therefore the chief influence, in the country in the hands of the Roman Catholic minority: in other words, in the hands of the only portion of the inhabitants who at the present day still treasure the memories[1] of the old Bosnian kingdom.

But we are entering Kisseljak, and stop at what is unquestionably the best hotel in Bosnia, and where, for the first time since we had been in the country, we obtained—beds! Kisseljak is in fact the fashionable Bosnian Spa. Just outside our hostelry, under a kiosque, bubble up the waters celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the land. 'In taste,' as L—— remarked, 'it is like flat seltzer-water with a *soupçon* of flat-irons.' Mixed, however, with red Coinica wine, it becomes a livelier, and as we thought, a very agreeable beverage. It is said to be very good for complaints of stomach and liver; and quite a colony had collected in the neighbourhood of the sources, not only to drink the waters, but to bathe in them—certain sheds containing wooden baths being built for the latter purpose. The wealthier people, who were chiefly Spanish-speaking Jews from Serajevo, were lodged at the almost European hotels; the other ranks of society sheltering themselves, according to their means, in humbler abodes, and the poorest of all camping about the valley like gypsies.

[1] The Serbs or members of the Greek Church are most imbued with *patriotic* ideas, it is true; but these aim rather at a re-establishment of a Serbian Empire, or a Democratic government of some kind, with, or without, a princely figure-head. The *Provincially* historic party are the Roman Catholics, or rather their instructors, the monks.

It was while drinking the waters that we first became the recipients of tidings which, in our then position, might be considered somewhat sensational, which were calculated to cast a new light on some of our recent experiences, and which may fitly open a new chapter of our pilgrimage.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PANIC IN SERAJEVO.

Outbreak of the Insurrection in Bosnia—Roadside Precautions against Brigands—Panorama of Serajevsko Polje—Roman Bas-relief of Cupid—Roman Remains in Bosnia—*Banja* and *Balnea*—'The Damascus of the North': first Sight of Serajevo—Her History and Municipal Government—Fall of the Janissaries—Dangerous Spirit of the Mahometan Population of Serajevo—Outbreak of Moslem Fanaticism here on building of the new Serbian Cathedral—We enter the City through smouldering Ruins—Hospitable Reception at English Consulate—Great Fire in Serajevo—Consternation of the Pashà—Panic among the Christians—Missionaries of Culture: two English Ladies—Causes of the Insurrection in Bosnia: the Tax-farmers: Rayahs tortured by Turks—'Smoking'—The Outbreak in Lower Bosnia—Paralysis of the Government, and Mahometan Counter-Revolution—Conjuration of leading Fanatics in the Great Mosque—We are accused before the Pashà by forty Turks—Consular Protection—The Fanariote Metropolitan and Bishops of Bosnia—Their boundless Rapacity, and Oppression of the Rayah—A Bosnian Bath—Mosques and Cloth-hall of Serajevo—Types of the Population—Spanish Jews, and Pravoslave Merchants—Bosnian Ideas of Beauty!—Opposition of Christians to Culture—Extraordinary Proceedings of the Board of Health—The Zaptiehs—Continuance of the Panic—Portentous atmospheric Phenomenon—The Beginning of the End.

WHILE we were engaged in quaffing the sparkling draughts of nature under the kiosque, up came a young Hungarian, and asked us whether we had heard the news. On our confessing ignorance, he informed us that a revolution had broken out in Bosnia—or rather several dozens of them; that a rising of rayahs had taken place near Banjaluka, and along the Save; and that this had been followed by a counter-rising in the Mahometan towns and villages—and that especially the district about Der-

vent, through which we had passed, was plunged in civil war. Vague rumours of other outbreaks at Tašlidzje, Priepolje, and near Novipazar, had just come in; and, from the localities of the risings, both in north and south, this much was certain, that if the insurgents were successful, the only highways connecting Bosnia with the rest of Turkey and the Save provinces of Austria were cut off; while, from the sudden departure of the Pashà of Bosnia for the Herzegóvina, it seemed not unlikely that communication with Dalmatia was equally threatened. But for details we had to wait till we reached the capital, though we found the Hungarian's account trustworthy so far as it went.

Aug. 21.—From the same informant I learnt that in a copse near here were some monuments, locally known as the 'Roman Stones,' to the investigation of which I devoted the morning-grey before we started for Serajevo. The stones proved to be of the same character as those already described at Podove—of the usual tea-caddy shape—uninscribed, and even more devoid of ornament than those we had seen before. There were several of them scattered among the brushwood on a slight rise of the ground.

In the first part of our journey to Serajevo there was little remarkable. As we ascended the pass between the Kobilaglava and Bulalovic ranges, we noticed the forest cut away for a hundred yards or so on either side of the high road; this was done for the safety of travellers, these mountains having formerly been a nest of robbers. The same precaution used to be taken in England in the good old days. In the Statute of Winchester, Edward I. devotes a whole clause to enjoining the 'abatement' of

the cover by the side of the highways: 'It is commanded that highways leading from one market town to another shall be enlarged wheresoever bushes, woods, or dykes be, so that there be neither dyke, tree, nor bush whereby a man may lurk to do hurt, within two hundred foot of the one side, and two hundred foot of the other side of the way; so that this statute shall not extend unto oaks nor unto great trees, so as it shall be clear underneath. And if by default of the lord that will not abate the dykes, underwood, or bushes, any robberies be done therein, the lord shall be answerable for the felony; and if murder be done, the lord shall make a fine at the king's pleasure.'[1] The traveller in Bosnia is still in the Middle Ages!

Having gained the summit of the mountain saddle, we began to descend towards the Serajevsko Polje—the Plain of Serajevo—a level expanse shut in on every side by mountains, and looking like the former bed of a large lake. The Alpine amphitheatre was exquisite. One peak, loftier than the rest, had been girdled by a silvery sea of mist, above which loomed its limestone upper nakedness, draped in a Coan veil of aërial azure—the island of a mirage, or one of those barren-beautiful *Scoglie* that start ever and anon from the slumbering bosom of the Adriatic! The heat was suffocating, and a sultry haze seemed to flood the whole surface of the plain and lower mountain-flanks, desiccating every object in an atmosphere half dusty, half lurid; and, with the faint, languid tints of the surrounding heights, recalling to

[1] See, for the original French, Stubbs' '*Select Charters*,' p. 461. I have followed Professor Stubbs' translation, substituting only 'wheresoever' for 'whereas.'

memory pictures of Eastern scenery—but nothing within our own experience.

Near the spot where this fine panorama first opened out we came to a small roadside Han, called Blazui, where we obtained welcome refreshments in the shape of coffee and boiled eggs; a little bread we had luckily brought with us. While waiting for these delicacies, we passed our time in closely examining some old stone blocks which formed the basement of the wooden buildings about, in hopes of finding perchance a Roman inscription or some other relic of antiquity. Our desires were presently gratified almost beyond expectation by the discovery of a Roman monument walled into an old stone cistern, which acted as sub-structure for a hen-roost. It was a bas-relief of Cupid, standing, apparently on a foliated capital, cross-legged, and leaning on a torch, which he is thus extinguishing. It had suffered, as can be seen in the sketch, from the iconoclasm of ages, Christian and Mahometan; yet a tutored eye could still trace the elegant outlines. A severe critic might condemn the art; but, though falling short of Hellenic purity, it was such as these benighted midlands of Illyria have not seen the like of since the days when this was sculptured. But the delicacy of the conception allows us to overlook the execution. The monument is sepulchral, of a kind not uncommon among the Romans,

Bas-relief of Cupid.

but chiefly raised to the memory of those who passed away in the youth and vigour of their days.[1] The thoughts are turned from the unknown and the ghastly to the memory of the beautiful and the known. *Vixit*—he has lived. The torch of festal trippings has become the staff for his repose: the light of love is put out: the great darkness is upon him: *nox est perpetua una dormienda.* It may foreshadow annihilation, but, at least, it calls up no bony phantoms of corruption. This mutilated, one-winged genius is indeed the emanation of ages of refinement, set forth by the most exquisite symbolism of ancient art. Here, truly, amidst dull and barbarous lands, was roadside refection, spiritually, not less refreshing than were the fragrant cups of mocha to those parched by a well-nigh Arabian sun!

It does not seem that any Roman remains had been discovered in this immediate neighbourhood before,[2] though the appearance of some of the other blocks of masonry made it probable that this was not the only

[1] To such a conclusion I am led by an examination of several similar monuments given in Montfaucon—*l'Antiquité Expliquée.* A monument of this kind is alluded to by Isaac Disraeli (*Curiosities of Literature*) in 'The Skeleton of Death,' where the contrast between the Classical and Mediæval representations of death is drawn out.

[2] Dr. Blau (formerly Prussian Consul at Serajevo), who has worked at the Roman remains in Bosnia, does not mention any in this vicinity, and even thinks it worthy of mention that he could hear of no Roman remains near Illidzie. See papers in *Monatsbericht der k. preuss. Acad. der Wissensch.* Dec. 1866, Nov. 1867, and Aug. 1870. Dr. Blau has especially explored the remains at Tašlidzje or Plevlje (about half way between Serajevo and Novipazar), where he has discovered twenty inscriptions and other antique fragments. The existence of a Roman Municipium here is shown by two monuments—one recording a decree of the *Decuriones;* another mentioning the *Duumviri.* On these and other Bosnian inscriptions one can trace the development of a kind of Illyrian *Romance* dialect. *Masimile* appears for *Maximillæ, Amavilis* for *Amabilis,* and another reads *Filie defunte.*

classic monument concealed in the foundations of the Mahometan Han and its out-buildings. One would, indeed, expect to find Roman remains in this vicinity, not only from the fact that in the neighbouring mountains about Foinica, and again to the east about Vareš, are traces of Roman gold mines, and that a Roman road has been traced tending from Salona towards these centres of mineral wealth; but for another and still more cogent reason. This is the presence of hot-springs, which we passed to the right of us only a little way further on the road, at a place called Illidzie. The Romans, with their usual instincts, tracked out these natural baths among the Illyrian wilds; and Roman remains in Bosnia, when not connected with mining enterprize, seem especially to centre round such spas. At Novipazar,[1] in the province of Rascia, the sulphur springs still bubble up into an octagonal marble basin near eight yards in diameter, described as of Roman workmanship, and are still sheltered from the elements by an octagonal chamber, supporting a cupola, which also dates from the days of the Cæsars. At Banjaluka[2] on the Verbas the hot-springs are still housed in a similar edifice; and the curious may survey modern Mahometans taking their enjoyment in one of these very baths which have supplied the prototype of the early Christian baptistery. The name of Banjaluka[3] itself preserves a Roman element, Banja being no other than the Latin *balnea*. The Sclavonic settlers borrowed the word from the earlier Roman population of these lands—thus witnessing to the purely Roman

[1] The Roman baths at Novipazar are briefly described by Roskiewić, Op. cit. p. 75.

[2] Dr. Blau identifies Banjaluka with the Roman station AD LADIOS.

[3] Banjaluka = Luke's bath.

associations of such spas; and so completely has the word passed into their language that *Banja* at the present day is applied by the Southern Sclaves to all hot-springs and baths. But though not necessarily, therefore, proof positive of a Roman connection, this derivative, when applied to local names, may perhaps afford presumptive evidence that the virtues of such spots were not unknown to the Romans. It is at least worth noticing that the thermal springs at Illidzie, not far from the place where we found the bas-relief of Cupid, are still known to the Bosniacs as 'Banja.'

We now descended into the plain, passing the sources of the Bosna, not far distant, on our left. The river from which this whole country derives its name takes its origin from a number of small streams which, gushing forth from the limestone slope of Mt. Igman, unite almost immediately to form a full-volumed river of crystal purity, some fifty yards in breadth—an Illyrian Timavus. We crossed this new-born river by a wooden bridge of a form, if possible, more Roman than ordinary, and nearing the capital descried several country houses of Turkish dignitaries, embosomed in their shady gardens. Once or twice we met arabàs of state containing Mahometan ladies, screened from the vulgar gaze by a brilliant scarlet canopy supported by four posts; but feminine curiosity prompted them to lift up the corners of the drapery that they might observe the Giaour; and we should have seen more of their faces had they not been veiled as well as curtained!

But a turn in the road reveals to us the Damascus of the North—for such is the majestic title by which the Bosniac Turks, who consider it, after Stamboul, the finest

city in Turkey-in-Europe, delight to style Serajevo. Seen, indeed, from above, in an atmosphere which the Bosniac historian has not inaptly compared to that of Misr and Sham,[1] it might well call up the pearl and emerald settings of Oriental imagery.[2] The city is a vast garden, from amidst whose foliage swell the domes and cupolas of mosques and baths; loftier still, rises the new Serbian Cathedral; and lancing upwards, as to tourney with the sky, near a hundred minarets. The airy height to the East, sceptred with these slender spires of Islám and turret-crowned with the Turkish fortress (raised originally by the first Vizier of Bosnia on the site of the older 'Grad' of Bosnian princes), commands the rest of the city, and marks the domination of the infidel. Around it clusters the upper-town, populated exclusively by the ruling caste; but the bulk of the city occupies a narrow flat amidst the hills, cut in twain by the little river Miljaska, and united by three stone and four wooden bridges. Around this arena, tier above tier—at first wooded hills, then rugged limestone precipices—rises a splendid amphitheatre of mountains culminating in the peak of Trebović, which frowns over 3,000 feet above the city—herself near 1,800 above sea-level.

The first beginnings of Serajevo, or Bosna as it was formerly called, are said to have been due to the mining enterprise of the Ragusans in the neighbouring mountains;[3] but though in 1236 (after the destruction of

[1] Omer Effendi, of Novi, compares the climate of Bosnia to that of Misr and Sham (Egypt and Syria). Op. cit. p. 85.

[2] Damascus is described by Easterns as 'a pearl set round with emeralds.'

[3] Engel, *Geschichte des Freistaates Ragusa.* See Roskiević, p. 175. The Ragusans worked mines in Mt. Jagodina, where the present Turkish citadel of Serajevo is. Traces of these are still to be seen.

Mileševo by the Patarenes) it was made the seat of the Roman Catholic bishops, it appears to have been little more than a stronghold till the year 1464, when it finally fell into the possession of the Turks. It was in the year succeeding this event that the present town was founded by the two Bosnian magnates, Sokolović, and Zlatarović, who claim the doubtful honour of having been the first of the native nobility to renegade to Islám; and the Serai on the hill was shortly after erected, and the upper town walled, by Khosrev Pashà, first Vizier of Bosnia. It was from this Serai or fortress that the town began to be called Bosna Serai, and finally, by the Sclaves, Serajevo. That it early attained to some majesty is shown by the fact that it was given by Grand Signiors as a dowry to widowed Sultanas; and early in the sixteenth century our English traveller, Blunt, though he describes it as 'but meanely built and not great,' yet reckons here 'about four-score Mescheetoes and twenty thousand houses.'[1] When Prince Eugene, during his twenty days' dash into Bosnia in 1697, penetrated to the capital, he found the upper town so strong that, despairing of reducing it by a siege with the small means at his disposal, he contented himself with burning the lower town, and rode back to Save. His chroniclers estimate the population of Serajevo at 30,000.[2] In the middle of the next century the monks who supplied the author of 'Illyricum Sacrum' with an account of 'the present state of Bosnia,' speak of the Serai as being, though a decayed city, the 'seat of Turkish commerce and the most renowned staple of the realm.'

[1] Blunt, *Voyage into the Levant*, loc. cit. p. 8. Anno 1634. Two thousand houses would probably have been nearer the mark.

[2] Eugenii *Heldenthaten*, cited in Spicilegium, &c.

Serajevo early became the head-quarters of the Bosnian Janissaries. That in the seventeenth century it was hardly an eligible place for a Giaour to find himself in, may be gathered from our English traveller's relation. Blunt is setting out for 'Saraih,' as he calls the city, 'with the Bashaw of Bosnah, his troopes going for the warre of Poland,' and his account gives a very pretty picture of the military turbulence that must then have reigned within the walls. The soldiers, it appears, were 'spirited many with drinke, discontent, and insolency: which made them fitter companie for the Divell then for a Christian; my selfe after many launces, and knives threatned upon me, was invaded by a drunken Janizary, whose iron Mace entangled in his other furniture gave mee time to flee among the Rocks, whereby I escaped untoucht.'

But the Janissaries who ruled the roast at the Serai were something more than a turbulent rabble of bravoes. They were Sclaves, descendants of most of the ruling families of the older Bosnian kingdom. They spoke the native tongue. They were imbued with provincial patriotism. They were in close alliance with the haughty provincial aristocracy, who perpetuated feudalism under a Mahometan guise. These Sclavonic Janissaries refused to take to the celibacy and barrack-life of their order. They took wives. They became landed proprietors. They even settled down to mercantile pursuits. Thus, with their participation and patronage, Bosna Serai, the chosen seat of the Bosnian nobility, the Camp of her Prætorians, acquired rights and immunities which made her a Free City.

Nothing in this curious history is more interesting to

observe than the way in which the primitive institutions of Sclavonic family life assert themselves in this municipal constitution. The Civic Communism—I use the word in its uncorrupted sense—grows out of the domestic. Just as the Bosnian family communities elected, and still elect, their elders, so now the families who owned the surrounding lands were represented by hereditary Stareschina; and the artisans and merchants bound themselves into *Bratsva* or brotherhoods, each guild electing its starost or alderman. Thus arose a civic government, based on the possession of real property and prosperity in trade.[1]

Enjoying such a municipal constitution, actively protected by the Janissaries at Stamboul, the Serai rose to an almost sovereign position in Bosnia. So jealous was its senate of its privileges, and so irresistible its authority, that it actually established a municipal law by which the Vizier of Bosnia was forbidden to tarry more than a day at a time within the city walls. For a single night he was entertained at the public expense; next morning he was escorted without the gates. Even in the exercise of his shadowy authority at Travnik, the Sultan's lieutenant stood in perpetual fear of the patriarchs of the real capital; for if he presumed to offend these haughty elders, they had but to lodge a complaint against him with the Odjak of the Janissaries at Stamboul, and the Vizier was forthwith recalled. The Porte, indeed, endeavoured to assert its sovereignty within the city by appointing two officers to decide disputes between Moslems and Rayahs, but the citizens retained the right of dismissing these at their pleasure.

[1] See Ranke's *Bosnia*, ch. 1, and especially *Danubian Principalities*, vol. ii. p. 345.

Thus Serajevo was the mouthpiece of the old Sclavonic national feeling of Bosnia, as it survived in a Mahometan guise—the acknowledged protectress of provincial interests against the hated Osmanlì. Bosnia had changed her creed, but she clung to her independence; and when, at the beginning of the present century, Sultan Mahmoud II. thought to stamp out provincial liberties in Bosnia as elsewhere, it was the Serai that took the lead in opposition. When the Janissaries were extinguished at Stamboul, their tall ovoid turbans, the gold and imperial green, still flaunted themselves unchallenged in the streets of Serajevo. The citadel on the height was their last refuge. It was, however, successfully stormed by the Vizier, and Serajevo was given over to the tender mercies of the Sultan's officer. A terrible vengeance was wreaked, and more than a hundred of the leading citizens were proscribed and executed. The Vizier took up his residence triumphantly in the fortress, but the reign of the Osmanlì lasted only a few months. In July 1828 the citizens of Serajevo, aided by those of Visoko, rose desperately against the oppressor. A street fight followed, which lasted three days. The Vizier, who upheld his authority with a garrison near 2,000 strong, made an obstinate resistance, but the imperial troops were gradually beaten back from house to house, from mosque to mosque, till, fairly overmastered, the Sultan's lieutenant was glad to escape with his life and the shattered remnant of his troops. A few years later Serajevo again fell into the hands of the destroyer of the Janissaries. But in the Bosnian rebellion of 1850 the citizens once more flew to arms. For a while they made themselves masters of the Vizier's fortress on the height, but finally

succumbed to Ali Pashà; and the municipal independence of Serajevo shared the ruin of feudalism throughout Bosnia. The true capital of Bosnia has since been the seat of the Turkish Governor of the Vilajet.

But though Serajevo herself has degenerated into the *chef-lieu* of a 'circle'—though an alien bureaucracy has succeeded the patriarchal sway of her own landowners and merchants—though Giaour-Sultans and 'New Turks' from Stamboul—those muck-rakes of mendicant statecraft who filch their political tinsel from the gutters of the boulevards!—have replaced her native Agas and elders by an Osmanlì '*Préfêt*,' with the same apish levity with which these same gentry toss aside the jewelled amber of their forefathers for a Parisian cigarette!—nevertheless, despite of all these tinkering experiments in centralisation of which they have been made the *corpus vile*, the citizens of this old stronghold of provincial liberties have only clung with warmer attachment to the 'true green' of Bosnian Toryism. Only what they can no longer practise in politics they parade in religion, and Serajevo remains more than ever the focus of the Mahometan fanaticism of Bosnia. This was the danger of the present moment, and gave but too valid grounds for the wide-spread apprehension among the Bosnian rayahs that the outbreak of the revolt might provoke the bigots of the capital to a general massacre of the Christian minority there; and that the Damascus of the North might, as she had already threatened a year or two ago on a less provocation, reproduce the bloody scenes which have made her Syrian namesake a word of terror to the Christians of Turkey.

This is what happened here only three years ago, as we heard the story from those who played a distinguished

part in averting the impending catastrophe; nor can anything give a better idea of the dangerous spirit abroad among the Moslem population of Serajevo.

The new orthodox cathedral, which now forms the most prominent object in the city, was begun a few years ago by the Serb or Greek Church here, on a scale which seemed to make it a direct challenge to the Mahometan part of the population. The presence of the consular body in the town made it possible for the Christians to take advantage of the right of church-building accorded by Firmans of the Grand Signior, and accordingly the work proceeded without any interference. But the Christians were not content with the permission to build a church in the most conspicuous position in one of the main streets of the city, but must needs rear a pretentious pile which should throw into the shade the biggest of the two hundred and odd mosques with which Mahometan piety has adorned the Serai. No expense was spared, and the total outlay reached, so we were credibly informed, the (for this country) enormous sum of £13,000, exclusive of the costly icons and other church-furniture presented by the Emperor of Russia. A swaggering edifice—all of stone—built in the usual bastard Byzantine taste of the Fanariote hierarchy, and of which the worst that can be said is that it is worthy of its patrons—began to raise itself above the neighbouring house-tops, and at last contemptuously looked down on the dome of the Imperial Mosque itself—the Dzamia of Sultan Mahommed! It was perhaps hardly to be expected that the ignorant Moslem fanatics should view with equanimity this last manifestation of Christian humility.

What, however, seems especially to have stuck in their throats, was the design of hanging bells in the cathedral tower. It is strange the animosity which such an apparently harmless sound as that of a church bell has always excited in the bosoms of those hostile to the Christian faith. Those of us who have Norse blood running in their veins may remember that their heathen ancestors showed just the same vehement repugnance to the tintinnabulation of too officious missionaries. Perhaps in a Mahometan country it may be feared by the faithful that the infidel clangour might drown the prayers of the muezzin on neighbouring minarets; but this, at least, is certain, that in Bosnia there are few Christian churches where any other summons to the congregation is allowed than that of a wooden clapper; and that to hang bells in a centre of Moslem fanaticism like Serajevo was a deliberate and wanton provocation, which either proves that those who proposed to do so were willing to run the risk of spilling blood for the gratification of spiritual pride, or, if they really looked on such clangour as an essential of worship, that they were as steeped in superstition as those whose susceptibilities they set at nought.

The plain English of the matter is that the Christians of Serajevo, relying on consular protection, saw in the erection of this new church a fine opportunity for wiping off the scores of ancient insults against the Mahometans. It was quite natural that they should do so. But it was also natural that the Moslems should refuse to pocket the insult. The ringleaders of fanaticism in the city took up the gauntlet thus thrown down, and some time before the day of the opening ceremony it oozed

out that a Mahometan conspiracy was afoot by which short work would be made of the unbelievers and their conventicle together. The indefinite multiplication of evil passions caused by ecclesiastical wrong-headedness had brought matters to such a pass, that Easter Day—the date of the opening ceremony—might have proved a second St. Bartholomew's for the Christian minority of Serajevo.

Happily, at this crisis, the consular body stepped in. Mr. Holmes, our representative—who took a prominent and worthy part in averting the bloodshed—and the other Consuls, informed the Pashà of the imminence of the danger, and unfolded to him the existence of a Mahometan conspiracy. The Pashà sent some of the ringleaders out of the country, made the leading Moslems responsible for the preservation of order, and finally persuaded the Christians to forego the bell-ringing. As it was, the opening ceremony took place under the protection of Turkish arms. The city was placed in a state of siege. For three days previously all the wine-shops in the town had been closed by order of the authorities. The troops were held in barracks under arms. At intervals along the streets trumpeters were stationed to give the earliest alarm; and, in fine, such precautions were taken as prevented any actual disturbance of the peace.

It was not without some vague misgivings that we now found ourselves entering the streets of this metropolis of fanaticism. But the sight which presently broke on us, on turning a corner into the main street, was such as might well convince us that the worst forebodings of the Bosnian Christians had come true. We had emerged on the scene of a great fire which had destroyed one entire

side of the street, so that we were obliged to pick our way among black and smouldering *débris*, through which a party of Turks were engaged in clearing a path. They, however, seemed peaceable enough, and we were further relieved by seeing the cupola of the Serbian cathedral rising unscathed on the other side of the way.

We presently met a consular Cavass, who politely conducted us to the English Consulate, situate on the other side of the little river Miljaška, which we crossed by a stone bridge. Our Consul was away, having migrated to Mostar in order to be nearer the centre of the disturbances in the Herzegóvina; but we were hospitably taken in by his amiable daughters, and Mr. Freeman, his *chargé d'affaires;* and found ourselves, after our long course of roughing, once more among the comforts of an English home, and surrounded by the quiet of an English garden. Here, in this rich soil, under this Eastern sky, we saw for the first time in Bosnia our familiar flowers—roses, verbenas, and petunias, and others equally delicious—scenting the air, and making us realise what a paradise this land might become in civilized hands. The fruit-trees—the stock of which Mr. Holmes, who has great horticultural taste, had imported from Malta—were weighed down with an exuberant crop of plums, peaches, greengages, and apples, each of which would have secured a prize at a show; and this though from the shallowness of the soil these trees only flourish for a time. Contrast with these the miserable plums, pears, and apples obtainable in the native markets of Serajevo! The Bosniacs show themselves absolutely incapable of pomiculture; they plant their fruit-trees almost as close together as cabbages, and expect them to thrive. Our

Consul produced magnificent peaches by simply planting the miserable Bosnian substitute properly.

We found that affairs here had taken a very serious turn. On Saturday last Dervish Pashà, the Vali or Governor-general of Bosnia, had left to take the command in Herzegóvina, where the revolt was making head. On Sunday—this country being now left without any competent head—the revolt broke out in Bosnia. The news, as may be imagined, produced great excitement here, and threw the Christian minority into a state verging on consternation. The old rumours of an approaching massacre once more gained credence. But the panic became universal last night, when flames were observed rising from the immediate neighbourhood of the new cathedral, and in the centre of the Christian quarter, amongst houses inhabited by the leading Christian merchants. The Governor, Hussein Pashà, by repute a weak and incapable man, hearing the guns and cannon — which are here the usual fire-signals — and seeing the conflagration, at once jumped to the conclusion that the anticipated outbreak was beginning; and instead of sending the troops—who in Serajevo supply the place of a fire-brigade—to put out the fire, kept them in barracks waiting for the light to reveal the supposed disturbers of the peace. Thus the fire—which in its origin was, as we learnt from the most authentic source, purely accidental, and so far from being the work of a Moslem fanatic, had actually originated in the house of a well-known Mahometan, a renegade detested by the Christians—was allowed to spread, and fifteen houses in the most flourishing quarter of Serajevo were reduced to ashes before the Pashà could be undeceived, or proper

measures be taken to bring the flames under. The danger to the whole city was imminent, the houses being mostly of wood and plaster; and, indeed, Serajevo had been previously burnt down on four several occasions. Perhaps the motives which induced the Mahometans to lend active help to the Christians in conquering the flames were not altogether disinterested.

Meanwhile, from the unfortunate quarter in which the conflagration had arisen, and from the electric state of the political atmosphere, it lay in the very nature of things that the origin of the disaster should be misrepresented, and that the majority of the Christian population took it for granted that it was the work of Moslem spite. Thus a purely accidental circumstance had added fuel to the general uneasiness, and to-day a panic prevailed among the Christians of Serajevo.

From the English Consulate, where we are now lodged, we hastened to pay our respects to two English ladies whose acquaintance we had already had the good fortune to make on the Save, and who are prosecuting a work in Bosnia of which their own country may well be proud, and for which a more civilised Bosnia may hereafter be grateful. Some years ago Miss Irby first travelled through many of the wildest parts of Turkey in Europe in company with Miss Muir Mackenzie, and the book composed by these two ladies on the Sclavonic Provinces of Turkey is well known to all Englishmen who take an interest in those neglected lands and their down-trodden Sclavonic cousins. But Miss Irby, with the practical spirit of her race, was not content with acquainting the world with the lamentable condition of the Serbian people under the Turkish yoke, but set herself to work

to remedy these evils. It was the backward state of education among the rayah women of even the better classes which struck her as one of the peculiar obstacles in the way of national progress, and it was this which she resolved to overcome. In 1865 Miss Irby settled in Serajevo, and since that date she and a fellow-labourer, Miss Johnston, have devoted their lives to a propaganda of culture among the Bosnian Christian women. Nothing in their efforts has been more conspicuous than their good sense. As the best way to promote the spread of a liberal education among the women, these ladies have formed a school in which to bring up native school-mistresses. There has been no attempt at Protestant proselytism; the pupils, whether of the Greek or Romish Church, being left to the spiritual charge of their own pastors.

We found these ladies engaged in packing up their effects preparatory to removing from the country for the present with their most promising pupils. They had only arrived the previous Thursday by the tedious post from Brood; but the state of affairs seemed so threatening, that there was nothing for it but to take the children elsewhere and wait for quieter times. They experienced some difficulty in obtaining permission from the Pashà to take the embryo school-mistresses with them, as the Pashà considered that their departure would increase the panic among the Christians of Serajevo, by whom they are widely known and respected. It could not, however, well have been greater. Already, several of the leading Serb merchants had presented themselves at the English school-house, and begged to be allowed shelter if the expected butchery commenced. The Austrian

Consul had just taken away his wife, and a general exodus of Christians from the city was going on. Miss Irby[1] and Miss Johnston finally obtained the required permission, and, as we were afterwards happy to learn, have succeeded in planting their school at Prague till this tyranny be overpast. It is difficult indeed for the liberal arts to flourish at the best of times in a Turkish province! The other day, on the opening of a rayah school at Banjaluka, the authorities issued peremptory orders prohibiting the teaching of history or geography! So rigid has become the censorship of the press, that Miss Irby, though provided, like ourselves, with an autograph Bujuruldu from the Governor-general of Bosnia, was not allowed to bring her little store of books into the country, and was forced to leave them at Brood. The state of literature in Serajevo itself may be gathered from the following fact: in a city of between fifty and sixty thousand inhabitants there is not a single book-shop!

Aug. 22.—To-day we made the acquaintance of the German Consul, Count Von Bothmar, who expressed considerable surprise at our arriving here unmolested. From him and the other members of the consular body who were very ready to supply us with full details as to the stirring events that are taking place around us, we

[1] Miss Irby and Miss Johnston are at the present moment engaged, amid the barbarous wilds of Sclavonia, in alleviating the urgent needs of the Bosnian refugees, with a philanthropy and devotedness worthy of the land which can number among its daughters a Mrs. Fry and a Florence Nightingale. Those who, by subscribing to the 'Bosnian and Herzegóvinan Fugitives' Orphan Relief Fund,' have aided their efforts, will be glad to learn that these practical manifestations of English sympathy have rescued hundreds from incalculable misery, and produced a profound impression on all South-Sclavonic peoples.

learnt many interesting facts relative to the causes and course of the insurrection in Bosnia. These accounts, and others from trustworthy sources, reveal such frantic oppression and gross misgovernment as must be hardly credible to Englishmen. We have heard all that can be said on the Turkish side, but the main facts remain unshaken.

The truth is that outside Serajevo and a few of the larger towns where there are Consuls or resident 'Europeans,' neither the honour, property, nor the lives of Christians are safe. Gross outrages against the person—murder itself—can be committed in the rural districts with impunity. The authorities are blind; and it is quite a common thing for the gendarmes to let the perpetrator of the grossest outrage, if a Mussulman, escape before their eyes. Miss Irby, who has made many enquiries on these subjects, estimates that in the Medjliss, the only court where Christian evidence is even legally admitted, 'the evidence of twenty Christians would be outweighed by two Mussulmans.'[1] But why, it may be asked, do not the Christians appeal to the Consuls for protection? In the first place, in a mountainous country like Bosnia, with little means of communication, to do so would in most cases be a physical impossibility. In the second place, as Count Bothmar assured us, if such complaint is made to a Consul, so surely is the complaining rayah more cruelly oppressed than before; nor is consular authority so omnipresent as to save him and his family from ruin. 'God alone knows,' he exclaimed, 'what the rayahs suffer in the country districts!' Remembering

[1] See 'Bosnia in 1875,' an interesting paper by Miss Irby in the *Victoria Magazine* for Nov. 1875.

the revolting scenes, of which I had been a witness, at the Christian gathering near Comušina, I could believe this.

But the most galling oppression, and the main cause of the present revolt, is to be found in the system and manner of taxation. The centralised government set up in Bosnia since 1851 is so much machinery for wringing the uttermost farthing out of the unhappy Bosniac rayah. The desperate efforts of Turkish financiers on the eve of national bankruptcy have at last made the burden of taxation more than even the long-suffering Bosniac can bear. It was the last straw.

The principal tax—besides the house and land tax, and that paid by the 'Christian' in lieu of military service which is wrung from the poorest rayah for every male of his family down to the baby in arms[1]—is the Eighth,[2] or, as it is facetiously called by the tax-collector, the tenth, which is levied on all produce of the earth. With regard to the exaction of this tax, every conceivable iniquity is practised. To begin with, its collection is farmed out to middle-men, and these, ex-officio pitiless, are usually by origin the scum of the Levant. The Osmanlì or the Sclavonic Mahometan possesses a natural dignity and self-respect which disinclines him for such dirty work. The

[1] 'The tax in lieu of military service, which is paid by all non-Mussulmans, weighs very heavily on the poor, who have to pay, equally with the rich, twenty-eight piasters for every male. In the poorest and most miserable family this sum must be paid for the male infant who has first seen the light a few hours before the visit of the tax-gatherer. I have heard the bitterest complaints of the cruelty of this tax on the young children of the rayah.'—Miss Irby, loc. cit. p. 79.

[2] The tithe or 'dime' was converted into an eighth a few years ago, by the imposition of an extra two-and-a-half per cent., which, by an artifice common to the thimble-rigging financiers of Stamboul, was called 'a temporary aid.' Since the revolt it has been given up by the *Irade* of October 10, 1875.

men who come forward and offer the highest price for the license of extortion are more often Christians—Fanariote Greeks—adventurers from Stamboul, members of a race perhaps the vilest of mankind. No considerations of honour, or religion, or humanity, restrain these wretches. Having acquired the right to farm the taxes of a given district, the Turkish officials and gendarmerie are bound to support them in wringing the uttermost farthing out of the *misera contribuens plebs*, and it is natural that this help should be most readily forthcoming when needed to break the resistance of the rayah.

These men time their visitation well. They appear in the villages before the harvest is gathered and assess the value of the crops according to the present prices, which, of course, are far higher just before the harvest than after it. But the rayahs would be well contented if their exactions stopped here. They possess, however, a terrible lever for putting the screw on the miserable tiller. The harvest may not be gathered till the tax, which is pitilessly levied in cash, has been extorted. If the full amount—and they often double or treble the legal sum—is not forthcoming, the tax-gatherer simply has to say 'then your harvest shall rot on the ground till you pay it!' And the rayah must see the produce of his toil lost, or pay a ruinous imposition which more than swamps his profits.

Or if he still remains obstinate, there are other paraphernalia of torture worthy of the vaults of the Inquisition. A village will occasionally band together to defend themselves from these extortioners. Thereupon the tithe-farmer applies to the civil power, protesting that if he

does not get the full amount from the village, he will be unable in his turn to pay the Government. The Zaptiehs, the factotums of the Turkish officials, are immediately quartered on the villagers, and live on them, insult their wives, and ill-treat their children. With the aid of these gentry all kinds of personal tortures are applied to the recalcitrant. In the heat of summer men are stripped naked, and tied to a tree smeared over with honey or other sweet-stuff, and left to the tender mercies of the insect world. For winter extortion it is found convenient to bind people to stakes and leave them bare-footed to be frost-bitten; or at other times they are shoved into a pigsty and cold water poured on them. A favourite plan is to drive a party of rayahs up a tree or into a chamber, and then smoke them with green wood. Instances are recorded of Bosniac peasants being buried up to their heads in earth, and left to repent at leisure.

I will quote a single instance of these practices, communicated by the Princess Julia of Servia to the author of 'Servia and the Servians.' 'A poor woman, frantic with agony, burst into the palace of the Princess at Belgrade. She had been assessed by the Turkish authorities of a village in Bosnia of a sum which she had no means of paying . . . *She was smoked.* This failed of extracting the gold. She begged for a remission, and stated her inability to pay. In answer she was tossed into the river Drina, and after her were thrown her two infant children—one of four years old, the other of two. Before her eyes, notwithstanding her frantic efforts to save them, her children perished. Half drowned and insensible, she was dragged to land by a Serbian peasant. She made

her way to Belgrade, believing, from the character of the Princess for humanity, that she would aid her. Of course to do so was out of the question.'[1]

Gustav Thoemmel, who was attached to the Austrian Consulate here, relates how the application of such tortures drove many Bosnian rayahs to desperation in 1865. No less than five hundred families took refuge across the borders from these inquisitors in the spring of that year. They were, however, turned back and forced to return to their homes in Bosnia in a most deplorable state. 'Complaint,' says Thoemmel, 'about outrages of this kind are scarcely ever brought forward, since the rayah seldom obtains evidence or even hearing, and his complaining only brings down on him increased persecution. So it happens that the higher officials often remain in entire ignorance of the barbarities perpetrated by their underlings.'

It must not be supposed that the higher authorities here are altogether blind as to the evils attendant on the tithe-farming. It will hardly be believed that the present Governor-general, and his predecessor Osman Pashà, have been doing their best to remove this abuse, but were thwarted by the authorities at Stamboul, who have in recent years taken away much of the independent power of the provincial Vali, the better to suck everything into that sink of corruption. Our Consul has for years directed his energies with the same object, and acting on his representations, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe used all his influence to support the appeal of Osman Pashà. But neither our most influential ambassador nor the Turkish Governor-general of Bosnia could induce

[1] The Rev. W. Denton, *The Christians in Turkey*, p. 44.

the Porte to remove the abuse. The pretext by which these representations were always eluded was that the tithe was a religious institution. The present Vali,[1] a man of more subtle genius, had, however, succeeded in drawing a distinction between this and the religious tithe, and was confident that he would be shortly permitted to abolish it, and substitute for it a land tax not farmed by middlemen. But it was already too late. The present revolts, both in Bosnia and the Herzegóvina, are mainly due to the extortion of the 'dime.'

It was on Sunday, August 15—the same day on which the great Christian pilgrimage took place on the mountain above Comušina—that the peasants of that part of Bosnia, who had been goaded to madness during the last few weeks by the exactions of the tax-gatherer (with whom this year the government, itself unable to meet its creditors, had driven a harder bargain than usual), first took up arms. From the rapidity with which the revolt spread through Lower Bosnia there seems to have been a preconcerted movement—indeed, it was previously known at Belgrade with sufficient accuracy what lines the outbreak would follow. The first movement took place near Banjaluka, where the rayah villagers rose on their extortioners and slew eight tax-gatherers. This was immediately followed by other risings extending along the Possávina to the neighbourhood of Brood and Dervent. Several of the watch-towers along this frontier were surprised, and their Turkish garrison massacred. Meanwhile, the Christian women and children are fleeing beyond the Austrian border for protection; the banks of the Save at the present moment are a

[1] Dervish Pashà has since been removed from the Vilajet of Bosnia.

piteous sight, and the forest border and willow river-hedge are crowded with these harmless fugitives, holding out their hands and entreating to be ferried over to the Sclavonic shore. The news of the outbreak quite bewildered the authorities at Serajevo. The Vali, the only man capable of coping with the difficulties of the situation, had just left for the Herzegóvina. Bosnia was bereft of troops, for the Seraskier at Stamboul, disregarding the earnest warnings of the Vali, had persisted in withdrawing the regulars stationed in the province till hardly any were left, and of these every available man, except those absolutely necessary for garrison duty, had now been dispatched to the Herzegóvina.

Meantime, the Mahometan population of Lower Bosnia has taken the law into its own hands, and the authorities have been forced to look on and see the Mahometan volunteers, the Bashi Bazouks—not long ago suppressed for conduct too outrageous for even the worst of governments to tolerate—spring once more into existence. Such were the ferocious warriors whose acquaintance we had made at Travnik. To-day they are streaming into Serajevo: we met a party of them defiling through the street, and the leader of the gang, as he passed, glared savagely at the Giaour. They are, from what we hear, mere organised brigands headed by irresponsible partizans, and at present are committing the wildest atrocities—cutting down women, children, and old men who come in their way, and burning the crops and homesteads of the rayah. That the defence of Bosnia should have fallen into the hands of such men is one of the most terrible features of the situation, and nothing can better show the abjectness of her present governors than that

they have now consented to accept the services of these bandits—and that even the Turkish authorities are now calling them out as well as the Redìf. There seems, however, to be little authority of any sort left to the government at the seat of the insurrection in Bosnia, for the native Mahometan population, seeing itself left defenceless by its Osmanlì officials, has rudely thrust them aside, and the defensive measures are now being carried out by self-constituted committees of public safety, which have sprung up at Banjaluka, Dervent, and other towns. Thus, in Bosnia, the Christian outbreak has been opposed by a counter-revolution of Moslem fanaticism.

News of a sanguinary fight near Banjaluka, between five hundred insurgents and the Turks, has just come in. It lasted eleven hours, 'with uncertain results'—which means favourably to the Christians. The number of the revolters at one spot, and the duration of the conflict, alike witness the seriousness of the rising. The telegraph to Brood has just been cut, but a battalion has been dispatched to keep open the communication at this important point. We further hear that the streets of Agram and Belgrade are placarded with inflammatory proclamations, calling on the Southern Sclaves to rise in defence of their brothers. Like manifestoes have appeared at Bucharest. The German Consul looks on this South Sclavonic agitation as one of the most serious features of the present situation. As far as Serajevo is concerned, he already telegraphed three days ago to Berlin and Constantinople that there was no longer security here against any contingency.

Meanwhile, the events in the city seem to be shaping their course on the model of 1872. To-day a conjura-

tion of about three hundred of the leading Turks took place in the great Mosque. They appeared there with arms in their hands, and swore that there was a plot against their lives! It has now oozed out that they have banded themselves together to fall with their following on the Christians of Serajevo, should the revolt break out any nearer here—as things go, a not unlikely contingency. The Christians are more alarmed than ever, and appeal to consular protection. Their apprehensions are further excited by the fact that a notorious brigand—a certain Dervish Aga—has appeared at the head of the Mahometan volunteers of this neighbourhood.

Now, it appears that even our humble selves have become the objects of fanatical suspicion. We have been already honoured by having consular reports sent to the representative of Austria regarding our motions and conduct during our tour—which reports were the subject of an official interview between this gentleman and our Consul, who endeavoured to explain it to him—with what success is doubtful—that it was not the practice of the English Government to send political agitators on secret missions to nationalities! It is now the turn of the Mahometans to suspect our intentions, and a few harmless sketches of Serajevan costumes, and a little innocent curiosity as to the wares on some of the Serajevan shopboards, have excited such indignation in the bosoms of true believers that a deputation of forty Turks waited on the Pashà to complain of us, and entering, as it would appear, into a kind of competition which could display the most Oriental inventiveness of calumny—it has resulted in our being accused first of taking notes of the fortress, and ultimately of violating a mosque! Of course we had

scrupulously avoided even approaching the portals of such a sacred edifice; and as to the fortress, we had not even visited the quarter of the town in which it stands. Mr. Freeman convinced the Pashà that these accusations were false; but it was thought better after this that we should be accompanied in our peregrinations by consular guards or cavasses, English or German.

Aug. 23rd.—This morning the German Consul, with whom we lunched, informed us that he had just obtained an interview with the Pashà to represent to him the threatening state of affairs, and especially this new Mahometan conspiracy, and to ask what measures he intended to take to protect the Christians in the event of a disturbance. The Pashà explicitly declared that he was ready to use his troops and cannon against the first disturbers of the peace, to whatever party they belonged. The Consul is tolerably satisfied with this, and believes that the troops are sufficiently Osmanlì and obedient to official commands to be trusted not to fraternize with the native Mahometan fanatics.

We had been asked to meet the representatives of Austria and Russia, and received quite an ovation at the Consulate. The conversation turned on the Greek hierarchy of this country, and the worst that we had heard of these wolves in sheep's clothing was more than corroborated. Perhaps the most terrible feature of the tyranny under which the Bosnian rayah groans, is that those, who should protect, betray him, and that those, to whom he looks for spiritual comfort, wring from him the last scrap of worldly belongings which has escaped the rapacity of the infidel. Amongst all the populations of modern Turkey there is only one so vile as to fawn upon

the tyrants. The modern Greeks of Constanstinople—the Fanariotes, let us call them—not to pollute a hallowed name—have inherited all the corruption of a corrupt empire, and added to their hereditary store. It is from these, as we have seen, that the odious class of middlemen, who farm the taxes, is chiefly recruited. It is also from these that the dignitaries of the Greek Church throughout Turkey are chosen.

The Turks have not hesitated to utilize the sleek knavery ready to their beck. It has long been a part of Turkish policy to rivet the fetters of their Sclavonic subjects by filling the high ecclesiastical offices of the Greek Church with Fanariote bishops. The office of the old Serbian metropolitans who resided at Ipek was suppressed, and Bosnia has since been divided into four eparchies[1] under the immediate control of the Patriarch of Constantinople, the Eparchs needing, like the head of the Greek Church himself, an exequatur from the infidel before they can enter on their functions. The Greek Patriarch takes good care that these eparchies shall be filled by none but Fanariotes, and thus it happens that the Pravoslaves or orthodox Christians of Bosnia, who form the majority of the population,[2] are subjected to ecclesiastics, aliens in blood, in language, in sympathies, who oppress them hand in hand with the Turkish officials, and set them, often, an even worse example of moral depravity.

[1] For the organisation of the Greek Church in Bosnia, see Thoemmel, Op. cit. p. 102.

[2] According to the official reports of 1874, there were 576,756 Christians of the Greek Church in the Vilajet of Bosnia (which includes the Herzegóvina). The total population was 1,216,846, of whom 442,050 were Bosnian Mussulmans; 185,503 Roman Catholics; 3,000 Jews; 9,537 Gipsies.

It does not become the English language to record the Sejanian arts by which they rise. Usually, as the lackey of a Pashà or some rich Fanariote, they amass gains which they afterwards lay out in an episcopal speculation—for sees go to the highest bidders at Stamboul.[1] The new Metropolitan arrives at Serajevo, and immediately sets to work to make the speculation pay. To retain their office they have further to send enormous bribes yearly to the fountain-head of corruption. Thus the simony which begins on the patriarchal throne descends to the meanest pulpit, and the poorest pope in Bosnia has to bargain with his bishop for his cure of souls! The shepherd, fleeced himself by his bishop, must recoup himself from his flock. On every occasion of life he levies a contribution in money or in kind, and in some cases he has even succeeded in establishing a system of heriots. On the death of the father of a family he takes the best ox; on the mother's death, a cow. Not infrequently children grew up unbaptized because the parents were too poor to pay the fee required.[2] As to the parsons themselves, their ignorance is usually so gross that they cannot read the Sclavonic liturgy, and simply repeat it by rote! The Metropolitan of Serajevo is said to wring as much as 10,000*l.* a year from his miserable flock: the other three content themselves with about half that amount apiece. When it is remembered that the salary of the Vali Pashà himself only amounts to 500*l.* a year, the enormity of these figures may be appreciated. These four suc-

[1] Even in Greece, where the state of the Greek Church is said to be somewhat better, the simony is as rampant, and most humiliating disclosures are now (1866) taking place.

[2] For these facts, and some further statistics, I am indebted to Thoemmel. The ordinary price of a cure of souls is from twenty to thirty ducats.

cessors of the fishermen of Galilee extort annually between them a sum equal to one-sixteenth of the total income received by the government of the province from taxation. Since, however, a large part of what they extract from the unhappy rayahs must be transmitted in the form of bribes to Stamboul, the Turkish authorities have orders to assist them in levying their exactions; and whole Christian villages share the fate of a sacked city from Turkish gendarmerie, for refusing, or too often being unable, to comply with the exorbitant demands of Christian prelates.

De vivis *nil nisi bonum.* The predecessor of the present Metropolitan of Serajevo, amongst his other accomplishments, was an habitual drunkard. He lived in Sardanapalian luxury—his table groaned with plate; and at his death he left untold treasures in costly furs alone—the fleecings of his flock! His rapacity was such that even the slavish spirit of the Bosnian rayah was provoked to resistance, and in 1864 the agitation became so dangerous that an assembly of the notables was called at Serajevo to devise a remedy; and a certain standard of ecclesiastical dues not to be transgressed was finally imposed on the bishops by the Turkish authorities themselves. But the Metropolitan, with the shrewdness of his race, read between the lines. All that was meant, as he had the good sense to perceive, was a slight increase of his expenditure under the head of *lubrication.* Thoemmel, writing so soon after these events as 1867, mentions that 'this standard has already become a dead letter.' It is no secret that one of the main provocations of the revolt in the Herzegóvina was the tyranny of the Turkophile bishop Prokopios. When the storm burst, one of the

first attempts at pacification was the translation of this ghostly vampire to a fatter see!

Vain indeed must be the efforts of the rayah flock to save themselves from the wolves while they have a hireling for their shepherd! These episcopal sycophants of the infidel serve the Turk in a hundred ways—they screen a hundred abuses. No sooner does an awkward revelation see the light, than one of these renegade prelates steps forward to throw dust in the eyes of the Christian West. They know well that to a certain class of mind there is something comfortable in the very name of bishop. They trade upon the saintly spell which throws a halo of veracity round any lies they may invent to shield their patrons or themselves. Ill-founded, indeed, seem the complaints of the rayah when his bishop comes forward to confess, from a Christian love of truth and justice—but with how much laudable reluctance!—that the wrongs of his too blatant flock are purely imaginary, and that, if anyone has been aggrieved, it is the honest, the moral, the merciful, the tolerant Osmanlì! Need we wonder that he is able to do so? If Prokopios or Dionysos[1]—for such an opportunity he might temporarily forego even the Bacchic ministers of his pleasures—were to set his foot on the shores of Freedom's chosen isle, what reception would he meet with? Is it possible he would be made an honorary Doctor of Divinity?

As an useful sedative we have taken a Bosnian bath, and found both building and ceremony deliciously Oriental. We entered to find ourselves under a spacious dome, pierced with a constellation of star-like openings, which

[1] This name is not imaginary.

shed a dim religious light on marble pavements, and ogee archways and niches. In the centre a fountain, playing into a marble basin, glittered in the artificial star-light, and faintly echoing with a cavernous murmur through vault and corridor, not only added a refreshing chill to the atmosphere—cooled already by exclusion of sunlight and the marble walls—but seemed to let in a sense of coolness by the ears. Here a venerable Turk came up, and beckoning us to follow him, led us up a flight of steps to an airy gallery opening from this cool vault, where was a divan with couches for our repose. Hence we presently emerged, attired, like the Turks about, in decorous togas and turbans, convertible into towels, and with clogs on our feet, clattered awkwardly through the spacious *Frigidarium*—how the whole brings to life the luxurious days of ancient Rome!—and thence, after passing through an antichamber still cool, plunged into the *Calidarium* with a vengeance. This was a domed chamber of equal dimensions with the first, from which opened several lesser rooms swelling into cupolas above. But we were so suffocated with the hot steamy atmosphere, that it was not till after we had been seated by our attendant Turk on a dais in one of these side-vaults, that we recovered breath sufficient to take stock of anything. Just behind us, from a leaden spout fixed in an ogival niche in the wall, gushed forth a hot fountain into a marble basin, out of which, after much patient endurance of preliminary sudation, we were basted by our minister. Then succeeded excoriation by a rough gauntlet that served as strigil, then we were well lathered, and so the process was repeated till a final douche of cold water from a wooden bowl gave the signal for girding

ourselves once more and making our way through the cool chamber—tenfold refreshing now!—to our couch. Here, in the same turban and light attire as himself, we accompanied a Turk in *dolce far niente* tempered with fragrant mocha and cigarettes—though sherbet is equally proper as a beverage, and a narghilé would perhaps have been more decorous. The whole process, including the time spent in recovering from our first succeeding lassitude, lasted about an hour.

Thus re-invigorated, we renewed our exploration of the streets of Serajevo—this time accompanied by a gorgeous consular guard. Besides the baths there are other fine stone buildings here, and the Bosniac countryman gapes with as much wonderment at the domes of the two chief mosques as an English rustic at first sight of St. Paul's. Of these two Dzamias, or greater mosques, one, the Careva Dzamia, is the work of Sultan Mohammed, who conquered Bosnia; and the other, the Begova Dzamia, owes its foundation to Khosrev Beg, her first Vizier. This latter is the largest, and externally, with its central dome, subsidiary cupolas, and its portico in front, preserves pretty faithfully the characteristics of its Christian Byzantine prototypes. Before it is a plot planted with trees, and containing a stone font filled with the purest water for the *ghusél* or religious lustrations. In the porch are two monolithic columns of brown marble, taken from an earlier Christian church: here, too, is a shrine or chapel, in which is a gigantic sarcophagus, containing the bones of the founder, and a smaller one containing those of his wife—both, especially the former, strewn with costly shawls by the hands of the pious. The interior of the mosque is plain and whitewashed, except

for the texts of the Koran upon the walls, and gay Persian carpets strewn upon the pavement. There are two pulpits, one for ordinary lessons and sermons; the other a loftier perch used on Fridays for reading the prayer for the Sultan; and in the wall may be seen a square stone, the *Kiblà*, which marks the direction of Mecca. But we ourselves were advised not to enter, owing to the dangerous spirit of fanaticism abroad; so these details are gathered second-hand.[1]

Besides her mosques, Serajevo boasts two *Bezestans* or 'cloth-halls,' usually one of the chief public buildings of a Turkish city. The larger of these includes a court, surrounded by cloisters, and with a fountain in the middle; but from the outside you can see little of the building except some stone cupolas, as the wooden shops of the market are built against its walls. Inside we found ourselves wandering along stone arcades vaulted above and bayed at the side with semi-circular recesses, in which the wares are displayed. They consist mostly of cloths; and though light is deficient, the brilliance of the effect is astonishing—the rich display of drapery might recall a street of Ghent in the Middle Ages! Round the Bezestan are crowded the narrow streets of the *Caršia* or market—by exploring which you can arrive at a fairly exhaustive knowledge of the industries of Serajevo. There was not such a jumble of wares here as in the smaller towns of Bosnia. Shops of a similar kind succeeded each other in a row, or sometimes monopolised a whole street. Here was the blacksmiths' street, with a display of colossal

[1] Both Maurer and Roskiević were able to visit this mosque. For further details I will refer the reader to their descriptions, to which I am indebted.

nails, and a large assortment of the elegant bosses of Turkish door-handles with their knocker-like appendages. Another street was sacred to harness-makers and sellers of horse-trappings; in a third was a double arrangement—a lower row of boot-shops conveniently level with the ground, while, as a roof above the opanka-sellers' heads, ran the counters of crockery-merchants, with a charming variety of *testjas* and other water jars—so that foot and mouth could be suited at the same moment! Another street resounded with the hammers of coppersmiths, moulding their metal into coffee-pots or platters; here were rows of salt-merchants, or we came upon a group of armourers' shops—to-day ominously thronged—bristling with knives and swords of the famed Bosnian steel. In the smaller Bezestan were many second-hand goods, and amongst them magnificent flint-locks of antique form, with stocks richly inlaid with mother-of-pearl and golden arabesques—the masterpieces of the old workshops of Prizren. Near these might be seen gun-flints such as have been described already—the best quality of those imported from Avlona.

But the part of the bazaar which interested us most was the goldsmiths' quarter. Here sate a whole street full of cunning artificers, pinching and twisting the precious metals—but chiefly silver—into brooches, beads, rings, and ear-rings of filagree work—charming, both from its intrinsic elegance and from its clearly marked Byzantine parentage. The Serajevan work, pure and simple, though not without merit, is somewhat coarse, and we were pleased to find that the more graceful flowers of silver-work had been engrafted on the rude Bosnian stock by the taste of an English lady. Mrs.

JEWESS. ROMAN CATHOLIC. PRAVOSLAVES OR 'SERBS.' MAHOMETAN SCLAVES. TURKISH PRIEST.

BOSNIAN TYPES AT SERAJEVO.

Holmes, the wife of our hospitable Consul, brought over some of the chefs-d'œuvre of Maltese filigree-work and set these as models for the smiths of Serajevo, who have so profited by the lesson that they are now almost able to compete with the productions of the more refined Italian artists. The Serajevan work has not, however, degenerated into mere imitation: certain native characteristics are still traceable in the new style.

Yet our Consul complained that, as regards skilful workmanship, the incapacity of the Bosniacs was great even compared with the Asiatic provinces of Turkey. In Kurdistan, for example, he found no difficulty in obtaining articles of furniture—sofas, and so forth—of European elegance, by simply supplying patterns to the native upholsterers; but here, when he tried to do the same, people laughed at the very idea! The only carpenters here are Austrians settled in Serajevo.

The motley groups of citizens of different denominations which one comes upon in the streets of Serajevo are at least as Oriental as the wares. Here is a kind of happy family of Turks, Jews, Heretics, and Infidels. It will be noticed that the Mahometan women of the capital are not so rigorously veiled as those of the provincial towns—Travnik, for example. Those of the better condition here are infected with Stamboul fashions, and now and then you will see a Mahometan lady pass in her flowing peach-coloured silk, and a veil so transparent that she might just as well have discarded it altogether. As we descend in the social scale, modesty increases, and I will not deny that many of the Serajevan women, with their long white shrouds, bear a certain resemblance to Lot's wife after her metamorphosis; but with reluctance

it must be confessed that we sometimes saw a nose or even an eye! It is amusing to watch the gradual transformations of the little Mahometan girls here. How charming was the little maiden opposite!—with her pale green vest and flowing pink—can they be really pantaloons?—with her childish beauty peeping forth from beneath a scarlet fez—and so demure, too, for all her gorgeousness! But by the time she is eleven the transitionary process will begin; for a while she will content herself with wrapping a cold white mantle round her head and her pretty dress—for a while you may still catch a glimpse of her face and the border of her fez—and then—the cocoon!

To the left of the group before us will be observed two Jewesses belonging to the wealthiest part of Serajevan population. There are in this city about 2,000 Jews, descendants of those who, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, took refuge from the persecutions of the Catholic rulers of Spain within the dominions of the more tolerant Grand Signior. But they still look back with a certain regretful longing to the adopted land of their forefathers. Although they can speak Bosniac to outsiders without an accent, they still converse among themselves in a language which was that of Spain in the days of their expulsion; and the pure Castilian of the Knight of La Mancha, antiquated in its mother-country, is still to be heard in the streets of Serajevo![1] They have a pride in those old days, and like to keep fresh their remembrance. Their Chacham-bashi, or head Rabbi, serves his

[1] I am indebted to Miss Irby for this fact. Were the Bosnian Jews to return to Spain, we should have a strange illustration of the fable of the 'Seven Sleepers!'

friends with confection made of white of eggs and sugar, called 'Spanish bread,' as a kind of memorial feast. But they cling with even warmer zeal to their old Hebrew rites and customs, and are so intolerant of innovation that, not long ago,[1] one of their leading merchants here was excommunicated for letting his wife wear long hair and dress herself in European fashion! She might well have contented herself with the coiffure of her co-religionists; for, if too wanton tresses are curtailed, *en revanche* they wear a most gorgeous head-dress. We had seen in the bazaar some tasteful discs of embroidered work—flowered with a humming-bird brilliance of design—which we took to be meant for small mats, till we found that they were worn at the back of their heads by Jewish women.

These Jews are the richest people in Serajevo, but alas! this is not simply due to their commercial talents. It is unfortunately too true that a few years ago these astute Israelites made nearly 100,000*l.* out of Austrian and German houses by a system of fraudulent bankruptcy. They act as treasurers and interpreters to the Turkish authorities in Bosnia, and use the power thus acquired to amass further gains probably not less ill-gotten. They are also the chief bankers here, and the only usurers. They are as dirty as their gains, and almost as degraded physically as morally. That they are also undersized may possibly be connected with the fact that they will only marry within their community. On the other hand Miss Irby[2] states that 'their poor are exceedingly well cared

[1] Maurer, who gives an account of the commercial frauds practised by the Serajevan Jews.

[2] 'Bosnia in 1875.' See *Victoria Magazine* for November, 1875.

for, and a Jewish beggar is never seen. No Jew is ever accused of murder, theft, or violence, or found in Turkish prisons, except on account of debt.'

The other members of our happy family are the Bosniacs of the Greek Church—the Serbs or Pravo-Slaves, as they style themselves. Of these there are about 6,000 in Serajevo, and they approach the Serbs of the Free Principality in dress as well as in name. They show, as may be seen, a great variety of head-dress—sometimes the hair plaited round a central fez *à la Serbe*—sometimes light white muslin drapery—sometimes a fez stuck coquettishly on one side, from which descends what looks like a cascade of black hair flecked with golden spray, and of such a length as to fall about the hips. It needs close inspection to detect that this is really black silk interwoven with gold thread; so the Serbian maidens of Serajevo may be congratulated on adding a cubit to their tresses! They further embellish their hair with flowery sprays, and, on high days, both fez and bosom with a barbaric superfluity of jewellery—especially coins. They carry their fortune about with them, and a Bosniac girl is admired in proportion to the number of coins that spangle her! Perhaps the same may be seen elsewhere under a civilized disguise, but here it is paraded with all the naïveté of the savage! 'What a pretty girl!' enthusiastically exclaimed a Bosniac, in the Russian Hilferding's hearing; and on his asking with surprise what the Serajevan might find to admire in a flat nose and a decided squint: 'What? Don't you see? There are ducats there to last a lifetime!'

But there is one kind of beauty which even the Bos-

niacs can admire, and that is—fatness! A fat[1] girl is here synonymous with a beauty. The character of the Christian merchants of Serajevo is, perhaps, sufficiently indicated. They are, in truth, a money-grubbing, unamiable lot, and, it need hardly be added, set their faces against culture in every form. Next to the Jews, they are the richest class in Serajevo—richer than the Turks, for the Mahometan is incapacitated by his fatalistic want of enterprize from taking part in any but small retail trades. The Serbs, on the contrary, hold in their hands most of the external commerce of the country, for which Serajevo is the natural staple, being the meeting-place of the main roads leading to Austria, North of the Save, Dalmatia, and Free Serbia, and being situate on the caravan route to Stamboul. But they do not make use of the wealth thus obtained either to elevate themselves or to aid their oppressed countrymen who lie outside the pale of consular protection. On the contrary, they form themselves into an exclusive caste, not only standing apart from the miserable rayah, but even pooh-poohing his cry of agony when it happens to stand a chance of being heard by Foreign Consuls or the Turkish Governor.

Just as characteristic of a narrow-minded bourgeoisie is the way in which they set their faces against any attempts to better their education. A few years ago a Serb of Serajevo, who had amassed what for a Bosniac was considerable wealth, as a merchant at Trieste, left a considerable sum of money to be applied in erecting a good school for the Pravo-Slave community here, on condition of a certain additional sum being subscribed by the

[1] *Pretyla*, which means originally fat, is also used for beautiful!—Hilferding.

Serajevan merchants. The Pravo-Slave community at large seem to have received the tidings of this generous bequest with sublime contempt; but one or two individuals, who hoped to profit by it as teachers, took the matter up and sent a circular to the European Consuls in the name of the whole Serb community, stating that that body 'feeling the want of a good education for their sons, and wishing to carry out the design of their benefactor, solicited the aid and patronage of the representatives of enlightened Christendom.' This sounded very fine. The Consuls took the matter up. Mr. Holmes represented it to the English Government, and though nothing could be given officially, Lord Clarendon very kindly forwarded 30*l.* on his own behalf. Then the bubble burst. The Pravo-Slave community held an indignation meeting, in which they disavowed the circular of these interested enthusiasts for education: protesting that their children were well enough taught at home, and that a new school they did not want, and a new school they would not have!

Two other most prominent classes of Serajevan society call for mention. One is the Board of Health, whose business it is to keep the streets comparatively clean. The members of this sanitary staff exercise their unclean office at night, when they patrol the streets in troops—and the offal which they then pick up is their only food! At this season these scavengers, who are perpetually falling out among themselves, raise such a terrible hubbub as murders sleep to those unused to their rowdiness. Moreover, it is hardly safe to walk across the street after dark, for these gentry will patch up their own quarrels and unite to assault the unwary foot-passenger; and, though they

have no other weapons than those wherewith nature has endowed them, such is the ferocity of their onset that I have myself seen a Turkish soldier forced to keep these guardians of the public health at bay with his sword. They do not wear either fez or turban (so far as we were able to observe), and in this they differ from the generality of Turkish officials; but they are uniformed in a coarse hide of a muddy buff-colour, disfigured with mangy patches, usually out at elbows, and tattered by reason of their nocturnal brawls, in which they show themselves so transported with passion as to tear off each other's ears. By day they are very *lazzaroni*, and are to be seen in the streets (their only home), lying across the path or roadway on their stomachs—truly a disgusting spectacle. It is a custom not to be transgressed, that both the passers-by and even waggons should move out of their way while my lords are taking their repose; and it goes ill with him who should kick, or even without hostile intent stumble upon the prostrate sanitary officer, since he and his fellows—a score of whom (you may be sure) are ready at hand—are quick in taking the law into their own hands. Nor can their insulter expect either aid or pity from the bystanders; for the citizens, rightly considering their profession as necessary to the public health, invest their person with a certain sanctity; and, doubtless, were these brutish scavengers expelled by one gate, pestilence would stalk in by the other.

Then there is another class of functionaries with whom the streets of Serajevo, and one in particular, are literally swarming, and who are even more brutal than this precious Sanitary Board. These are the Zaptiehs—call them, if you please, gendarmes, police, enlisting

sergeants, soldiers, tax-collectors, executioners—for they are Jacks-of-all-trades. They are the factotums of the Mahometan government—a terrible engine in the hands of tyranny—ready to execute its worst behests. We have seen them as the instruments of the tax-farmer or the bishop, wringing the little hoards of penury from the miserable rayah—or playing the part of apparitors in those Inquisition scenes of torture. These are the hired bravoes who live at free-quarters in the Christian villages; rob, violate—and in many cases murder—whom they will. There are of course exceptions; and their worst offences are nothing to the infamy of the Government which lets loose ignorant fanatics among a population whom their creed teaches them to count as dogs, and which leaves them, without pay sufficient for their bare subsistence, to plunder those whom they nominally protect. When in the presence of Europeans they usually possess tact sufficient to keep on their good behaviour; but from the atrocious scenes of which I myself was a witness at the Christian pilgrimage, their conduct, when freed from any restraint of foreign surveillance, may be faintly imagined. Those who have had most acquaintance with the country described them to us as 'covering the land like a blight.' Though there are enough of them in Serajevo in all conscience, we were assured that the number at present here is smaller than usual, since many have been sent out to collect the Redif or reserve, and many have been hastily draughted into the soldiery. To-day a gang of these commissioned bandits has been scouring the country with orders to seize thirty horses, but they have only been able to lay hands on a couple. The Government exercises the right of seizing horses at

need. Nominally it is only a loan, but the peasants rarely see their beasts back, and dare not hope for recompense of any kind; besides which the owner is often impressed himself as kiradjì or driver, without receiving a penny for this *corvée*. This forced labour and seizure of horses was one of the most crying wrongs of the Herzegóvinan rayahs, and one of the many causes of the revolt. How inveterate must be that misgovernment which continues to sow the wind at the very moment that it is reaping the whirlwind!

Here, at least, affairs are becoming hourly more ominous. We hear tidings of a Christian victory near Novipazar, which means that the single road connecting Bosnia with the rest of Turkey is seriously threatened. Isolated tales of bloodshed and massacre form the common topic of conversation. A Serb cuts the throat of a Turkish Mollah near Mostar; the Christian is hung; his friends surprise a party of Mahometans in an inn, and massacre them to a man; the cry for vengeance is now caught up by the Turks, and so the tragedy developes. Such details are revolting, but they give a true picture of the reign of terror which is setting in. To-day a large number of Austrian women, the wives of artizans beyond the Save, are leaving the town.

This evening, our last in this city, a strange atmospheric phenomenon seemed to shadow forth the uncertainty of all around. This afternoon it began to pour, and at first the clouds, as they shifted hither and thither, threw the mountains that frown around the city on every side into strange and novel reliefs. Then they sank lower, till they hung like a pall above mosque and minaret, and shrouded even the 'nodding hills' around in

impenetrable gloom—half cloud, half mountain. The city alone stood out with clear and well defined outlines in the livid half-light, but the mist literally lapped its outer walls, and so thickly, that a foe might have approached to the very entrance of the town without possibility of detection. It was, indeed, portentous of the present state of Serajevo; nothing but the present certain; her nearest future overclouded; forebodings of internecine struggles within; the sulphurous vapours of civil and religious war rising around her—doubly awful in the uncertain light of rumour. 'It is the beginning of the end,' said a foreign representative to us; 'do not be surprised if you are surveying the last days of Ottoman rule in the Serai.'

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE HERZEGÓVINA.

Talismans and Phylacteries—Connection between the Geology of Illyria and her Cabalistic Science—Roman Gems and Altar of Jove the Thunderer—Amulets against the Evil Eye—On our Way again—The Gorge of the Żelesnica—Pursued by Armed Horseman—Sleep under a Haystack—Chryselephantine Rock-sculpture—Wasting her Sweetness on the Desert Air!—Mt. Trescovica—The Forest Scenery of Mt. Igman—Transformations of the Herb Gentian—Reminiscences of the Karst—No Water!—A Race against Night—Strange Bedfellows—A Bosnian-Herzegóvinan House—We encounter Bashi-Bazouks—Cross the Watershed between the Black Sea and Adriatic—First Glimpse of the Herzegóvina—Signs of a Southern Sky—Coinica, the Runnimede of the Old Bosnian Kingdom—Great Charter of King Stephen Thomas—Our Host: the Untutored Savage—Absence of Nature's Gentlemen—Democratic Genius of Bosniacs and Southern Sclaves—The Narenta and its treacherous Waters—Iron Bridge—Entertained by Belgian Engineer—Murder of young Christian by two armed Turks—Trepidation of our Host and Preparations for Flight—Touching Instance of Filial Affection!—A Village of Unveiled Mahometans—*Rhododactyls*: Darwinianism refuted at last!—The Tragic Lay of the Golden Knife—Magnificent Scenery of the Narenta Valley; Amethystine Cliffs and Emerald Pools—A Land of Wild Figs and Pomegranates.

Aug. 24th.—This being our last morning in Serajevo, we thought it prudent, taking into account the troublousness of the times and the perils that might beset our further pilgrimage, to have recourse to the magic arts, in which the Moslems of this city show themselves so proficient. To this end we have devoted the forenoon to ransacking the shops of the silversmiths, who chiefly traffic in such wares, for amulets, and stones of divers virtues; and, assuredly, if there be aught in 'mystic cabala and spells,' we may consider ourselves secure from evil.

When the Turks knew for what we were looking,

they brought out strange caskets, and opened many a hidden drawer, that they might set before us gems and talismans of antique form. And many of these turbaned sages who had not such wares to impart for filthy lucre, yet, that they might hold before us, as it were, a beacon wherewith to guide our footsteps in the path of true philosophy, would display to us the rings and periapts that they wore on their person, or would take out potent stones from their wallets for our perusal. By this means we obtained much instruction in the cabalistic science of these true believers. Much virtue lies, it would appear, in the character of the stone itself, and a red carnelian carried about the person, or set in a signet ring, is held as potent an amulet as any. 'Twas a stone like this that the Princess Badoura wore in a purse attached to her girdle. When the curiosity of the luckless Camaralzaman prompted him to open this, he found therein 'a red carnelian, engraven with unknown figures and characters.' 'This carnelian,' says the prince to himself, 'must have something extraordinary in it, or my princess would not be at the trouble to carry it with her.' And indeed it was Badoura's talisman or a scheme of her nativity drawn from the constellations of heaven, which the Queen of China had given her daughter as a charm that would keep her from any harm as long as she had it about her.

Many of the stones were simply signets for rings, and derived their virtue merely from their material—red carnelian or blood-stone. These signets, however, not unfrequently were engraved with stars or a branch of mystic import, besides the Arabic name of the bearer. The talismans, pure and simple, are generally to be distinguished from simple seals by the writing not being reversed. To

obtain such stones was naturally difficult, but I secured one, a red carnelian, engraved with the cabalistic words '*Excellence belongs to God*,' and another mysterious charm—a blood-stone with monogrammatic spells which no Arabian scholar has yet been able to decipher for me—arranged in a Solomon's seal. Ami Boué, who was struck with the number of charms used by the Mahometans of these parts, notices among the inscriptions on them, '*the servant of God*,' '*I trust in God*.' Many curious parallels might be cited among the posies of old English rings.

It is interesting to notice the repute in which the blood-stone is held here for these sigils and talismans. Those who are familiar with Gnostic gems will remember how often this stone, as well as the carnelian, appears engraved with the names of Iao, or Abrasax, or others of that mysterious race of genii. I have myself seen several Gnostic gems of this character from the Roman sites of the Illyrian coast land, and indeed cannot refrain from hinting a suspicion that there may be something more than a chance connection between the abundance of such charms in ancient and in modern Illyria. And have we not even sufficient presumptive evidence before us that such a continuity of superstition has been preserved in Bosnia? Is it not possible that the Manichæans who spread themselves over these lands in the Middle Ages owed part of their success to the survivals of an earlier Illyrian Gnosticism, and that they may have absorbed and assimilated its remnants here as they seem to have done in the south of France?[1] Those who recognize how much the Mahometan Sclaves of Bosnia have preserved of their

[1] King, op. cit., connects the abundance of Gnostic remains in the Gothic

earlier Christian superstitions will hardly think it improbable that part at least of their wide-spread belief in the potency of such charms may be an inheritance from Præ-Turkish times.

To answer such questions with confidence more evidence is needed. This, however, is certain, that the present abundance of such charms in Bosnia is partly due to geological causes, being favoured by the presence of stones adapted for the manufacture, in some of the Illyrian valleys. We saw many such stones being vended on the bridges of Serajevo by itinerant pedlars—an abundance of rudely cut carnelians, blood-stones, amethysts, agates, and rock crystals—intended not only for sigils and amulets, but also for purposes purely ornamental. It was the abundance of such stones that made Illyria—as I hope to point out later on—the seat of a regular manufacture of Roman gems. These, if I may judge from those which I have myself examined, are to be found in considerable abundance on all Roman sites in Illyria; and even in Serajevo, where there are no remains of Roman habitation beyond a solitary votive inscription to the Thunderer,[1] we noticed several classic gems scattered among more modern talismans and signets. One which I succeeded in purchasing is a masterpiece of ancient art. The stone is a sard of a deep red colour, on which is en-

part of France, with the triumph of the Albigensian and other heresies of the same area.

[1] This stone is now in the garden of the French Consulate. It reads I.O.M.‖TONITRA (?)‖RORI A/R‖MAXIMVS‖VI (?) P. AVGG‖*SALVTI*. The (?) means that an uncertain letter is missed out. The *Saluti* is doubtful. I saw several Roman coins in the silversmiths' shops, and in some cases Ragusan coins found with them—another evidence of the way in which the Ragusans may be said to have stepped into the shoes of the Romans in these parts.

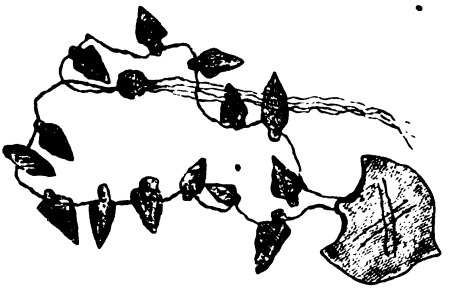
graved a faun holding an amphora on his shoulder; the proportions are perfect, and the whole so exquisitely engraved, that not a flaw in the execution can be detected even with the aid of a strong magnifying-glass.

The Prince of the Isles of the children of Khaledan was not more troubled when the bird of ill-omen snatched the blood-red carnelian of Badoura from his grasp, than is a Bosniac who has lost or broken his talisman. At Jablanica, in the valley of the Narenta, we heard of a Turk who a few days before had broken his amulet-ring. The poor man's terror was piteous to see, and fearing that the injury to his charm portended that some terrible misfortune would overtake him, or that at least his hours were numbered, he immediately set out on a ten hours' journey to Mostar, that the injury might be repaired by cunning artificers. And what is extremely curious, this belief in charms is not by any means confined to the Moslems of Bosnia. The Christians are equally given to talismans, and I saw some with crosses and inscriptions in Cyrillian characters. Ami Boué mentions Herzegóvinan rayahs wearing about their persons texts written on scrolls of paper, in the same manner as verses of the Koran with the Moslems. The Moslems on their part return the compliment; and it is not the least curious trace of the lurking *penchant* for the faith of their fathers betrayed by some of the descendants of the Bosnian renegades, that at times Mahometans have been known to send their amulets to the Franciscan monks that their blessing might lend an additional potency to the charm. This reminds one of the story of Julian 'the Apostate,' who, though a staunch Pagan, is said to have used the sign of the cross to scare away demons!

The scrolls containing verses from the Koran are a very favourite amulet here, and the modern Bosniacs show themselves as prone as the Pharisees of old 'to enlarge their phylacteries.' Sometimes these sacred excerpts are sewn into the dress, sometimes hung round the neck, or attached to the arm. One of our Zaptiehs showed us his, enclosed in a leathern case, in much the same manner as in a specimen which I have seen from Egypt. This was fastened round the upper part of his arm—a thoroughly Eastern mode of wearing amulets—if I may be allowed once more to call in evidence Prince Camaralzaman, who, on recovering dear Badoura's carnelian, 'having first kissed the talisman, wrapped it up in a ribbon, and tied it carefully about his arm.'

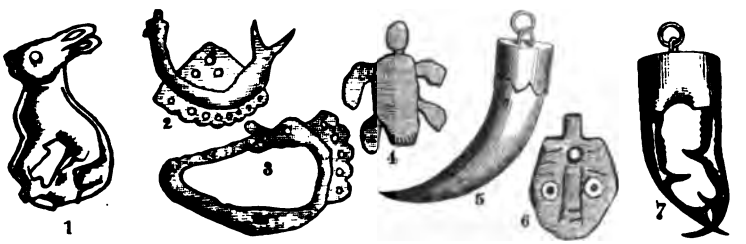
But of periapts those that took our fancy most, and of which we took care to lay in a goodly store for our own use, were certain necklaces or amulets from which were suspended carnelian arrowheads. Of these there was a regular traffic, and we saw large bunches of them hung up for sale in the larger bezestan; on enquiring their use, the merchant who sold them informed me that they were a most valuable and potent charm against skin diseases—in an Oriental city not an unimportant consideration—and insinuated as a minor attraction that if I wore them I need never be afraid of warts. I have seen exactly similar charms in Bulgaria, and others from Arabia, which are worn by the Arabs 'as good for the blood'—so that their cutaneous virtues are widely appreciated. The Serajevan merchant said that they were imported from India—truly, the Ganges may almost be said to have flowed into the Save! But the miniature arrowheads of these amulets command as high an interest from their form as from

their Indian origin; and the sanctity with which superstition has invested what was once the everyday weapon of mankind, is one of the many proofs of the antiquity of that Stone Age which preceded the period when Bronze was the only metal known to mankind, and, at a remoter distance, this blessed Age of Iron.



Arrowhead Charms.

We heard of other charms suspended round horses' necks, though I am not in a position to describe any of these. But perhaps the most curious amulets were those worn by children against the Evil Eye. Here are some that we succeeded in carrying off. Figures 1, 2, 3, 4, are of



Amulets against the Evil Eye.

lead, severally representing a hare, a fish, a crested serpent, a tortoise. No. 5 is the claw of an eagle or some kind of bird, and No. 7 the horns of a stag beetle; both of these are mounted in tin sockets. No. 6 is a rude face

carved in jet. These are fixed on the child's fez, or elsewhere about the person, and the object served is to avert the first stroke, or as the Italians say the *Jettatura* of the Cattiv' Occhio; this first stroke being alone considered fatal. It is for this reason that the amulets against its malign influence are usually of bizarre forms, in order to attract the *Jettatura* to themselves. But the natural objects—notably the animals, representations of which are used for this purpose here—are extremely interesting, inasmuch as they very strongly suggest a continuity with the amulets against the Evil Eye in use in classic times. Thus, on ancient gems the eye is seen surrounded by a lion, a hare, a dog, a scorpion, a stag and a serpent.[1] There is, besides, a well-known class of Roman brooches in the form of fishes, the animals mentioned above, and others, which may, one would think, with great propriety be looked on as nothing but amulets of the same kind, and many of which bear a striking resemblance to these Bosnian charms. Nor is this superstition, any more than the others, at all confined to the Mahometans of Bosnia; it is universal among the Serbs, who, it is said,[2] find great deliverance from the evil effects of the Cattiv' Occhio by touching iron or looking at blue objects.

Having now fortified ourselves to our satisfaction with these and many talismans of virtue, and being supplied by our kind hosts at the Consulate with a store of wheaten bread, Bologna sausages, and eke Sicilian wine, we bade farewell to our friends at Serajevo, and set forth on foot once more. It was our intention to make our way as best we could to the Herzegóvina over the wild ranges

[1] Also a thunder-bolt. See King's *Gnostics and their Remains.*
[2] Ami Boué.

to the West, and, as the best line of attack on our mountain citadels, made for the gorge of the Želesnica over the foot of lower hills. About an hour from Serajevo we passed the last trace of comparative civilization. This was a brewery recently established by two Austrian settlers, with one of whom we conversed whilst discussing a glass of very fair German beer. The poor man was in a great state of trepidation. Only the day before his brother brewer had made off for the Austrian frontier, taking with him his family, and our host himself was preparing to follow his partner's example as soon as he could get his effects together. 'It's only the Turks,' he said, 'that I'm afraid of, not the insurgents. You can't believe what cut-throats these Bashi-Bazouks are!'

This was hardly inspiriting for ourselves, nor did our prospects seem more brilliant when, an hour or so afterwards, in a lonely part of the Želesnica valley, to which we had now descended, we heard a hue and cry behind us, and turning round saw a ferocious horseman armed to the teeth, clattering after us on a gorgeously caparisoned steed. Our infantry thereupon formed, and the cavalry halted a few paces off. Whereupon our dragoon, who, from the sumptuousness of his arms, must have been a Beg at least, roared out to us some commands, in which the insolence alone was intelligible. Thereupon we continued our march, resolved to pay no attention to the insults of the foe; but seeing that he hung about our flanks, and that his general demeanour was becoming momentarily more hostile, we made such an unmistakable sign that we had been sufficiently honoured by his company that he thought better of the matter and beat a retreat. There is one weapon which in Bosnia serves

as efficiently for a passport as the Bujuruldu of the Governor-General!

We were in a certain amount of anxiety lest the enemy should renew his attack with reinforcements, but the valley grew wilder and the darkness was rapidly closing in to hide our position. Further up the stream we passed those two monuments, one with a crescent moon engraved upon it, which have been already described—and the position was one which the persecuted Bogomiles might well have chosen. Towards dusk the valley widened out a bit, and we perceived a village a little higher up; but not wishing to run the risk of letting our whereabouts be known, and infinitely preferring the open canopy of heaven to the vermin-ridden shelter of a Bosnian cabin, we sought out some other resting-place for the night, and soon discovered eligible quarters among some haystacks in a meadow by the side of the stream. These haystacks were of a peculiar form, being composed of small sheaves of hay skewered on an upright pole, but they afforded very welcome shelter from the night breeze; so that after taking our tea and an evening meal of simple contrivance, we lay down and slept sound enough till dawn.

Aug. 25*th.*—We had breakfasted and were on our way again by half-past four next morning, and the light of the rising sun revealed to us a most beautiful cliff of rock, as it were of ivory veined with gold, rising above our encampment. After passing the straggling village of Jablanica, which we had seen the night before, the valley contracted, and we were forced to climb along a rocky steep overlooking the torrent on the left. The mountains on each side grew higher, wooded with small

oaks, thorns, and beeches, with here and there a brilliant Colossus of rock in the same chryselephantine style; while the stream below, pent up in so precipitous a gorge, naturally waxed more boisterous, and dashed from one emerald pool to another, flaked with snow-white foam. But our steep quickly became so impassable by reason of rocky bastions, that we were forced to relinquish our design of following the water-course, and in preference ascended the mountain whose flank we had been hitherto hugging. We made our way upwards with difficulty through the tangled brushwood, and from this summit descended once more through the stunted oaks, intending to steer for a hilly ridge running south-west towards Mt. Bielastica. Chancing, however, to hit on a path more or less in our direction, we followed it, and found ourselves before long at a small Christian hamlet consisting of two or three huts, each, as usual, in its paled enclosure. Here we found some peasants—men in long white tunics, women with dress and coiffure of Serbian fashion—all of whom were very friendly, and hastened to satisfy our thirst with sour milk. One of the girls, in the bloom of her age, was extremely beautiful. Both her hair and eyes, shaded with eyebrows low and broad, were dark, and in the refinement of her features, the pale olive of her complexion, softly contrasting with her raven tresses and sparkling sombreness of eye, there was a charm almost Italian—had it not yet been eminently South-Sclavonic. She seemed as amiable as she was lovely, and was evidently recognised as a belle even in her small circle; for she alone, we noticed, was possessed of earrings. Her comeliness was indeed the *beau idéal* of Serbian fancy; but I should hardly have drawn attention to it

here, were not really transcendent beauty so rarely seen among these uncultured South-Sclavonic peoples, perhaps one might say, among the barbarous members of our Aryan family generally. In a highly civilized society like our own, the proportion of Peris—if I dare generalize—is greater; but on the other hand, if anyone wishes to find examples of the deepest human degradation, he must search, not among the mountain homes of the oppressed rayahs of Bosnia, but rather in the alleys of one of our great cities. With us the gamut of beauty is greater.

But it is high time to take a fond farewell; so, leaving this flower of the Bosnian highlands 'to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air,' we began ascending our ridge, and finding another path, came, an hour or so further on, to a leafy canopy supported by four poles, beneath which squatted two venerable Mahometans with sage and hoary beards. We recognised the signs of a rustic café, and taking our seats on a convenient grassy bank, refreshed ourselves with sundry fragrant cupfuls, the while much delighting our ancient coffee-maker and his fellow with an exhibition of English hunting-knives. We soon after reached the summit of the ridge, and following it along a succession of down-like lawns, gained, from its southern-most bluff just above the Priesnica torrent, a fine mountain panorama, and in especial a good view of the limestone precipices of Mt. Trescovica (which here forms the boundary between Bosnia and Herzegóvina), frowning over lower forest-covered heights. So sharp was the contrast between the bold curves and contortions of the light limestone rock and the softer contours and verdant shades beneath, that one could fancy that the green undulations of the Planinas

round had at one point burst into foaming billows; and, indeed, the mountain crest seemed to curl over as to imitate a breaking wave,—but how flat is the poetry of nature when reduced to black and white by the prosaic pencil!

We now wanted to make our way into the Narenta valley over the north-west shoulder of Mt. Bielastica, but were turned out of our course by the deep gorge of the Priesnica, and thought it best to ascend the south-eastern

Mount Trescovica, from South-Eastern Spur of Mount Igman.

promontory of a largish range known by the name of Mt. Igman—though the title covers a multitude of peaks. The scenery now became more beautiful than ever, though profoundly lonely, save here and there for a beautiful black squirrel leaping from branch to branch, or a huge brown vulture floating through the azure overhead. The steeps up which we now made our way were covered with forest more varied in its composition than those of

Troghìr and Vučia. Beech, as there, was the predominant tree; but oaks and thorns, dark firs and pines, glaucous ashes and fountainous birches—often so happily blended and grouped as to transcend the planter's art—disputed the sole dominion of the queen of the forest. The trees were perhaps hardly so large, as a rule, as those we had seen in the mountains of more northern Bosnia, but we noticed one pine no less than eighteen feet in circum-

Mount Bielastica.

ference at a yard from the ground. Another speciality of this forest-mountain was the greater espacement of the arboreal columns; the trees were not so thickly crowded, and grew more freely. The sovereign beech has no need to gird herself so closely, but can stretch out her queenly arms, and spread far and wide her leafy flounces without fear of her robes being pressed and crumpled by the crowd. Glades are here more frequent, and ever and anon a charming lawny break would open a vista through

the trees, and we caught a glimpse of the distant ridge of Bielastica.

We reached two summits of the mountain we were on, the first by our aneroid 4,350 feet above sea-level, the second 4,560. About these summits, which were less wooded than the lower regions, we found a variety of flowers, recalling the flora of our chalk downs—the yellow snapdragon, the scabious, white as well as mauve, and the heartsease, though larger and of a richer purple, much as we remembered them on our own Chilterns; and here, as there, the chalk-hill blue seemed the commonest butterfly. But besides these we noticed rosy sweet-williams and autumn crocus, with its double trinity of lilac petals—iris-like—a design for a gothic window. On one summit, gained earlier in the day, we found a curious bulbous plant with a tall stalk and drooping purple bells, each curving down on a separate stem like a pygmy snake's head;[1] and some mountain lawns shone blue as the sky above, with a wondrous thistle whose leaves as well as flowers were tinged on their upper surface with a bright azure.

But what surprised me most, was to see the Solomon's seal-like flower, which we had noticed in all the Bosnian forests, bristle up erect and stiff on the breezy mountain summit, after undergoing such a transformation that I should not have known it for the same plant had not I marked the gradual transition. It was now for the first time that I identified the mysterious floral weeping-willow, which had delighted us so often, with an old friend—the autumn gentian. As we descended the mountain we watched the transition with astonishment. The

[1] Fritillaria.

flowers, instead of circling the upright stem in a perfect coronal, crept to the upper side of it as it gradually declined. The leaves and bells grew larger—the stem as much as two feet long—till in the damper parts of the forest the whole was once more transformed into what looked like Solomon's seal with tall azure cups stretching upwards from the back of its drooping stem—a perfect emblem of hope in sorrow.

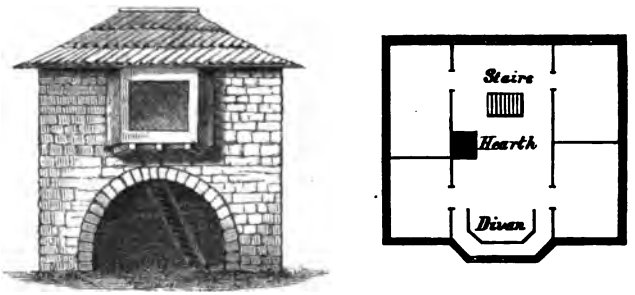
But a curious feature in the mountain formation began to make itself painfully felt. There was no water. All the streams ran below ground. Vale and mountain were alike pitted with those inverted-conical hollows—the *Dolinas*, which we remembered in the limestone wilderness of Carniola—that terrible Karst. These circular hollows are nothing but swallow-holes, formed by the water in its passage to the caverns of its underground course. And so it happened that we were forced to climb on, hour after hour, through the mid-day heat of a Southern sun, without discovering a drop to drink. Our intense thirst rendered us so desperate that we willingly forsook our proper course to plunge into deep gorges in the vain hope of finding water. But it was invariably to find that all our labour had been wasted, and that we must climb upwards once more and seek elsewhere. Three times we thought that we had succeeded, and as many times we were disappointed; twice what we hoped to be drinkable turned out to be a filthy pool, almost too bad for cattle; once, however, we thought to have procured some from a shepherd whose temporary hut had attracted our attention from a height above. The poor man went and fetched us a bucket of liquid, but it was green slime! At last, about four in the afternoon—

after eight hours of hard struggle since the coffee which we had quaffed at the roadside shed—almost fainting with drought we found, in a moist part of a track that we had hit on, some mules' footprints, in which some of the rain-water from the storm of the previous day was still standing. This we eagerly sucked up through a hollow hemlock stem; and, though the beaker was novel, were much refreshed.

But what with our frantic searches after water and vain attempts to find a pass which exists nowhere but on the Major's map, we had diverged very seriously from our right direction; and, on reaching a mountain edge, we discerned ourselves far out in our bearings, and far too much to the north-east. Two thousand feet below us we descried an inhabited country, and, delicious sight! a stream; and though night was closing in, and both my brother and myself are subject to the inconvenience of being night-blind, we resolved, if possible, to descend to this friendly valley before darkness set in. It was a race against night; but we literally bounded down, and striking on a shepherd's path, were able to run the rest of the way, and descended two thousand feet and were quenching all the thirst of the day in the crystal stream, within half an hour from the time when we reached the mountain edge. A peasant whom we here met conducted us to a Han on the high road a little way off, and we found ourselves under shelter exactly sixteen hours after our start in the morning, during which time we had given ourselves hardly any rest.

Aug. 26th.—Our Han was a miserable little hovel, consisting chiefly of one room, which served at once for kitchen, squatting-room, and bedchamber, in which we

slept on a wooden dais amongst a lot of ragged Turks; but travellers must expect strange bed-fellows—and after all, our chamber was comparatively flealess. We found that we were on the high road which connects Serajevo with Mostar, the capital of the Herzegóvina, but on the wrong side of the pass, and about seven hours' walk from Coinica, the first town in the duchy of St. Sava, and our this day's destination. We stopped on our way to refresh ourselves at a Han, of which I give a plan and elevation, in order to convey an idea of the ordinary cottage in this part of Bosnia: for the dwelling-houses are like the inns, except that their entrance arch opens on to the yard and



Plan of Bosnian Han.

not on to the road. The lower part is, as usual, reserved for horses and cattle. Making your way through these stables you ascend a ladder in the middle and emerge above on a central hall, at once guest-room and kitchen, with a divan at one end round a bay window open to the air, and the rafters above literally tarred by the smoke which rises from a chimneyless hearth of flat stones. The external walls here are of stone—a Herzegóvinan characteristic.

We now ascended the pass which here forms the watershed between the Black Sea and the Adriatic, and on

our way met a party of Bashi-Bazouks,—according to the German Consul the most serious danger that we were liable to meet with. They stopped us; but by great good fortune there happened to be a regular officer with them who understood our pass, and explaining its purport to the others we passed on with commendatory ejaculations of '*Dobro! dobro!*'—'Good! good!' This piece of luck we attributed not only to the amulets on our person, but to the herb amulet, or cyclamen, which bloomed in the crevices of the cliffs, and a few of whose delicious flowers we had plucked, and with great forethought carried with us. The summit of the pass was, according to our observations, 3,080 feet above sea-level. Just here we had another slight adventure, for entering what we took to be a new Han, we discovered on reaching the upper storey that it was a Turkish watch-tower—one of the block-houses hastily run up on the outbreak of the insurrection. The soldiers, however, justly concluding that none but friends would plunge thus boldly into their midst, showed themselves very friendly, and gave us water, which we asked for, to drink. We met some other parties of volunteers, but were not molested.

As we descended the pass towards the valley of the Narenta, the scenery became grand and beautiful. To the left rose the grey limestone precipices of Bielastica, above the nearer forest-covered heights. The base of the mountain forms a wooded slope; above this succeeds a barren glacis of talus, and above this again tower the perpendicular walls of the mountain-citadel itself (for it looks uncommonly like an ancient fortress), with here and there magnificent bastions and even round-towers of rock, relieving the rugged-level line of the

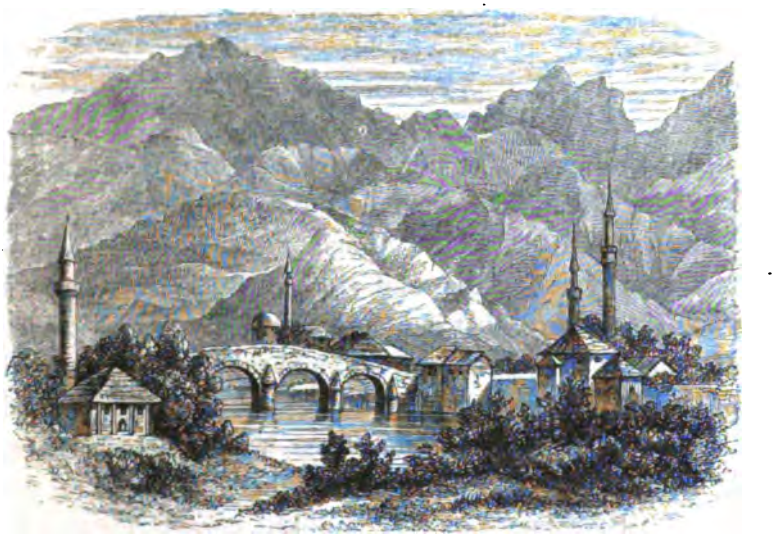
citadel walls. To the right of us rose another nearer wall of rock, along whose surface our roadway had been hewn out, in places not without engineering skill. This cliff was of a schistose formation, stained of the most brilliant varieties of hue—rich browns of every shade, a golden orange and a rose so deep and decided that we invoked the neighbouring cinnabar mines of Creševo in order to account for it. In places, again, the rocky wall was formed of sombre slate, but it too could take exqui-

First Glimpse of the Herzegóvina.

site hues of lilac in a favourable light, and as we descended lower into the valley the rocks grew white as chalk. Below us was the deep gorge of a torrent, and on its further side the strata were in places knotted and grained and gnarled, like the roots of an old oak-tree.

Now, at a turn of the road, opens our first glimpse of the ancient duchy of St. Sava—or, as it is now more generally known, the Herzegóvina—a magnificent vista of

rocky mountains rising beyond the yet unseen valley of the Narenta, their dark blue shadows golden-fringed by the setting sun. The trees become more southern in their character; here and there are fine Spanish chestnuts; on a height to the right are the pines of an Italian landscape; wild vine becomes plentiful once more; we pass a Herzegóvinan peasant in a peaked cap of Dalmatian character; and finally come in sight of Coinica, the first Herzegóvinan town, with mosque and minaret reflected



View of Coinica.

on the silvery waters of the Narenta; and behind, in a glorious amphitheatre, those barren limestone peaks, which, stretching away in unbroken chains to the Black Mountain on the south-east, form the Switzerland of Turkey, and are ringing even now with the battle-cry of freedom.

Across the river, and connecting the few houses on the Bosnian shore, known as Neretva, with Coinica on

the other, is stretched a fine stone bridge, the finest we had seen in Bosnia, and indeed the only one that we had seen outside the walls of the capital. This is one of the oldest historic monuments in the country, and is said to have been the work of Hvalimir, King of Croatia, though it has doubtless been restored by the Turks. Thus it is a living witness of the ancient connexion between Bosnia and Croatia, with which Herzegóvinan history begins; and it forms a fitting avenue of approach to Coinica itself, which is celebrated in the history of the Bosnian kingdom as the scene of one of the few peaceful events in that unhappy national story that have become memorable. Coinica was in a certain sense the Runnymede of Bosnia. At the 'Conventus' or diet of Coinica in 1446, Thomas, last lawful king of this country, set his seal to a charter, which, though rather framed to protect royalty and the feudal *régime*, was in this sense a popular measure, that it was designed to check violence and abuses in days of anarchy, and that it was presented to the king for signature by an assembly of prelates and barons, who in a certain sense were representative. Whether the document has come down to us in an unmutilated form must be very doubtful, considering that its preservation is due to monks of the order of St. Francis. It was one of these who obtained a Latin copy of it for Farlato, who was thus able to insert it in his 'Illyricum Sacrum.'[1] But as we are on the spot, and as this is a

[1] Farlato appears to have obtained this from a Vladmirović, a member of the same noble family as the bishop who, in the capacity of secretary, drew up the document for the king. One may perhaps be allowed to conjecture that this constitutional monument owes its preservation to the Vladmirović family: it is at present kept in the monastery of Foinica. Thoemmel gives a German version of this charter, which would seem to indicate that there exists some other copy of the original. But he does not give his authority, and his variations may be due to too free translation.

unique constitutional memorial of the old Bosnian kingdom, and illustrates amongst other things the relation in which the two countries on whose borders we now are stood to one another in the days of Christian government, I have ventured to subjoin a translation :—

We, Stephen Thomas, by the grace of God, King of Rascia, Servia, of the Bosnians or Illyrians, of the parts of Primorie of Dalmatia and of Croatia, commit to memory, by the authority of these present, to all whom it may concern as hereinafter ordained.

In an Assembly, holden by us in our land of Coinica,[1] and in our Congregation General,[2] all our faithful vassals, prelates, barons, Voivodes, and elders,[3] and all elected nobles of all the counties of our realm treating of those things which pertain to the peace and well-being of our realm: these foresaid elders, amongst other praiseworthy ordinances, set before us and presented certain articles hereinafter set forth, humbly praying that we would think well to confirm the articles aforesaid :—

Firstly—That the Manichæans[4] build no new church, nor restore the old.

Secondly—That goods given to the Church be not taken away.

Thirdly—That if any one slay a man, let him by royal judgment be cast into prison, and let his goods be divided into two parts, one part to be forfeited to the king and one part to the kinsmen of him slain.

Fourthly—That when the councillors, secretaries, Voivodes, and counts of the royal court,[5] are chosen, they must solemnly swear oath to the king.

Fifthly—That the Duke[6] of St. Sava be not lawful duke unless he be chosen by the king of Rascia, Serbia, and Illyricum. After election let him swear oath to the king's majesty. But if he presume to exercise office without taking the oath, the king's majesty shall punish him.

Sixthly—That incestuous and the corrupters of kinspeople be punished.

Seventhly—That the betrayers of fenced cities[7] and of their lords pay the penalties of their treason ; and also the utterers of false money.

To the perpetual memory and confirmation of which things we have sanctioned the constitutions written in this Charta by the setting

[1] In pago nostro de Cogniz. [2] In generali congregatione.
[3] Proceribus. [4] The Bogomiles are meant.
[5] Sedis Regiæ. [6] Herzegh Sancti Sabbæ. [7] Castra.

on of our great seal: by the will and counsel of the lords, prelates, Voivodes, and elders of the whole kingdom. Given at Coinica, and written by the most reverend father in Christ, lord Vladimir Vladmirović, bishop of Creševo and of the Narentines, of the Greek rite, secretary of our court,[1] and doctor of Greek letters and laws,[2] our beloved and faithful, in the year of our Saviour 1446.'

Here follow the names of the signataries. At the head the Papal Nuncio, the Inquisitor-General, and Vicar of Bosnia. For the Greek communion the Metropolitan of Dioclea, 'patriarch of our realm,' a series of bishops and Minorite fathers, and the Vladikas of the Greek rite. At the head of the lay vassals is the respectable and magnificent Stépan, Duke of St. Sava, with his sons; our dear brother the Ban of Jaycze, Radivoj Vladmirović Count and Judge of our Court, Stépan Vlatković our councillor and Ban of Ussora, John Covačić, Voivode of our parts of Dalmatia, Peter Paulović, Voivode of Glasinac, and master of our dish-bearers,[3] Paul Kubretić Voivode of Zvornik and master of our cup-bearers, and 'many other Voivodes of our kingdom holding Voivodeships and honours.'

The cry is peace, and there is no peace! There is a pathos in these short enactments—the voice of national despair sounding faintly down the avenue of time.

The crops have already been trodden down beneath the troops of Turkish horsemen. The foe is at the gates, and anarchy and treason reign within. The discordant parties and turbulent nobles seem at length to realise that Bosnia must unite or perish. For a moment the bans forget their mutual feuds, and the bishops of both churches agree as brothers. Let the murderer no longer be unpunished; let Holy Church no longer be robbed with impunity; let the great barons of the land cease to disown their fealty to their sovereign; let some restraint be

[1] Aulæ.

[2] It is interesting to observe the Byzantine influence on the Bosnian court and civilization which this charter incidentally reveals. It seems connected with the flourishing state of the Eastern Church in Bosnia at this time, and is further evidenced by the titles of the court officials.

[3] Or Dapifers.

put upon the corruption of family life; let the coinage no longer suffer debasement. The Grand Inquisitor himself sets his seal to an act by which the hated Bogomiles are accorded comparative toleration. But it is all too late. Already the national treason shows symptoms of beginning, and it is found necessary to insert a special enactment against those betrayers of fenced cities. The impending national catastrophe seems to overshadow this High Court of Feudal Bosnia, just as even now in the still evening air the shadows of yonder mountains are creeping over the mosques and minarets of Coinica, and spreading a pall over the tents which the Turkish soldiery have pitched on the Bosnian bank.

One cannot wonder that Coinica was chosen as the meeting-place of the lords spiritual and temporal of Christian Bosnia. The situation on the one pass which connects the heart of Bosnia and her present capital with the duchy, and the magnificent bridge which here spans the Narenta, make it the key to the Herzegóvina; and even the Turks have showed themselves so alive to its strategic importance that on the outbreak of the insurrection one of the first cares of the government was to secure the position by posting here a division of troops, whose tents we now descried on a height above the Narenta, as—after a short and satisfactory audience with the Kaïmakàm, whom we interviewed in a house which he was building on the Bosnian shore—we crossed the bridge, and, entering Coinica, find ourselves in the old duchy of St. Sava.

Here, after some difficulty, we have discovered a Han —or rather a loft above a stable—and the attendance is

certainly in keeping with the place! We are waited on by a turbaned youth, who is a very good specimen of the untutored savage, as he exists in Bosnia at the present day. He comes into our room and gapes at us while we are eating; he takes up our scrap of wheaten bread—a *bonne-bouche* which we had brought with us from Serajevo —and fingers it complacently. When we ask for water, this child of nature snatches up the pitcher, and before handing it to us takes a good pull at the spout himself! Since then he has stared at us persistently, with interludes of spitting about the floor. We have hinted in every possible way that he is *de trop*—but to hints our young barbarian shows himself quite unapproachable—till at last all our respect for the sanctity of a host fairly breaks down, and we rid ourselves of our incubus by the magic word *Haiti!*

Nature's gentlemen the Bosniacs certainly are not! There is not here that surviving polish of an older civilization—that inheritance of refinement which one traces amongst the Italian peasants, and which the traveller meets with even among the Roman shepherds of the Carpathian wilds. The Bosniacs, on the contrary, show themselves grossly familiar when not cowed into bearish reserve; they have not even sufficient tact to perceive when their impertinence or obtrusive curiosity is annoying. They show no delicacy about prying into our effects, and in this respect are far behind the Wallacks and other uncivilized European populations with whom I have come in contact. They never displayed gratitude for any small largess that we bestowed on them, though they grabbed at it with avidity; and their general ingratitude was confirmed by those who have had more experience

of the country. Amongst the Mahometan burghers there certainly is a very considerable amount of politeness and a natural dignity, due to the grand Oriental traditions with which their conversion to Islàm has imbued them, to which I willingly pay homage. But among the Christians, even of the highest social strata, the want of politeness and that ungenerous vice of mean spirits—ingratitude—are simply astounding. It has already been mentioned that when the new Serbian cathedral was being built, the Russian government presented the Greek congregation of Serajevo with a magnificent set of icons and other church furniture. This costly gift was sent carriage free as far as Brood; but from this town to Serajevo the cost of transport, amounting to at most a dozen or so ducats, fell on the Christian merchants of Serajevo, who, on their own showing, are the wealthiest part of the population of a large city. Will it be believed?—instead of paying the money at once and with pleasure, they entered a formal protest at the Russian consulate against defraying this trifling expense! The Russian Consul was profoundly disgusted.

But I should be guilty of passing a very shallow judgment on the sometimes too obtrusive familiarity of these people if I did not point out that it is but an unpleasant phase of what is really one of the most valuable qualities preserved by the Bosnian people in the days of bondage. It is part and parcel of a democratic habit of mind common to the whole Serbian, and indeed the whole South-Sclavonic race. It is the representative in conversation of those primitive social relations which hold throughout all these lands within the common yard of the house-community, and have survived alike the imported

feudalism of the Middle Ages, and the Turkish conquest. In these Illyrian lands I have often been addressed as '*brat*,' or brother, and the Bosniacs are known to call the stranger '*shija*'—neighbour. I, who write this, happen individually not to appreciate this '*égalitaire*' spirit. I don't choose to be told by every barbarian I meet that he is a man and a brother. I believe in the existence of inferior races, and would like to see them exterminated. But these are personal mislikings, and it is easy to see how valuable such a spirit of democracy may be amongst a people whose self-respect has been degraded by centuries of oppression, and who in many respects are only too prone to cower beneath the despot's rod: for one need not be enamoured of liberty coupled with equality and fraternity not to perceive that, when the choice lies between it and tyranny, freedom, even in such companionship, is to be infinitely preferred; and a man must be either blind or a diplomatist not to perceive that in the Sclavonic provinces of Turkey the choice ultimately lies between despotism and a democracy almost socialistic.

Aug. 27th.—There was nothing to see in Coinica except the bridge and a mosque or two, so we were again on our way this morning, following the road along the Narenta valley. The scenery much reminded us of the valley of the Izonzo as you descend southwards across the Julian Alps. The whiter and more barren rocks: the signs of a more southern climate in the ripe grapes and what vegetation there was, as well as in the intense heat of the sun over our heads: the houses, no longer of wood, but of white stone,[1] almost tower-like,

[1] The best stone houses in Turkey are said to be in the Herzegóvina.

with high stone stairs outside—recalled one after the other the metamorphoses which had struck us on a former pilgrimage when emerging on the stifling valleys of Gradisca from the Predil Pass. And assuredly the Narenta flowing beside us was as emerald green in its transparency as ever those Sontian pools which feasted Dante's eyes when the guest of Pagano della Torre. The Narenta in its upper course is very dangerous to bathe in, since the current is not only very rapid, but has short cuts by underground caverns which form whirlpools not easy to detect in the general turmoil of the surface waters, but which are capable none the less of occasionally sucking down into earth's bowels some of the enormous trees which are seen to float down this river. We, however, discovered a safe and sheltered pool of this wonderful blue-emerald purity, in which we disported ourselves while the soup of our mid-day meal was brewing on the shore.

Towards evening, still following the road, we began to leave the Narenta valley, and to cut off a great bend of its course by zigzagging over some heights. Here we passed some sick and wounded Turks *en route* from the scene of war, and other soldiers with them, but our pass again stood us in good stead. The heights above the road looked more desolate than any we had seen, as the brushwood had been set on fire, apparently to prevent the enemy from advancing unperceived and perhaps surprising a convoy, so that, as we passed, volumes of smoke were rising above us from blackened thickets. From the summit of this pass opened out a grand view of naked mountain peaks. Rapidly descending we came once more upon the Narenta at a point where a party of Turks,

under the direction of a Belgian engineer, were using their best endeavours to complete an iron bridge across the river.

The Belgian engineer, who had been kindly told by consular agency to look out for us, received us with open arms, and hospitably offered us the shelter of his tent for the night. He told us, as a good illustration of Turkish *laissez aller*, that the bridge, which had been brought here at a large expense from England, had lain for two years on the river bank without being set up. At last the outbreak of the insurrection harshly aroused the authorities to a sense of their negligence; and now the work has to be pushed on with the greatest hurry imaginable, as the bridge is becoming every day more indispensable for the transport of cannon and other heavy munitions and supplies into the Herzegóvina. The workmen employed are only Mahometans, but there are some booths hard-by for the sale of raki and provisions, kept by a small Christian colony. The Belgian himself lodged at the Mahometan village of Jablanica, a little further down the valley, whither we presently accompanied him to accept of his hospitable shelter.

As we were walking towards this our engineer pointed to a part of a maize-plot on the roadside to the right, where the maize was slightly trodden down. 'Do you see that?' he asked; 'perhaps you would like to know how the maize got trodden down there?'

He then recounted to us the following narrative, which, coming from an eye-witness, served to enlighten us considerably about the amenities of Turkish rule.

It must be prefaced that at the present time no one can go from one village to another without being pro-

vided with a *teskeri* or Turkish pass, and that it was one of the functions of the Belgian engineer, as head of the Road Commission, to examine and set his *visé* on the *teskeris* of all who passed along this road. A few days ago a young Herzegóvinan Christian—a fine young fellow, according to the Belgian—stopped at his tent and showed his pass, which proved to be quite *en règle*, and was *visé'd* by the engineer accordingly. He then proceeded on his way with a light heart, but as he was passing by the booths which I have mentioned near the bridge, two Turks—not officials or soldiers of any kind, but armed nevertheless—came up and insolently demanded to see his *teskeri*. This they had not a shadow of a right to ask for; but the young fellow, knowing that in this country might is right, did not hesitate to comply, and handed his *teskeri* for their examination. Thereupon the two Mahometans, who could not read a syllable, swore that the whole thing was wrong, and seizing hold of the young rayah began to drag him along, crying out to the Christians at the booths that they were taking him off to the Road Commission.

But they had not proceeded far when they suddenly fell upon him, and hauling him off into the maize where we had seen it trampled down, butchered him with seven blows from their *handshars*, one of which half cut through his neck. They then made off in broad daylight, making their way through the Christians and others whom the young fellow's cries were bringing to the scene of the tragedy—not a soul daring to lay a hand on the murderers, who were also Turks! The Belgian, who was in his tent, had been also roused by a loud '*Homaum! homaum!*' as he expressed the cries, and coming out,

found the young rayah, who had succeeded in crawling to the road, past human assistance.

The Belgian at once sent for Zaptiehs to arrest the murderers; but by the time these functionaries were on their way the birds were flown. At any rate they never arrested them—but it is well known that Zaptiehs often let felons escape on purpose, if they are true believers.

When I say that since this event the Belgian has been in a state of painful agitation, I am but feebly expressing the state of mind in which we found that unfortunate official. His colleague, an Italian, has already made off—and the poor man himself has been exercising his engineering sagacity in planning the nearest route over the mountains by which to escape to the Dalmatian frontier. He had collected his effects, and was ready to start at a moment's notice. He thought he could reach the border at the nearest point in ten hours. He was most afraid of the Bosniac Mussulmans, and especially of the Bashi-Bazouks; and when we suggested that he, being in the Turkish service, ought at least to feel secure, he assured us that this was not sufficient to restrain the fanaticism of the native Moslems, who regard the office of an engineer with pious horror, and curse the new-fangled iron bridge whenever they pass it, as the devil's handywork! His fears were so genuine that he dared not walk as far as the bridge—just five minutes off—without an escort of Zaptiehs!

The engineer's funk, however, did not prevent him from providing us with a most satisfactory repast, consisting of *pili*, eggs, and fried slices of gourd, which are excellent. He told us that had it been earlier in the summer it would not have been safe to sleep in his tent, as this

spot, as well as the whole Narenta valley, is infested in June with snakes and scorpions. During that month the peasants dare not go about with bare feet as they like to do at other seasons; and indeed, though the dangerous season has passed, we have noticed that the people about here are more swathed as to their legs than ordinary Bosniacs.

Aug. 28*th.*—This morning our Belgian, who was hardly reassured by the news which we brought from Serajevo, has suddenly discovered that he has a pressing engagement at Trieste—to meet his mother—and hands us a letter to the Vali demanding 'a temporary leave of absence'—his sole object of course being to visit the old lady. We were much touched by this display of filial affection.

The heat being again cruel, we secured the luxury of a horse to carry our knapsacks to Mostar, the destination of our to-day's trudge; and, while waiting for the due equipment of our beast in the yard of our Mahometan *Kiradji* or driver, we have leisure to observe a most curious phenomenon in the costume of the female Moslems of this district. In every other part of Bosnia and the Herzegóvina the veil is *de rigueur* with the wives and mothers of the faithful. But here at Jablanica, and in this part of the valley of the Narenta on both sides of the spot where the little river Rama[1] debouches into it, the Mahometan women discard their *yashmak*[2] with one

[1] The little river Rama—which is the first stream in Bosnia, after crossing the frontier from the Herzegóvina by the Narenta valley highway—is interesting from having given the name Rama to the whole country before it was known as Bosnia.

[2] As a parallel instance to this, I may mention that in parts of Upper Albania, according to Ami Boué, the Mahometan women are to be seen unveiled.

accord, and not only show themselves before strangers of the other sex bare-faced, but do not blush to hold converse with them. It is true that even here they display on occasion a certain shyness of male regards; and the Belgian warned us that, if looked at too curiously, they did not confine themselves to a prudish *Haiti!* but were known to vindicate their modesty with a volley of stones. We, however, were never saluted after this fashion, the fair Mahometans contenting themselves at most with turning away their faces from the passing Giaour.

But while waiting in our Kiradji's yard, we were treated with far greater condescension by the womankind of his family. The yard itself was very unlike the stockaded prison-court of our earlier Bosnian experiences. Here, instead of the tall palisade which as a rule so effectively screens the members of the harem from the public gaze, was simply a low stone wall; and while we were contemplating the dwelling-house, built, like the yard wall, of the rough limestone of the country, and admiring the elegant ogival windows, out came an old Mahometan dame and two younger women—the mother, we conjectured, and two daughters of the house—and calmly took stock of us with faces unveiled, and without the slightest sign of bashfulness. They smiled and we smiled, and though our stock of Bosniac was limited, we made ourselves intelligible to one another by means of the universal language of signs, and in this fashion carried on a very edifying conversation. As the old lady was particularly desirous of trying on our spectacles, we hastened to gratify her wishes; and as we were particularly anxious to see the carnelian and other rings of virtue that adorned

their fair fingers, they obligingly held out their hands for our perusal. We were pleased to see the finger-nails of these would-be *Houris* stained with rosy henna—a fond reminiscence of the wings, which, as every true believer knows, Eve lost little by little when driven forth beyond the gate of Paradise. Here, at last, we have Darwin defeated on his own ground! Preposterous to suppose that these who still preserve on their phalangeal epiphyses rudimentary traces of the rainbow plumes wherewith their first angelic fore-mother was wont to flutter—that these *Rhododactyls*—should be great grand-daughters of hirsute gibberers!

From the waistband of these dutiful daughters of Eve knives and keys were suspended by a short string, on which were strung a variety of quaint objects, which we were gracefully accorded permission to examine more closely. They proved to be a selection of large beads of antique fabric—some apparently Venetian, one certainly Roman; and intermixed with these were the vertebræ of some small animal—possibly worn as amulets. The clasp-knife itself, or *Britva* as it is called, attached to this chatelaine, is an interesting feature of the national costume of Serbian women. These are sometimes of the most gorgeous workmanship, inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl, and are alluded to in the popular poetry. Thus in the tragic poem entitled 'The Stepsisters,' which Sir John Bowring has translated, Paul arouses the jealousy of his wife by presenting his sister Jélitza with

> 'A knife, in silver hafted,
> And adorned with gold.'

Thereupon Paul's young wife resolves to ruin Jélitza. She slays her husband's black courser and his grey falcon,

and accuses her stepsister of the deeds. Jélitza, however, both times succeeds in persuading Paul of her innocence, and Paul's wife must resort to a yet blacker crime. One fine evening she steals away her stepsister's knife, and slays with it her own and Paul's baby. At early dawn she rouses her husband, tearing her cheeks, and shrieking in his ear,

> 'Evil is the love thou bear'st thy sister,
> And thy gifts to her are more than wasted:
> She has stabbed our infant in the cradle!'

Paul rushes to his sister's chamber 'like one possessed by madness;' finds 'the golden knife beneath her pillow.' 'It was damp with blood—'twas red and gory!' Poor Jélitza, protesting in vain her innocence, is tied by her infuriated brother to the tails of four wild horses.

> 'But where'er a drop of blood fell from her
> There a flower sprung up—a fragrant flow'ret—
> Where her body fell when dead and mangled,
> There a church arose from out the desert.'

But the curse lay on the murderess—

> 'Little time was spent, ere fatal sickness
> Fell upon Paul's youthful wife—the sickness
> Nine long years lay on her—heavy sickness!
> 'Midst her bones the matted dog-grass sprouted,
> And amidst it nestled angry serpents,
> Which, though hidden, drank her eye-light's brightness.'

In vain she seeks to shrive herself in her sister's church. A mysterious voice arrests her at the portal, and warns her from the spot, 'for this church can neither heal nor save thee.' In her agony she implores her husband to bind *her* too 'to the wild steeds' tails, and drive them—drive them to th' immeasureable desert!' Paul listens to her entreaties, and binding her to the wild steeds' tails, 'drove them forth across the mighty desert.' But

'Wheresoe'er a drop of blood fell from her,
There sprang up the rankest thorns and nettles;
Where her body fell, when dead, the waters
Rushed and formed a lake both still and stagnant.
O'er the lake there swam a small black courser:
By his side a golden cradle floated:
On the cradle sat a young grey falcon:
In the cradle, slumbering, lay an infant:
On its throat the white hand of its mother:
And that hand a golden knife was holding.'

The knives, however, of our friendly family were not of such costly material, the crescent-shaped handle being simply of horn studded with brass bosses. Of other ornaments they displayed on their girdle the usual twin circular brooches, and on their hair an array of gilt coins. Their dress in many respects much resembled that of the rayah women, for they wore the two characteristic aprons; their heads were coiffed with the same light kerchiefs; and one woman whom we met on the road had this headdress arranged with a flowing white tassel gracefully depending at the side, in the same fashion as the Latin Christian maiden of the Possávina, whose portrait has already been given.[1] But further description of our unveiled Mahometans is needless, as their complaisance was such that they allowed me even to sketch them.

But, one naturally asks, how came these Moslem dames and maidens to go about unveiled in this single district of a country where the injunctions of the Koran in this respect are usually carried out to the letter? I do not think that anyone who surveys the naked rocks that tower above this part of the Narenta valley—who marks the dearth of pasture for cattle, and who realizes how little land there is for cultivation even beside the streams —can be long in doubt as to the true cause of this

[1] See p. 96.

omission. Here there is a lawgiver more exacting of obedience than the Prophet himself. Amidst this limestone wilderness Nature reigns supreme, and will be obeyed. A voice that cannot be mistaken bids women as well as men go forth to their work and to their labour until the evening. All hands are needed to stave off starvation, and it is essential to the women that they should have the free use of eyes and limbs to aid their brothers, husbands, and

Unveiled Mahometan Women at Jablanica.

fathers. The struggle for existence is too hard to admit of any of the combatants cumbering themselves with the impedimenta of any ceremonial law whatsoever. 'Tis the pitiless clutch of hunger that has dragged even the Moslem women from the seclusion of the harem; and they have cast away their veils and swaddling-clothes that they may glean a bare subsistence in the desert!

Perhaps the absence of veils may be partly due to the influence of the surrounding population, which is mainly Christian. In any case it would probably be more accurate to say that the Mahometans of this district were incapacitated by their surroundings from ever taking the veil of Islàm, rather than that they threw it off after assuming it; and to look on their present costume rather as an old Bosnian relic which has survived their renegation of Christianity. But this does not make the assertion less true, that the inexorable code of Nature has here overridden the Koran.

But we are once more on our way, and as we descend the Narenta valley, about an hour from Jablanica, the mountains close in upon us and scenery of the most stupendous character engrosses our attention. The view at this point is recognised as the most magnificent in the whole of Bosnia. The road itself[1] is hewn out along the face of a precipice, and the magnesian-limestone and dolomitic cliffs on either side of the gorge rise in places three thousand feet[2] sheer above the Narenta, which, chafing and foaming, hurries passionately through the narrow mountain portal below. The whole was seen at a time of day when everything looks most fresh and lovely, lit up with the slanting rays of the rising sun, throwing into alto relievo the vast rock-sculptures of Nature, and glorifying her heroic forms. Above, peak after peak of topaz stood out against the pale azure of this cloudless Southern sky; but no intrusive shaft of gold—even from a Phœbean quiver—could penetrate the twilight of the

[1] This part of the road is known as Klanac, a name used in Bosnia to signify an 'overhanging place,' or a road hewn along the side of a precipice. At this point we re-cross the Herzegóvinan frontier.

[2] Their height above sea-level is circ. 6,000 feet.

gorge itself. Here all was softened into a pervading lilac, veined with an intenser purple by infinite striations of strata, till the bare mountain-walls—bathed in this floating light—seemed to be hewn out of amethystine agate, and afforded the most exquisite contrasts to the liquid emerald of the river below. The cliffs along whose surface we were now making our way were veiled in darker shadow, snow-white against which expanded a living fan of feathery spray from a stream that gushed forth in full volume, and of glacier coolness, from a cavern in the rock.

We crossed over to the left steep of the river by an iron bridge—another English importation—and for many hours were still threading this wondrous pass. We had indeed passed the *Iron Gates* of the Narenta, but there was still much to admire in the scenery. The high mountains continued, though they ceased to frown abruptly over the river. Lean naked giants they were: ribbed skeletons, thinly clad with stunted foliage, though in places still yellow with dwarf laburnum shrubs. The rocks were perpetually starting up into castles and towers, sometimes a quaint mediæval castle suggesting a background of Albert Dürer, but oftener more Roman in their architecture; towers, square and round, which from the narrow horizontal laminations of the rocks reproduced with surprising exactness the appearance of ruined masonry, and rugged lines of ancient brickwork that called up visions of the time-scarred walls of Anderida. About these ruins of an older world clustered, in place of ivy, the tender sprays of wild vine laden with unripe beads, or here and there a beautiful bind-weed with capacious chalices of pink, as large as Convolvulus major.

As we descended further down the pass, the rocks as-

sumed a glaring chalky whiteness—rather painful to the eyes—but like most things in nature, not without redeeming effects peculiar to itself. Perhaps, too, it was artistically right that everything around should become barer and plainer, that nothing might distract the eye from enjoying the marvellous beauties of the river. This was always the same liquid emerald, mottled with snow-white foam, and shading off into it, as when the gem, it imitated so well, freezes into its quartzite roots. Now and again the river would plunge into a deep circling pool—forming a dark blue-emerald eye, which paling off among the golden pebbles of the shallows, looked like nothing but some gorgeous peacock's plume modulating its rainbow colours in the breeze.

Everything around us began to betoken a more Southern climate—the heat was almost tropical, and a lurid haze covered the whole face of the land. On the rocks grew pink cyclamen and a beautiful purple salvia; amongst the trees were Spanish chesnuts and wild figs, and nearer Mostar fine rosy pomegranates, which look like quinces blushing at their monstrosity, and grow on a shrub that reminded us of a homely privet. In the gardens of the few stone cots we saw are delicious ripe grapes and golden figs, and we began to understand why it is that the Herzegóvinan contemptuously calls his Bosnian brothers *Slivari*, 'munchers of plums!'

CHAPTER VIII.

MOSTAR AND THE VALE OF NARENTA.

Amulets against Blight—A Hymn in the Wilderness—We arrive at Mostar—Our Consul—Anglo-Turkish Account of Origin of the Insurrection in the Herzegóvina—The real Facts—The '*Giumruk*'—The Begs and Agas and their Serfs—The Demands of the Men of Nevešinje—Massacre of Sick Rayahs by Native Mahometans begins the War—Plan of Dervish Pashà's Campaign—Interview with the Governor-General, Dervish Pashà—Roman Characteristics of Mostar and her Roman Antiquities—Trajan's Bridge—Ali Pashà, his Death's-heads and Tragical End—The Grapes of Mostar—Start with Caravan for Dalmatian Frontier—A Ride in the Dark—Buna and the Vizier's Villa—Bosnian Saddles—A Karst Landscape—Tassorić: Christian Crosses and interesting Grave-yard—Outbreak of Revolt in Lower Narenta Valley—The Armed Watch against the Begs—A burnt Village—On Christian Soil once more—Metcovich—Voyage Down the Narenta Piccola—Ruins of a Roman City—The Illyrian Narbonne—Metamorphosis of Sclavonic God into Christian Saint—The old *Pagania*—The Narentines and Venetians—Narentine Characteristics—A Scotch Type—Subterranean Bellowings near Fort Opus: the Haunts of a Minotaur!—Adverse Winds—Tremendous Scene at Mouth of Narenta—*La Fortuna é rotta!*—Our Boat swept back by the Hurricane—A Celestial Cannonade—Sheltered by a Family-Community—Dalmatian Fellowship with the English—Stagno—A romantic Damsel—Gravosa, the Port of Ragusa.

ABOUT two hours and a half from Mostar the pass opened, and our way lay across a broader part of the Narenta valley, overlooked by the mountains at a more respectful distance. Here, passing a cottage, we noticed the poles of the fence that surrounded the adjoining maize-field adorned with an array of equine skulls. I cannot doubt that these were set up for the same reason as induced the ancients to set up the skulls of cattle among their cornfields—namely, as an amulet against blight.[1] The super-

[1] See King's *Gnostics and their Remains*, who cites Boccaccio.

stition survived in mediæval Italy, and Boccaccio tells an amusing story of a lady who, by turning the two asses' skulls on her garden fence in a certain direction, telegraphed to her lover that her husband was out.

At a solitary hut called Potoci, about two hours distant from Mostar, we took leave of our Kiradjì, who would not trust his beast any further, since any horse that showed itself in the neighbourhood of the Herzegóvinan capital was sure to be requisitioned. Opposite the hovel at Potoci was a small stone building, which, on enquiry, we found to be a church. It laid no more claim to architectural elegance than a barn, and, with its loop-holed windows, and even these hermetically boarded up, and a door carefully barred, seemed at present more fitted for withstanding a siege than for the celebration of divine service. Perchance, in these troubled times, the congregation preferred to seek the high places of nature for their worship. Indeed, whilst passing through the more precipitous gorge of the Narenta, we had caught the solemn cadence of a Christian hymn, chanted, may be, by some shepherd on the mountain side; but whoever poured forth the 'plaintive anthem' was hidden by distance and intervening rocks from our view; nor were the tones the less impressive that their rudeness was thus softened, and that the singer was 'but an invisible thing, a voice, a mystery.'

The minarets of Mostar now rose before us, the city lying on the Narenta at a point where the mountains on each side again jut forward and overhang the river. To the south of this the valley expands once more, so that Mostar owes much of its importance to the fact that it is the key to the communication between the upper and

lower valleys of the Narenta; or, to take a simile from the insect world, this city lies on the narrow duct—the wasp's waist—between the thorax and abdomen of the river-system. We now made our way to the chief inn, quite an imposing stone edifice, rejoicing in the title of the Casino, and kept by an Italian Dalmatian on what he is pleased to suppose European principles. Our room, at all events, possessed the first beds[1] that we had seen since we quitted the Austro-Hungarian frontier, and is further adorned with a picture of the *Imperatore e Rè*. Here we were presently visited by our Consul, Mr. Holmes, who is lodging under the same roof, but had been out when we arrived, engaged in relieving the tedium of diplomacy by practising a still more gentle craft on the banks of the Narenta, which is a fine trout-stream.

From Mr. Holmes we learnt the official Turkish account of the Herzegóvinan insurrection—or rather the official account as served up to suit *English* palates; for, as was discovered by the consular body on afterwards comparing notes, the wily Governor-General gave a different version of the story to each of the European Consuls!

According to *our* version the whole affair was concocted by about forty agitators, and these not even Herzegóvinans for the most part, but Montenegrines and Dalmatians. Certainly, even the Vali allowed, the tax-farming was a grievance—and who more laudably de-

[1] For the benefit of any future traveller who may wish to *sleep* at the Casino, I may mention that a sure preservative against certain *fauna* of the country is to be found amongst its *flora*. Our Consul kindly supplied us with some Herzegóvinan flea-plant, by scattering which, previously reduced to chaff, about the bed, a magic circle is formed round the body of the sleeper, which is fatal to every noxious insect that attempts to cross it.

sirous of removing it than he (the Pashà) himself?—but that, so far as the present rising was concerned, it had not even this ground of justification. That the misguided beings who answered to the summons of the professional agitators were what are called Pandours, somewhat corresponding to the Austrian *grenzers*, who, in return for frontier defence, are freed from ordinary taxes, and who, so far from being ruined by the tax-farmers, are actually in receipt of a small sum annually from the Government. Well, yes, there certainly have been some complaints of misgovernment, and the Pashà, always desirous that the meanest of his (the Sultan's) subjects should share in the fullest measure the beneficence of his lieutenant's rule, had sent two Commissioners, the Mutasarìf of Mostar and a respectable *Christian* of Serajevo, Constant Effendi, to inquire into the alleged grievances. But what did these Commissioners report? Just complaints they could hear absolutely none. Thread-bare grievances, often as much as ten years old, were raked up for their benefit, and even these were retailed, not by the alleged victims or their families, but by self-constituted grief-mongers! True, it might be objected that if the insurrection was altogether devoid of just cause, how was its spread to be accounted for? but, really, the explanation was very simple. These frontier agitators, not meeting with sympathy from the loyal Christian subjects of the Sultan, supplied its want by intimidation. That in many cases the Turkish authorities had received messages from Christian villages saying "We do not wish to join the insurrection, but we fear that we shall be forced to join.' And forced to join they were. If a village refused to throw in its lot with the rebels, they first burnt one house

or one maize-plot, and then another, till the unhappy villagers, forced to choose between ruin and rebellion, consented to join their ranks. As to the way in which the insurgents were conducting the war, it was almost too horrible to be repeated. That they would often shut up whole families of Moslems in their houses, to which they then set fire. That, (to take a single instance,) at Ljubinje they spitted two children and roasted them alive before their parents' eyes. And while relating these and other atrocities to our Consul, the tender-hearted Pashà burst into tears. The tears were, I believe, exclusively reserved for *our* representative—a distinguished mark of confidence.

Dervish Pashà has a well-earned reputation for *finesse*, but this account of the outbreak can hardly claim even the qualified merit of being *ben trovato!* The authentic history, as elicited by the Consular Commission of the great Powers,[1] shows very few features in common with this official Turkish explanation. To begin with, however credible may seem the statement that the Turkish governors of the Herzegóvina are in the habit of paying Christians to defend their frontier, and whatever sums the Pandours may have been in the habit of receiving from a government on the verge of bankruptcy, these considerations are beside the point, for the focus of the whole movement has been the village of Nevešinje, not

[1] See the report of a *Foreign Consul* in the *Times* of December 15, 1875, for a more detailed account of the insurrection and its causes. I must refer my readers to this. *A personage* who was also in a position to obtain authentic information on this subject, has communicated an interesting account of the origin of the insurrection in the Narenta Valley to the *Pester Lloyd*; and many details, proving the falsity of these Turkish statements, have been published by the distinguished gentleman who has been acting as the *Times'* correspondent in the Herzegóvina.

on the frontier at all, but, on the contrary, in the heart of the country, only a few miles from Mostar itself.

As in Bosnia, the main cause of the insurrection was the oppression of the tithe-farmers. The case of the Herzegóvinan rayahs differs, however, in many respects from that of their Bosnian brothers. This is due to the difference in the physical conditions of the two countries. In Bosnia there are many tracts, like the Possávina, of marvellous fertility, where the most extortionate government cannot so entirely consume the fatness of the land as not to leave the rayah considerable gleanings. Far otherwise is the case in the Herzegóvina. The greater part of this country may be briefly described as a limestone desert, and it is the terrible poverty of the soil which makes the position of its Christian tiller so unendurable.

Here, too, the chief product of the earth is not maize, but tobacco and grapes, and the peculiar character of these crops enables the government to extort a double impost on each. For the tobacco as it stands on the ground, and for the grapes when carried off as must, the tithe-farmers exacts his eighth in his usual arbitrary fashion.[1] But now follows a supplementary extortion. On what remains to the rayah, after paying these eighths, he has to pay *giumruk*, or excise. This, like the former tax, is let out to 'publicans' as villainous as the other tithe-farmers, whom they rival in their extortions. They swoop down on an unfortunate village with their gang of retainers and Zaptiehs, and live at free quarters on the villagers. Their business is to find out the quantity of tobacco still growing on the stalk, and the remnant of the

[1] See p. 256, &c.

wine drawn from the must which has escaped the collector of 'the eighth;' and their exactions and insolence are among the grievances on which the insurgents in their appeal to the foreign Consuls lay most stress.[1] These men hold an inquisition on every hearth, and the right which they exercise of intruding themselves into the inmost privacy of the rayah gives them inconceivable opportunities for outrage.

Another of the special evils of the Herzegóvina is also in a great measure due to the physical aspect of the country. This is eminently a peak-land. The mountains here are higher than in Bosnia, and the strongholds of the old feudal nobility consequently more impregnable. In Bosnia the native Agas and Begs have been pretty well brought under the central government. But in the Herzegóvina their authority retains much more of its old vitality. Here the wretched rayah has not only to satisfy the Kaïmakàms and Mutasarìfs, who represent the needs of the Osmanlì ruler, but is at the mercy of a haughty aristocratic caste, who eye their Christian serfs with the

[1] The rayahs in their 'Appeal' say of these 'Giumruckers':—'They go in procession from house to house, and from plantation to plantation, and prolong the time as they please, in order to feed gratuitously. But for fear they may have put down too little, the round is repeated twice again, on the pretext of correcting any mistake that may have been made. Then they are in the habit of sending other searchers after the first, on the pretence of finding out any trickery on the part of these, as if they were not all accomplices; and they give themselves airs of patronage, and would make it appear that they are acting with a scrupulous regard for justice and the public welfare. So that the people are ever in the midst of inconceivable injury and abuse of authority.'

The Herzegóvinan rayahs have such a good cause that it is a pity that a tone of undignified vituperation should run through the greater part of their appeal to the civilized Powers. Indeed, I should have supposed that the document in question had been drawn up by an old woman, did I not find internal evidence of a monkish pen! The passage quoted above is comparatively moderate.

contempt of a feudal lord for a *villain*, and the abhorrence of a fanatical Moslem for a Giaour.

Suffering from this double disability, social and religious, the Christian '*kmet*,' or tiller of the soil, is worse off than many a serf in our darkest ages, and lies as completely at the mercy of the Mahometan owner of the soil as if he were a slave. Legally, indeed, the Aga is bound to enter into a written agreement with his '*kmet*' as to the dues and labours to be paid him; but as a matter of fact this petty potentate haughtily refuses to enter into any such compact; and since the Turkish government knows well enough that its tenure of the Herzegóvina is not worth twenty-four hours' purchase if it were seriously to act counter to the native Sclavonic Mahometans, the Beg or Aga can break the law with impunity. He is thus allowed to treat his '*kmet*' as a mere chattel; 'he uses a stick and strikes the "*kmet*" without pity, in a manner that no one else would use a beast.' Any land that the rayah may acquire, any house he may have built, any patch of garden that his industry may have cleared among the rocks, the Aga seizes at his pleasure. The ordinary dues, as paid by the kmet to the landowner, as specified in the appeal of the Herzegóvinan rayahs, are heavy enough. He has to pay a fourth part of the produce of the ground; to present him with one animal yearly, and a certain quantity of butter and cheese; to carry for him so many loads of wood; and if the Aga is building a house, to carry the materials for it; to work for him gratuitously whenever he pleases, and sometimes the Aga requisitions one of the kmet's children, who must serve him for nothing; to make a separate plantation of tobacco, cultivate it, and finally warehouse the produce

in his master's store; and to plough and sow so many acres of land, the harvest of which he must also carry to his master's barn. Finally, to lodge the Aga in his own house when required, and to provide for his horses and dogs.

The insurrection in the Herzegóvina has, on the whole, been directed more against the Mahometan landowners than against the Sultan. It is mainly an agrarian war.

Add to the extortion of the tax-farmers and landlords, the forced labour which the government officials exact as well as the Agas, the impossibility of obtaining justice in Medjliss, the atrocious conduct of the brigand-police or Zaptiehs, and, of course, the wolfish propensities of the shepherd of the herd—the Fanariote bishop of Mostar—and we have more than enough to account for the outbreak of the insurrection without going in quest of agitators from beyond the border.

This is not to deny that the insurrection was aided and abetted by Sclavonic agitators from beyond the border. The solidarity between the various members of the South-Sclavonic race has, as we heard from the most well-informed sources, reached a pitch which demands an attention which it has not received from the statesmen of this country. It was inevitable that the Sclaves beyond the Turkish border should sympathize with their oppressed brothers in their struggle for liberty, and should aid them with supplies and recruits. Thus there are many representatives of all the South-Sclavonic peoples from Bohemia to Montenegro fighting in the insurgent ranks, and one of their principal leaders, Ljubibratić,[1] comes from Free Serbia. But that the insur-

[1] Now (1876) languishing, not in a Turkish, but an *Austrian* dungeon!

rection was brought about by foreign agitators is strongly disproved by the fact that the outbreak took the Serbian Revolutionary Society—the *Omladina* itself—by surprise.

The outbreak of the insurrection was certainly favoured by a variety of accidental circumstances. The visit of the Emperor of Austria to Dalmatia in the spring could not fail to raise hopes of Austrian intervention, and Christians of both sects did their best to lay petitions before his Apostolic Majesty. The dispute between Turkey and Montenegro with reference to the Podgorica affair, induced the malcontents of the Herzegóvina to look with confidence for allies among their brothers of the Black Mountain. Another favourable circumstance was the discontent of the Franciscan fraternities, due to the recent infringement of some of their privileges and the delay of the Sultan in confirming their firmans, which made the leaders of the Roman Catholic communion willing to throw in their cause for the nonce with the Greek heretics. One of the most curious features of the present insurrection has been the way in which the two Christian sects have fought side by side.[1]

The scene of the first outbreak was the district of Nevešinje; and the history of the oppression there may serve to explain the causes of discontent among the rayah population of Herzegóvina generally. The village of Nevešinje, which gives its name to the surrounding district, is about twelve miles distant from Mostar, as the crow flies, and lies on the south-eastern flank of the mountain range that rises above this city to the east. It

[1] Though, since this was written, many of the Roman Catholics have deserted the national cause. According to the consular report quoted, the sole wish of the Franciscan monks all along was to make a display of the extent, and consequent value, of their influence among the Latin population.

is built on the skirts of an extensive mountain-plateau, known as the Nevešinsko Polje, and overlooked in every direction with a wilderness of bare limestone mountains scattered with fragments of rock. In a rock-fastness like this, little harvest could be expected in the best of seasons, but in 1874 the harvest proved a failure altogether. Yet, what there was might not be gathered in till the tax-gatherer had claimed his eighth, and as he did not make his appearance it was allowed to rot on the ground, till the starving peasantry could endure no longer and cut a portion of it for their needs. Months passed, and it was not till January 1875 (I am following the consular report) that the tax-farmers at last made their appearance, resolved to exact the uttermost farthing. The Publicans on this occasion consisted of one Christian and two members of the renegade Mahometan aristocracy of the Herzegóvina, who here vie with the Fanariote Greeks for this shameful office. These gentry, as is their wont, rated the harvest at far higher than its real value, and when the peasants refused to comply with their exorbitant demands, let loose their bloodhounds, the Zaptiehs, and robbed, beat, and imprisoned whom they would. The village elders tried to complain to the Kaïmakàm, but being insulted and threatened with imprisonment, fled to Montenegro. The rest of the villagers, unable to obtain any redress, and hourly subjected to the violence of the Zaptiehs, took refuge, with their cattle, in the neighbouring mountains. Only one old man was left in the village, and him the Zaptiehs bound and sent to Mostar. Events of a similar character were occurring in the neighbouring districts.

But meanwhile the news of these events began to be

noised abroad. Unpleasant rumours of sacked villages began to reach the ears of the consular body, and the Nevešinjans had even attempted to tell the story of their wrongs to the Emperor of Austria, then engaged in his Dalmatian journey. The Vali of Bosnia began to perceive that it was high time for him to interfere, or the agitation might reach such dimensions as to place him himself in a difficult position. The oppressed rayahs of Nevešinje and the surrounding districts had appealed to the commiseration of civilized Europe, and something must be done to satisfy the great Powers and their representatives, and at the same time to allay the agitation among the rayahs.

The Vali accordingly appointed the precious Commission, already spoken of, to confer with the Christians on their grievances; and at the same time gave the refugees in Montenegro a safe-conduct to their homes. By these means the Vali secured the double object of revenging himself on the Christian refugees, and throwing dust into the eyes of the consular body. The refugees, on attempting to return, were, in spite of their safe-conduct, fired on by Turkish troops; and when at last some of them succeeded in finding their way to Nevešinje, the Turkish authorities permitted Mussulmans of the village to murder several without moving a finger to punish the assassins! The results of the Commission were so falsified as to make it appear that the whole agitation among the rayahs was fictitious, and the outrages committed during the last three months by tax-farmers and Zaptiehs, the sack of whole villages, the assassination of men, the violation of women, were, forsooth, reduced to 'antiquated grievances raked up by self-constituted grief-mongers.'

This might do all very well, so the Vali thought, for the consular body; but he was well aware that other tactics were necessary in order to allay the dangerous spirit aroused among the rayah population. The shooting of the refugees was due, he explained, to a 'misunderstanding.' The Christians were to be convinced of the reality of the Commission. The Turkish government even consented to place among its members the envoy of the Prince of Montenegro. The real information received by the Commission was very different from that which the Vali vouchsafed to our Consul. The grievances of the Herzegóvinans generally, as against the government, are well set forth in the seven demands which the people of Nevešinje laid before the Commission.[1] They form an interesting commentary on the Turkish rule in the Herzegóvina.

The demands of the Nevešinjans were as follows:—

1. That Christian girls and women should no longer be molested by the Turks.
2. That their churches should no longer be desecrated, and that free exercise of their religion should be accorded them.
3. That they should have equal rights with the Turks before the law.
4. That they should be protected from the violence of the Zaptiehs.
5. That the tithe-farmers should take no more than they were legally entitled to, and that they should take it at the proper time.
6. That every house should pay in all only one ducat a year.
7. That no forced labour, either personal or by horses, should be demanded by the government; but that labour, when needed, should be paid for, as was the case all over the world.

The last two demands were added on Dervish Pashà himself appearing at Nevešinje; the Pashà promised that he would do all in his power to satisfy their demands,

[1] I take these from the consular report referred to.

but that they must first lay down their arms. This, the Christians, who as yet had committed no overt act of hostility, expressed themselves ready to do, if the Pashà would first find means to protect them from the armed Mahometan fanatics by whom they saw themselves surrounded. This the Vali either could not or would not do, and on his departure the Christians, alarmed by the hostile attitude of the native Mahometans, fled once more to the mountains.

The weakness of the government now became deplorably evident. The native Mussulmans, headed by a Beg, who was one of the tithe-farmers, broke into the government store and armed themselves with breech-loaders; and on the 1st of July the civil war in the Herzegóvina was begun, not by the Christians, but by Mussulman fanatics, who butchered all the Christians they could find in Nevešinje—a few sick rayahs, who, unable to support the hardships of mountain-life, had returned to their homes.

The Christian refugees now descended from the mountains to retaliate on the perpetrators of the massacre; whereupon the government, instead of interfering in an impartial spirit to stop the disturbances and punish the malefactors, dispatched two battalions of Turkish troops to aid the Mahometan assassins, and attack the Christians indiscriminately. It was now that the rayahs of the neighbouring districts, who had been suffering from the same outrages, answered the urgent appeal of the men of Nevešinje, and a great part of the Christian population, from the Roman Catholic districts of the right banks of the Narenta to the orthodox Greek clans of the Montenegrine border, flew to arms.

Since then a guerilla warfare has been carried on

among the mountains with uncertain results, but with great atrocity on both sides. In such matters religion counts for little, human nature for everything; and there seems no good reason *a priori* for doubting the worst instances of Christian atrocity that we heard of. But granting that the Christians were guilty, as our Consul asseverated, of the terrible *auto da fè* of Ljubinje, the blame must be laid at the door, not of the poor wretches who perpetrated these enormities, but of the tyrants who have brutalized them for centuries; just as the worst horrors of the French Revolution were but a counter-stroke to the accumulated misdeeds of the despotism that had preceded it. It is also true that the rayahs have in some instances forced Christian villages to join their cause by burning the crops and houses of the recalcitrant; but if desperate men, standing at bay against overwhelming numbers, have been forced to seek recruits by this means, it is that long-continued tyranny has enslaved the very spirit of many Christians. As with the miserable provincials of the Roman empire, who saw themselves annually pillaged by barbarian invaders, it was not that injuries were wanting which should have urged freemen to take up arms, but that the sense of injury itself—the last relic of self-respect—had been deadened within them:—

'Jam nulli flebile damnum!
Sed cursus sollemnis erat, campusque furori
Expositus; sensumque malis detraxerat usus.'[1]

[1] The lines in which Claudian (*In Ruf.* lib. ii. v. 45, &c.) describes the sufferings of the inhabitants of these lands (*plaga Pannoniæ miserandaque mœnia Thracum, arvaque Mysorum*) subject to the annual incursions of the barbarians, are hardly less applicable now than they were then! Claudian's lines may, perhaps, be translated:—

'The devastating course each year renews,
Each year his ravaged fields the peasant views,
Nor weeps he, now, the havoc of the foe—
Long use has stolen e'en the sense of woe!

Aug. 29*th.*—Dervish Pashà, the Vali, or Governor-General, of Bosnia, who has lately taken command of the troops in Herzegóvina in person, returned here last night from Stolac, where he has been superintending operations against the insurgents. Our Consul, who visited him this morning, found him, outwardly at all events, well satisfied with the results of his campaign. He is certainly the most likely man to succeed against the insurgents, for not only is he by repute one of the best generals that Turkey possesses, but he is also well acquainted with the topography of the Herzegóvina, and already, as far back as 1851, distinguished himself in the guerilla warfare in this country on the occasion of the last struggle of the native Mahometan aristocracy against the Sultan. His plan of operations in the present campaign has been to occupy the valleys with large bodies of regular troops, and then to draw the mountains with light-armed detachments, and so to drive the game. But to occupy the valleys and passes efficiently a body of troops is required out of all proportion to the number of the insurgents; and so, although Bosnia has been drained of troops for this purpose, and 6,000 regulars have already been landed at the port of Klek without hindrance from the Austrian government, the Vali still complains that his force is insufficient, and that the insurgents are perpetually escaping out of the toils prepared for them and doubling on their pursuers. He is, however, so well contented with the result of his operations that he was about to start for Tašlidzje and Novipazar in Rascia, where the insurrection seemed to be attaining dangerous dimensions, and where the commander was altogether incompetent.[1] To-day

[1] This movement of Dervish Pashà may, however, have been not such a

he sends three divisions of regulars to Stolac, Ljubinje, and Nevešinje.

The truth of the matter with regard to the insurrection here seems to be that neither party have gained any substantial advantage. The insurgents have burnt several block-houses along the Montenegrine frontier, and seized some stores. On the other hand, the Turkish garrisons have generally succeeded in making their escape, and the insurgents have never succeeded in capturing any considerable town, the Mahometan element being strong among the urban population here as in Bosnia. News, however, of a substantial success for the Turks arrives from Bosnia. The Vali has just received a telegram to say that the insurgents in the neighbourhood of Gradisca have been beaten across the Save, and that the rebellion in the Possávina has been virtually got under.

This morning our Consul kindly secured us an interview with the Vali, and deputed his Cavass to guide us to his Excellency's Konak. We approached the official residence through a yard in which there were cannons and other warlike material, and making our way up a flight of rickety wooden steps, and thence along a carpeted corridor, were finally ushered by a gorgeous official into the hall of state—an airy chamber, about which the swallows were darting to and fro—in the extreme corner of which sat the Pashà, who graciously rose to receive us and shook hands. We were next treated to the usual coffee while his Excellency conversed with us by means of a French interpreter. Our conversation was naturally

matter of his own discretion as he wished to make out. Its announcement synchronises suspiciously with his removal from the Governor-generalship of Bosnia by the Porte, and this account may have been devised to conceal his discomfiture from the consular body.

of a personal and not a political character, so that I may confine myself to recording the amusement evinced by the Vali on our praising the scenery of the Narenta Valley. The beauty of mountain scenery was an aspect of the outside world which had evidently never even suggested itself to his mind, and it tickled his fancy immensely. Our conversation was every now and then interrupted by the appearance of couriers with despatches. The Pashà glanced at them rapidly, and signified his will about them to an attendant secretary; but we were much struck with the nice distinctions of rank observed, the officers who bore the despatches advancing so many paces from the door according to their official position, and the officers in attendance on the Pashà being seated with due reference to their social espacement at unequal distances from the arm chair which served as his Excellency's throne. The Pashà, in spite of his gracious smiles, looked worn and preoccupied, so that we hastened to cut short our interview, his Excellency rising and shaking hands again in the most polite way at our departure.

Dervish Pashà is a little man of a shrewd countenance, and though affable in his demeanour, not without a lurking cunning in his small grey eyes beneath his affected cheerfulness. It is indeed a melancholy stoicism that supports Turks like himself of ability and education. The fact is, that whatever his private opinion as to the issue of the present contest in the Herzegóvina, Dervish Pashà is conscious that he is fighting for a lost cause. He feels, as many other of the highest Turkish officials feel, that whether the crash come to-day or to-morrow, the Ottoman Empire in Europe is irrevocably doomed. He is as well aware as any European that among the governing

race of Turkey public honesty is as dead as private morality, that corruption has closed the door to progress, and that patriotism has almost ceased to exist; nor is he insensible that the master whom he serves is the source and seminary of these evils, and that nothing is to be hoped from the secluded youth and corrupt morals of him whom the Sultan would impose as his successor. The Vali, in spite of the characteristic indifference of an Osmanlì to the sufferings of rayahs, has not been without ambition of improving the material condition of his Vilayet; but he has seen himself thwarted from above by the corruption of Stamboul, and below by the impenetrable ignorance of his own officials. 'What is the use?' he would complain to consular sympathisers when desirous of introducing this or that reform. 'What is the use of giving such orders to the Mutasarìf or Kaïmakàm? they cannot understand them, and if they did they could not carry them out; the people would laugh at their reforms or throw them off!'

Mostar, as a town, pleased us more than any we had seen in Bosnia. The houses are almost all built of stone, instead of the customary wood and plaster. Here, as at Tešanj, we noticed a *Campanile*. There are many gay kiosques rising over the graves of Moslem saints. The mosques, of which there are forty, are many of them domed, and the plate tracery of their windows is curiously Roman or Byzantine: the minarets—which, not taking their pinnacles into account, look like unfinished Corinthian columns—struck us as more elegant than those of Serajevo, and even the Byzantine church was in better taste. The impression which the streets of Mostar are perpetually forcing on us is that we have come once

more on the fringe of Roman civilization. These stone houses are no longer the Turkish *Chalet*, but the *Casa* of Italy or Dalmatia. Some are roofed with a rough slate, others with tiles, Romanesque if not Roman. Every now and then an Italian physiognomy strikes us among the citizens; the auburn locks and blue eyes of the Illyrian interior are giving place to swarthier hues. The name of the mountain under whose barren steeps we passed on our way here—Porim—in the Sclavonic tongue means on, or over against Rome, and seems to indicate that this part of the Narenta valley remained Roman at a time when the mountain wilderness of the interior had passed into the hands of the Sclavonic barbarians. Mostar indeed owes her name, and perhaps her very existence, to Roman enterprise. The situation of the present city has been identified with that of a Roman *Castra Stativa* mentioned in the Itineraries,[1] and certainly there are abundant traces here of Roman occupation. This morning I looked through two hundred coins, nearly all of them Roman, found in Mostar and its immediate vicinity, and from the number of these of Consular date one may gather that the Roman settlement dated back to the earliest days of their Illyrian conquest.[2]

But the most interesting monument of her early civilization, and that to which Mostar, even at the present day, owes much of her importance, is the magnificent

[1] Though authorities differ as to whether it is the ancient Salonina or Sarsenterum.

[2] The coins I saw were silver and brass. There were one or two Greek of Dyrrhachium, and besides Consular and Imperial Roman denarii, there were many third-brass coins dating from the time of Gallienus to that of Constantius II., but the series broke off so abruptly with Constantius, that one would think that the Roman settlement must have been destroyed about the middle of the fourth century. At Siscia, on the other hand, Roman coins were comn on till the time of Honorius.

bridge over the Narenta. It is a single arch, 95 feet 3 inches in span,[1] and rising 70 feet above the river when the water is low. According to tradition, this was the work of the Emperor Trajan, whose engineering triumphs in Eastern Europe have taken a strong hold on the South Sclavonic imagination. Others refer its erection to Hadrian, and the Turks, not wishing to leave the credit of such an architectural masterpiece to Infidel Emperors,

Mostar Bridge.

claim the whole for their Sultan, Suleiman the Magnificent. He and other Turkish rulers have certainly greatly restored and altered the work, insomuch that Sir Gardner Wilkinson declares that none of the original Roman

[1] I take this measurement from Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who visited Mostar about thirty years ago, and then took accurate plans of the bridge. See *Dalmatia*, vol. ii. p. 58, &c. On the piers of the abutment at the east end of the bridge Sir Gardner deciphered two Turkish inscriptions, one of them bearing the date 1087 A.H. (1659 A.D.), the second year of Sultan Mahomet, probably referring to repairs made in his reign.

masonry has been left on the exterior, but he was none the less convinced of its Roman origin; and anyone who has seen it will agree with Sir Gardner that the grandeur of the work, and the form of the arch, as well as the tradition, attest its Roman origin. In the gateway-towers at each end we also detected something Roman, as besides in some ancient archways and masonry on the river-bank by the side of the bridge. This sketch was taken looking down the stream from the left side, and indeed the view from this point needs not the spell of classic associations to fascinate the beholder! The soaring arch beneath which the emerald Narenta hurries—fuming and fretting amongst the boulders that strew her course in many a foamy eddy—as though after eighteen centuries she were still impatient of the yoke[1] imposed upon her by the monarch of the world; the steep banks tiered with rocks, contorted, cavernous, festooned with creepers and wild vines; above, the arcades of Turkish stores, with brilliant Oriental wares; the peaks and towers and gables of quaint old fortifications; two slender minarets, and further still a fainter background of barren mountain, against which the mediæval outlines of the city were relieved in the chiaroscuro of a Southern sun. The whole scene presented such a picturesque combination, alike of colours and outlines, as I have not seen the like of in any other town.

The very name of Mostar signifies in the Sclavonic tongue 'the old bridge,'[2] and would be enough to prove that the bridge was already looked on as an antiquity before the Turkish conquest. Mostar was already a place

[1] 'Sub jugo, ecce, rapitur et Danuvius,' was the inscription on Trajan's bridge over the Danube.

[2] *Most* = bridge; *Star* = old.

of importance under the Dukes of St. Sava. The town appears to have been much augmented in 1440 by Radivoj Gost, *Curopalata* or 'mayor of the palace' to Stephen Cossaccia, the first duke of St. Sava.[1] It was originally peopled by Latin Christians, and was the residence of their bishop, who afterwards emigrated to Narona. On the Turkish conquest, Mostar became the seat of residence of the Viziers of Herzegóvina; and just as before the dukes of St. Sava had exercised an authority almost independent of their suzerains, the kings of Bosnia, so now the Viziers of Herzegóvina succeeded in defying their Bosnian superiors, the lieutenants of the Grand Signior at Travnik. One of the latest and most representative of these Turkish dukes of St. Sava was the renowned Ali Pashà, who, for the valuable assistance which he rendered Sultan Mahmoud in his struggle with the Mahometan magnates of Bosnia, was rewarded with the Vizierate of Herzegóvina, which in 1833 was separated from Bosnia and erected into an independent government for the benefit of this faithful servant of the Sultan.

Ali Pashà, originally Ali Aga of Stolac, the seat of his hereditary castle and possessions, was a scion of the renegade nobility of Herzegóvina, and had been enabled to aid the Grand Signior against his reactionary Mahometan vassals, by resorting to the bold expedient of arming his rayah retainers. He appears to have been a man endued above the average with the Turkish aptitude for dissimulation. While the Christians were useful to him, he was profuse in his promises of reward, and used to swear to them 'by the golden cross' that their taxes would be abolished with the exception of a hundred

[1] Though it is probably hardly true to say that he founded Mostar.

paras yearly of *haratch*. But, once in the Vizierial palace of Mostar, he increased the *haratch*, levied the tithes with greater rigour, doubled the other taxes, and, only anxious to conciliate the Moslems of his Pashalik, allowed his agents to treat the rayahs with greater cruelty than ever. On the pretence of seizing Christian subjects, who after fleeing to Montenegro might presume to revisit their homes in the Herzegóvina, he used to send detachments of fanatical officers, who made the circuit of the Christian villages, and ill-treated or murdered whom they pleased, under the pretence that they were *Uskoks*, as these refugees were called, or had sheltered such. A native historian, a monk of Mostar,[1] has related with a Herodotean simplicity the history of the civil war in the Herzegóvina and the reign of the terrible Vizier; and the picture which he gives of the sufferings of the rayahs, of the sort of justice which was meted out to them in the country districts, and the sights with which the tyrant in the palace of Mostar was wont to feast his eyes, may serve to open people's eyes to the character of the government in this part of the Sultan's dominions during the years immediately preceding the Crimean War. We must remember that the writer is a monk, but there is a charming naïveté about the following narrations.

If the Pashà had a weakness, it was for impaled heads of rayahs, so that when these *Uskok* hunters were disappointed of legitimate game, they used to resort to a rough and ready way of securing the Pashà's approbation. Thus in 1849 Ali Pashà sent Ibrahim, his Cavass-Basha, to

[1] Cokorilo. His account was originally published in Russian, and has since been translated into German in the Bautzen series entitled *Türkische Zustände.*

collect *Uskoks.* 'Ibrahim,' says our native historian, 'tarried in Drobniaki till October, but found no work there wherewith to keep his hands warm. Therefore he betook himself to the village Cerna Gora,[1] and after he had passed the night there, he gave orders to the villagers that one out of every house should come forth and accompany him to Piva. The poor villagers came forth as he bade them; but when they had gone with him one hour's distance from their dwellings, their hands were bound, and here, on the plain near Lysina, the Cavass-Basha Ibrahim shot them dead one after the other. And thus were slain fifteen men, Christians all, miserable indeed in their life-time, but guiltless before the all-high God. And wherefore were they slain? For naught, but that there should be fewer Vlachs.'[2] . . . .

'The greatest delight of the Vizier was to look upon Christian heads impaled. From his palace in Mostar he could not see the fortress walls, and therefore had he them made higher that he might see them when he lay at meals; and round about the whole fortress he set up palisades of pointed oak-staves, which he topped with Christian heads. At these then looked he from his window, and his heart leapt thereat for joy. If he would oppress any man, he straightway spake and said, "Wilt thou never cease to trouble me, till such time as I hew thy head from thy body, and bid them stick it on the palisades?—then shalt thou give me peace at last!" Upon this fortress there were 150 staves, and upon each stave was always fixed a dead man's head.[3] But when his

[1] A village of Herzegóvina, not *the Cerna Gora* or Montenegro.

[2] This word is applied by the Mahometan Sclaves of the Herzegóvina to the rayahs. For its other uses see p. 35.

[3] But the monk should have mentioned that some, at least, of these

murderous bands brought a fresh head, and there was wanting room for it, then Ali Pashà bade them take one or more of the dried heads down, and throw them into the street, where the children were wont to kick them about for sport, and no man durst take them away.'

But Ali Pashà himself fell at last into disfavour with the Porte, and his intrigues with the Mahometan magnates of Bosnia in their final revolt against the Sultan in 1850 brought on his head the vengeance of the second conqueror of Bosnia, Omer Pashà. The catastrophe of our satrap, like the episodes of his tyranny, was thoroughly Eastern, and as the closing scene of the drama is laid with poetic fitness on the bridge of Mostar, I may be allowed once more to have recourse to our Herzegóvinan historian.

'The old, lame Ali Pashà was forced to limp on foot, with a staff in his hand, to the bridge over the river Narenta—and there they set him for mockery on a lean and mangy mule, and in such a plight Omer Pashà led with him our Ali Pashà, even he who for so many years had ruled the Herzegóvina according to his will, and had done there so many evil deeds; but Ali Pashà was sore vexed at his abasement, and straightway began to rail at

were the trophies of war with the Montenegrines, who adorned their Vladyka's palace at Cettinje with the same barbarous spoil. The Bosnian arms, with their impaled Moors' heads, are perhaps a witness to the antiquity of this practice in these countries. Sir Gardner Wilkinson tried to persuade Ali Pashà to give up the practice, and even attempted a mutual agreement between the Pashà and the Vladika on the subject, but Sir Gardner hardly appreciated the character of the man with whom he was dealing. When the author of *Dalmatia and Montenegro* visited Mostar he only saw five heads on the palace, but as these were over the tower, there may have been far more. The monk mentions that over 1,000 Christians were executed in the Herzegóvina under Ali Pashà's government, and, during the same space of time, only three Mahometans! Ali Pashà used also to impale rayahs.

Omer Pashà, and amongst other things he said: "Why dost thou torment me thus? Thou art a Vlach and the son of a Vlach! From whom hast thou authority to drag me thus? Aye, and had I taken arms against the Sultan himself, it is not to thee belongs the right to treat me as one taken in battle, wert thou three times Seraskier. Therefore, O unclean Vlach! send me rather to my Padishah, that he may judge me, and vex me not in my old age." But when Omer Pashà heard this, he feared lest peradventure he himself should suffer damage at Stamboul; for Ali Pashà had many friends there amongst those in high places, to whom he was wont to send much money from the Herzegóvina. So Omer Pashà, turning these things over in his mind, in the end perceived that it were better if Ali Pashà were no longer of this world. And lo! at night, at two of the clock, was heard the sound as of a shot, and there came tidings to Omer Pashà that it had so chanced a gun had gone off, and behold the ball had passed through Ali Pashà's head. Thus died Ali Pashà, Rizvanbegović, on the twentieth day of March, 1851.'

Mostar contains about 18,000 inhabitants,[1] and is therefore a considerable town for this part of the world. For trade, it has long been the chief staple of Herzegóvina, and was renowned of old for its manufacture of Damascened swords. The wares, however, here are much the same as those of Serajevo, so that I have little to record of the streets of Mostar, except that one old Turk—whose principles I respect—swore by the beard of the

[1] Of these 3,000 to 3,500 are of the Greek communion, which possesses two churches; 400 to 500 are Roman Catholics, who have a chapel; the rest are Mahometans.

Prophet that he would never sell the meanest knife on his shop-board to a dog of a Giaour; and that one Mostar damsel—about whose principles I will not enquire, but of whose amiability there can be no question—deftly dropped her veil as we passed her doorway, and favoured us with a private view of a not uncomely face.[1] Indeed we noticed that in the lower valley of the Narenta generally the use of the veil is not so rigorously enforced as usually in Bosnia, though the face-covering is discarded only at Jablanica and the adjoining district.

There was one very pleasant feature about the streets of Mostar, and that was the abundance of fruit. The peaches were poor; but melons, figs, and the grapes at about a halfpenny a pound, even when a Frank was a purchaser, were delicious. The grapes, of which the Mostar wine famed throughout all these lands is made, are of magnificent calibre, and are celebrated in Serbian song. When the bride of Mahmoud Pashà[2] speeds with the choicest delicacies of earth to comfort princely Mujo, these are not forgotten in the dainty *menu*. The lady hides beneath her richest garments:—

> 'Rosy sweets wrapped up in golden vestments,
> Yellow honeycomb in silver dishes,
> And spring-cherries all preserved in honey;
> Peaches with the earliest dewdrops gathered,
> Figs of Ocean, and the grapes of Mostar.'

We too, as a preparation for our weary pilgrimage across the Karst deserts of the lower Narenta to the Dalmatian

[1] Sir Gardner Wilkinson, when at Mostar, met with similar adventures. 'Some,' says he, 'of the Mostar women go without their mask and pull the cloth *feregi* over their heads, holding it tight to their faces, and peeping out of a corner with one eye, who, when pretty, frequently contrive to remove it "accidentally on purpose." . . I am bound to say that they were often very pretty, and with very delicate complexions.

[2] See Sir J. Bowring, *Serbian Popular Poetry*, p. 36.

frontier, took with us a generous basket of the fruits of Mostar.

The day was terribly hot, and a suffocating miasmatic vapour[1] (such as we had not met with since we left the valley of the Save) brooded over the city, which, according to our Consul, possesses a climate decidedly hotter than that of Constantinople, so that we were naturally desirous of lightening our day's journey to the frontier by obtaining horses. These, however, it was extremely hard to obtain; but the Pashà, to whom we mentioned our difficulty, generously placed a couple of horses at our disposal, and told us that if we would start this afternoon we should have the advantage of a guard that was to accompany a caravan of Herzegóvinans to Metcovich, our Dalmatian destination. We being anxious to push on, as we were really afraid of this climate, took advantage of the proposal, and about five in the afternoon started with our cavalcade on the most terrible journey I ever remember.

Our caravan, consisting of sixty horses and men, slowly mustered together, and having defiled out of Mostar over the steep Narenta bridge, we jogged for hours along tedious dusty plains, leaving on our left the ruins of the feudal stronghold of Blagaj. About sunset we heard many muttered prayers, and an 'Ave Maria' continually repeated by a rayah who was riding near; then it grew dark, so that my brother and myself, who both of us suffer from night-blindness, could not see an inch; but still the whole caravan jogged on, and though the stars

[1] In a climate such as that of the lower Narenta the traveller must be careful to take abundant doses of quinine, or he will be struck down at once with malarious fever.

shining with a reddish, lurid light, looked more like 'lamps of heaven' than the pale stars of old acquaintance, they did not aid our purblind vision in the least, and we felt particularly helpless when we perceived by the noise of water running a good way immediately below us that we were riding along the brink of a precipitous steep. However, our beasts followed their leaders, till suddenly there was an universal stampede—my horse rushed down a steep bank, nearly throwing me off, and then plunged into a stream to drink, and after some more stumbling and climbing we found ourselves in a struggling crowd of men and horses, and were told to dismount. Then our steeds disappeared, and we found ourselves together wedged into a trampling throng of men and horses, in what to us was pitch darkness. Happily, a Zaptieh, who had been ordered by the Pashà to attend on us, rescued us from this plight, and we discovered that we had arrived at a Han called Buna, where we obtained coffee and a room to ourselves over a stable, and rested three hours.

This Han was erected here by our old friend Ali Pashà, who was something more than an impaler of rayahs, and did many things to improve the means of communication and the material well-being of his Pashalik. To him Herzegóvina owes the introduction of rice culture, and also of silk-worms; and it was here, at Buna, that he planted, with this object, the first mulberry-trees in the country. The Vizier built a favourite summer residence here, of which and its grounds the Mostar historian gives a curious description. The little river Buna, which, issuing from a cavern in the rock below the castle of Blagai, here pours into the Narenta, is, like

it, according to our monk, 'rich in innumerable fish,' while the Pashà's grounds abounded in 'all the fruits of the South.' 'Ali Pashà laid down pipes in which he conducted water out of the Buna, and he brought hither a dragon's head of lead which poured forth the water from its throat into a stone basin, wherein rare fishes played. Here the Satrap was wont to tarry for his pleasure; and when his blood-thirsty servants brought him the heads of Christian Serbs, he bade them to be stuck on the poles of a palisade that stood opposite, and in gazing on them had his chiefest delight.'

Aug. 30*th.*—During our midnight halt at Buna we were not in a position to examine the Vizier's villa, nor had we long given us even for repose, for at 2.30 we were roused once more by our Zaptieh, and having been guided to our horses in the dark, were again jogging on our way, and ascending a range of high limestone hills by a rough winding road, without the slightest aid from vision. As morning gradually revealed to us our surroundings, we found that we were crossing a rock-strewn table-land almost bereft of trees, except a few olives, and some fine old oaks shading an ancient solitary graveyard. The motion was most fatiguing, as our horses were anything but sure-footed, and the saddle was simply excruciating. The saddle of these countries is simply formed of two hurdle-like frames of wood joined together in the middle at an angle of over fifty degrees, and padded *underneath*, to protect the horse. We had to sit astride on the sharp upper keel, and had nothing but our sleeping-gear to mitigate its hardness. Add to this the perpetual jolting and stumbling, and the fact that the stirrups were simply loops of cord, which twisted our toes under our horses'

bellies, and our discomfort may be imagined. The dust kicked up by our caravan was terrible, so that to avoid it we wished to ride in front; but our horses, who knew their place in the ranks, could not be induced to stir from it till we dismounted and literally dragged them in front. The pace was provokingly slow, and the Herzegóvinan drivers were perpetually reminding their beasts of the duty of sloth by shouts of *Polacko! polacko!*[1] My beast didn't need any reminder of this kind, and nothing on earth would induce him to put on a spurt so as to distance our dusty train, till by some happy inspiration I whistled to him 'Little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green.' Then, at last, the intelligent animal pricked up its ears and broke into a lively trot!

For many hours we had been riding through a wilderness, but as we approached the southern edge of our plateau a prospect of desolation broke upon us such as those who have not seen it can scarcely imagine. In every direction rose low mountains, mere heaps of disintegrated limestone rock, bare of vegetation as a shingly sea-beach—a cruel southern Karst, aptly compared to a petrified glacier or a moon-landscape, the creation—as the old Bogomiles of these parts would have supposed it—of some Evil Spirit. Yet, like most things in nature, this desert prospect is not without its redeeming specialities of beauty. Where the colours of earth are so faint there is nothing to interfere with the most perfect development of atmospheric effects. Nature has, as it were, provided a white sheet for the grandest of all illuminators, and I have seen these pale rock skeletons tinged by morning and evening suns with more delicate saffron and peach-

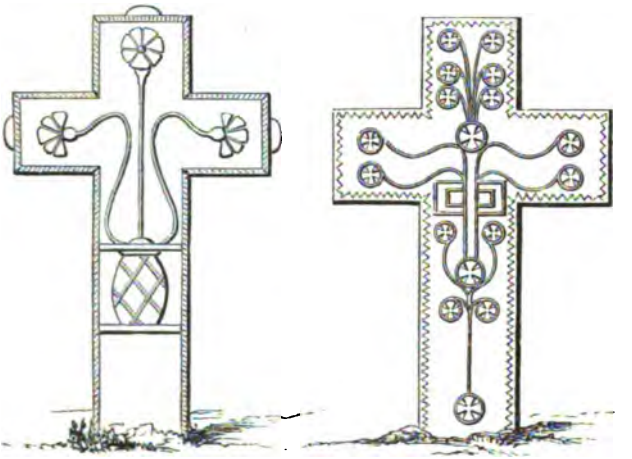
[1] Slow! slow!

blossom than the green hills of more fertile lands are susceptible of taking. Even as seen by the light of common day, this barren panorama was well worth an artist's study. We were among mountain-tops without the climbing; and though the languor of the colours spoke too evidently of the universal waterlessness, their delicacy was novel and not without a subtle fascination. The sky above was of a pale hazy azure; the sterile hill-sides a thin ashy grey, stained here and there with a *soupçon* of sand colour or faint iron brown; the plain below was the palest and most languid of greens.

About 9 in the morning we stopped at a hamlet called Tassorić, where the caravan made their next halt; but though we tried here and at other hovels on the road to obtain some food, we met with one universal response: 'Nima chlebba! nima jaje!'—'We have no bread! we have no eggs!' And the only refreshment we could obtain in this terrible waste was the never-failing coffee; so that had it not been for the figs and grapes we had brought with us from Mostar, we might have fainted by the way. The Herzegóvinan peasants who travelled with us had brought their food with them.

The seat on which we quaffed our mocha here was supported by two fragmentary bases of Roman columns; but in a graveyard hard by, which we had leisure to examine, were modern monuments of still greater interest. These were the gravestones of the Roman Catholic inhabitants of Tassorić, which were ornamented with incised crosses and floral devices of an elegance indeed surprising when it is remembered that these were the work of rude peasants, unable to write even the names of the departed kinsmen whom they wished to honour.

The whole appearance of this graveyard was indeed one of the most curious sights that we observed in our



Christian Monuments, Tassorić.

Bosnian-Herzegóvinan experiences. Here, in one God's

Graveyard at Tassorić.

acre, alike the Infidel and Christian inhabitants of the hamlet had found their last resting-place, and the crosses of the departed rayahs were only separated by a narrow, and in places almost indistinguishable, pathway from the turbaned columns of the Moslem. It was a striking proof that even in this land of bigotry and persecution both sectaries can live together in peace; and it afforded a melancholy contrast to the burnt villages whose ruins we descried a few miles further on the road.

The fact is, that the animosity of the rayahs of the Herzegóvina has not been directed so much against their Moslem fellow-villagers as against the Begs, the scions of the renegade feudal nobility, who, besides exacting their own dues with the rigour that I have described, often—in the Herzegóvina especially, where at present they seem to have retained more of their old power than in Bosnia—farm the government taxes. These oppress the Moslem peasant almost as grievously as the rayah, and there have been instances during the present outbreak in which the Moslems of the country villages have made common cause with the rayah. It was primarily against the Begs that the Roman Catholic population of this part of the Narenta valley[1] took up arms last June.

A little further on we passed the Roman Catholic village of Draševo, whose inhabitants, with those of another village called Rasno, were the first to take up arms in this part of the Herzegóvina. These assembled with arms in their hands at a bridge just beyond, where the high road crosses the little river Kruppa, and which, though the only means of transit for any stores and

[1] An account of these events, to which I am indebted, was communicated to the *Pesther Lloyd*.

cannon that the Turks may land at their port of Klek on the other side of the hills, we found in a condition so dilapidated that we had to dismount from our horses and lead them carefully over the broken woodwork—the whole fabric being so cranky that it would only bear one man and beast at a time. At this bridge the assembled rayahs kept watch and ward, allowing travellers, and even Zaptiehs, to pass (for it was no part of the design of the insurgents at first to war against the Sultan), but declaring that they were keeping watch against the Begs alone.

But it was at a mill called Struge, which we left to the right on the further bank of the Narenta, that the first actual outbreak of hostilities took place. The miller here was a Mussulman, who, offended at the spirited attitude taken up by the neighbouring rayah villages, refused to grind the corn which the Christians, who depended on his grindstone for this part of their breadmaking, brought him for that purpose. Thereupon the Christians of the neighbouring village of Gorica resolved to take vengeance on the unbelieving miller. The miller, on his part, was aided by a division of Zaptiehs; and here the first shots were fired. The Turks were victorious, and the Zaptiehs signalized their victory by entering Gorica the following night, and burning, after first sacking, the houses of the rayahs, who had themselves escaped. They then defiled the church, and as a further insult dug up some dead bodies and left the naked corpses of a man and a child exposed in the churchyard. The insurgents of the Narenta valley and the country to the right of it were thus unfortunate from the beginning, so that when the Turks, by the murder of the prior of the Franciscan

monastery at Livno, had terrified the Roman Catholic hierarchy of this part into submission, the Catholic Bishop Kraljević found no difficulty in persuading the Latin peasantry to follow the example of their spiritual governors.

A little way beyond the bridge where the rayahs first set their armed watch against the Begs, we came to the ruins of the village of Doliane, burnt, as we heard, by the Turks at a very early period of the insurrection. It was a miserable sight, the blackened shells of these little stone hovels—piteous at any time—clinging to the bare hill-side. The Turks were utilizing the ruins to build a guard-house, and were pulling down for that purpose the few homestead walls which had still been left standing. Yet this is but a single sample of the devastation which extends along the whole Dalmatian and Montenegrine borders of Herzegóvina, over an area embracing many hundreds of square miles.

A mile more of jolting brought us to the Dalmatian frontier, and at Metcović we found ourselves once more within the limits of Christendom with whole skins, but quite worn out after (deducting rests) fifteen hours of excruciation on Bosnian saddles. Of this future emporium of Narentan trade there is little to record, except the filth of the inhabitants. The cleanliness of the Turks and Herzegóvinans contrasts most strongly with the South-Italian squalor of the citizens of Metcović, which culminated in the family circle of the *Bezirkshauptmann*—an interview with whom was forced on us for the examination of passports. The *Bezirkshauptmann's* table-cloth was so filthy that there was not a spot of anything approaching whiteness on its whole superficies!

Aug. 31*st.*—Next morning, after considerable bargaining, we engaged a flat beetle-like craft to convey ourselves and our fortunes to Stagno, *viâ* the left arm of the Narenta. The landscape now afforded most startling contrasts of fertility and barrenness. The heights that overhung the Narenta, or stretched away to environ its broad alluvial plains, were mere rock heaps, of that lunar desolation already described; so bare that the mountain goat can scarce glean a pittance on their bony terraces. But the broad delta below, formed by the double-armed Narenta, is the richest land in all Dalmatia; the maize by the river-side attains a gigantic stature; on other places the soil is covered by a luxuriant network of vines, which, without any training or apparent cultivation, yield grapes as fine as those of Mostar; and there are mulberry-trees at Fort Opus fifteen feet in circumference. But how little of this marvellous rich soil is even culturable now-a-days! To the right of us, what was once a blooming champaign, covered with tilled fields, and dowering a city wealthy and refined, is now a stretch of fever-breeding marshes which it would cost millions to drain. The wretched inhabitants of the few villages that now remain, are, during the summer months, never free from intermittent fever, and the stranger who values his life must not tarry at this season even to explore the interesting relics of antiquity that we are now passing on our right.

Among the swamps that lie two or three miles to the north of Metcović are still to be seen the foundations of many of the houses of the Illyrian Narbonne,[1]

[1] I venture to assume an etymologic connexion between the Dalmatian *Narbona* and the *Narbo Martius* of Southern Gaul. If we had not the testimony of ancient writers to the fact that there was a Celtic ingredient in ancient Illyria, we should surely be justified in assuming it from the

further remains of which, including many inscriptions, are scattered on the hill above, which takes its name from the modern village of Viddo. Here stood the old Narbona, or as it was called in the later days of Rome, Narona; a city so ancient that it was already of renown five centuries before our era, and which lost none of its eminence when, in B.C. 168, Lucius Annius added it to the possessions of Rome. At Narbona, now known as Narona, the Romans planted a colony, and among the many inscriptions that have been discovered, we find ample witness to its municipal liberties; while from others we learn that temples of Jove, Diana of the woods, and Father Liber, once graced this spot. Another inscription on the tomb of a Naronan *lapidary*, to which I shall have occasion to refer, may, perhaps, bear witness to an art which attained considerable perfection in the cities of Roman Illyria, and of which many traces, in the shape of beautifully engraved gems, are still discovered on this site.

Yet it was not under the Romans that Narona and

names of some of the cities. Orange seems to repeat itself in the Illyrian *Arauso;* Anderida in Andretium; and Corinium gives us a Cirencester in the neighbourhood of Zara. Epulus, the name of an Illyrian king, is curiously suggestive of the Eppillus of British coins. This Narbona has certain analogies of position with its Gallic homonym. Of course the ancient name of the Narenta—*Naro*—is also connected with that of the city. This city is called Narbona by both Ptolemy and Polybius, but accounts of its origin differ. According to one it was a Phœnician colony; according to others its founders were Phrygian or Thracian. The chief authority on Narbona or Narona is Dr. Lanza, in his *Saggio storico-statistico-medico sopra l'antica Città di Narona*, Bologna, 1842, which I only know through the summary in Neigebaur's *Süd-Slaven*. For the inscriptions of course the Illyrian volume of the *Corpus Inscriptionum* is now the authority; but in elucidating and first calling attention to these much credit is due to Dr. Lanza, Major Sabljar, and Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who gives fac-similes of thirty-three in his work on Dalmatia. Some Naronan inscriptions were published at Ragusa, in 1811, in the *Marmora Macarensia.*

the rich alluvial plains of the Narenta, amidst which our boat is meandering, attained that importance which makes the name of the Narentines familiar to the student of European history.

In the year 639 A.D. Narona, which till then had remained a flourishing Roman city, was reduced to ashes by a mingled horde of Avars and Sclaves, and a few years later the Serbian Sclaves called in by the Emperor Heraclius took possession of the vacant sites of the lower Narenta. Out of the ruins of the Roman Narona they built a new town, and here, on the site of classic temples, reared a fane to a Sclavonic god, whose name, Viddo,[1] is still perpetuated in that of the modern village. The site of this Illyrian Narbonne thus became a stronghold of heathendom in these parts, just as with the Sclavonians of the Baltic shores Paganism found its last defenders among those staunch Rügen islanders who guarded the precincts of the sacred city of Arkona. It was not till the year 873 that Nicetas, the Admiral of the Byzantine Emperor Basil, prevailed on the Narentines to accept baptism; the temple of their country's god underwent a strange conversion, and Viddo lived again in a Christian guise as St. *Vitus!*[2]

In the next century the country of the Narentines is still known as *Pagania*, the land of the Pagans, by which name Constantine Porphyrogenitus mentions it in his

[1] Viddo seems to answer to the Vid or Vit in the Rügen deities Sviantovid, Rugevit, and Porevit, in which names it is variously interpreted as 'warrior' or 'sight,' Sviantovid being 'holy sight' or 'holy warrior.' In Illyria *Vid* means 'sight.' It is possible that this Vid is connected with another Sclavonic god Woda, who is compared with Woden, and whose name in this case would afford another interesting link between the Sclaves and Scandinavians.

[2] San Vito is curiously like Sviantovid.

account of the Serbians; and it was during the ninth and tenth centuries that these barbarous Sclaves, yet untamed by a civilized religion, issued forth from the swamps and inlets of the Narenta, to ravage the coasts of the Adriatic, and to rival their heathen counterparts and contemporaries, the Sea-kings of the North. As early as 827 their 'Archons,' as the Byzantine Emperor calls the Starosts of their Republic, refused to pay the customary tribute to Eastern Rome; and soon after this date we find them in possession of Curzola, Lagosta, Meleda, Lesina, Brazza, and other islands of the Adriatic. But it is their rivalry with Venice which exalts the history of the Narentines into world importance. The rising city of the lagoons saw her commerce cut off by these hardy corsairs, and was at last actually forced to pay them an ignominious tribute. It was not till 997 that the Doge Pietro Orseolo II. succeeded in throwing off the yoke and attacking the pirates in their Narentan fastnesses. After three centuries of piratic domination, the Narentines saw all their island empire taken from them, and themselves not only forced to disgorge their plunder, but to swear allegiance to their rival. The power of the Pirate State was broken for ever; but the fate of Venice had trembled in the balance, and for a moment the whole current of European civilization seemed destined to be perverted from its channel by the inhabitants of the now obscure valley through which we are passing. It were perhaps as idle to speculate what might have been the history of Europe, had the Queen of the Adriatic been smothered in her cradle, as to discuss the fates of Lerna or Nemea, had infant Heracles perished in the coils of the serpent which he strangled; but the most casual student

of Venetian annals must perceive that the final triumph of Venice over the Narentines is the great climacteric in the history of her rise.

We thought we detected something of the old piratic genius of the race in the way in which our boatmen plundered the maize and vine fields as we passed; but there was nothing of Pagan savagery in their demeanour and conversation, which on the contrary formed a marked contrast to the rudeness and asperity of the ordinary Bosniac or Herzegóvinan. They spoke indeed a dialect closely akin to the Illyrian of the interior, but they spoke it with energy, vivacity, elegance; with a softness of cadence so thoroughly Italian, that when, as all of them did at times, they changed to that language to address the signori, we hardly detected the change. Their very form is lither, suppler; of lesser mould, but a striking contrast to the overgrown ungraceful Bosniac. The eyebrows of these Narentines are not so arched, the hair is darker they seemed to be many of them Sclavonized Italians, descendants perhaps of the Roman colonists of Narbona. One of our boatmen was a very interesting type of man. He spoke Dalmatian like the rest, but his face—which, like that of many other Dalmatian faces that I recall, beamed with all the openness of a sea-faring people—was typically Scotch; and, oddly enough, he wore what looked like a Scotch cap, minus the tails. His hair was of a lighter and more reddish hue than that of the others. One almost fancied that we had here before us a waif of that early Celtic population of Illyria whom I have ventured to invoke as nomenclators of the Illyrian Narbonne whose ruins we are passing to our right.

Meanwhile we have been making very slow progress,

since a fierce sirocco has set in dead in the teeth of our small craft; and as we arrive at Fort Opus, an old Venetian station at the apex of the Narentan delta, our boatmen inform us that our two-master is too lubberly for them to hope to take us to Stagno in it while the scirocco continues to blow, in which case the voyage might take two or three days. They professed their willingness to find a smaller vessel which should be able to cope with the elements, and to resign half the wages, for which we had agreed upon, to the new boatmen. 'You see, Sirs, it is not for want of will—but we cannot struggle against God!'

At Fort Opus, accordingly, we shifted into another smaller craft, pointed at both stern and stem, and beetle-like as the other, and were soon on our way again along a part of the Narenta's course which might well be the source of weirdest myth and legend. Just beyond Fort Opus, the hills on the left—bonier skeletons, if possible, than before—draw nearer to the river, till they frown over its depths. It is at this point that ever and anon mysterious boomings and bellowings are heard to proceed as from the inmost recesses of the mountain. It is, say those who have heard it, as the bellowing of a bull, sometimes here, sometimes there, and sometimes everywhere at once. At other times it seems to issue from the darkest pools of the Narenta itself. I cannot say that we ourselves heard the 'hideous hum,' but these noises cannot be set down as the creatures of superstitious imagination; for a competent observer, Signor Lanza, who was physician in this district, and to whom is due a scientific account of this part of the Narenta valley, has himself borne ample witness of the existence of this phenomenon;

nor does it stand alone, for there are equally authentic accounts of similar subterranean murmurs and explosions having been heard in Meleda and other islands of the Dalmatian Littorale. The explanation given by some is that the detonations are due to the pressure of the tide on the air pent up in the subterranean caverns which honeycomb the limestone Karst-formation of these Illyrian coastlands; but Dr. Lanza—who notices that the phenomenon generally takes place either at sunrise or sundown—confesses that 'a veil of mystery hangs over the whole.' Meanwhile, nothing but the portent is certain; and fearful as I am of giving publicity to ill-omened words, I cannot refrain from breathing a suspicion that this unhallowed bellowing may proceed from some hideous Minotaur, caverned in his labyrinthine den.

This neighbourhood is also much subject to earthquakes, which generally occur during the winter months; and as our boat toiled heavily past a succession of rocky headlands, we ourselves experienced a natural phenomenon scarcely less awful than these subterranean bellowings and convulsions. The wind rose higher and higher, whistling among the limestone 'ruins of the older world' that frowned above us. Our two boatmen knit their brows and muttered '*la Fortuna!*' Dame Fortune, the old goddess of the way by sea and land, still retains some of her old attributes of wheel and rudder among these Romanized Dalmatian Sclaves; her name [1] is still used on these coastlands as equivalent to a tempest; and even in the interior of Bosnia the Sclaves have so far adopted the idea, that a snow-storm—the kind of storm dreaded most in the Bosnian mountains—is known to the peasants as '*Fortuny.*'

[1] A tempest is also called *Fortunale.*

At last, on steering between the two rocky hills, whose barren masses rise like twin pillars of Hercules on either side at the mouth of this arm of the Narenta, a tremendous scene burst upon us. Just opposite to where the river widened into the sea, rose a small desolate island, a fit abode for nothing unless it were departed spirits of the evil. The rays of a pale ominous sunset fell upon these cadaverous rocks and flooded them with spectral light. On either side of the island the sea shone with abnormal emerald lustre; but what made the brilliance of the foreground so unearthly, was the unutterable darkness of all behind. The rocky island rose like a phantom against a sky as black as night.

The question for us was whether there would be time to round the nose of rock to the left of the Narenta mouth, and cross a narrow arm of green sea to a promontory where we might obtain shelter, before the impending hurricane came down on us.

The sailors thought it possible, and with set teeth laboured at the oars as for grim life. But the black pall of clouds that darkened the western hemisphere drew nearer and nearer; the white sea-mews swept wildly and more wildly hither and thither against the face of coming night, shrieking weirdly like the Banshees of coming doom. The wind and thunder roared louder in our ears, and a thin snowy line of surf stretching along the emerald horizon, swept like a charge of cavalry across the intervening fields of sea—but now, so treacherously smooth!—and bore down upon our little craft.

The night was already upon us; the brilliant beams of sunset were suddenly transformed, first into darkness, and then into the lurid twilight of an eclipse which lit up

our men's faces with a pale ashy grey, ghastly to look upon. These hardy descendants of corsairs seemed really cowed, and shouted to us 'Pray to God, signori! Pray to God! *La Fortuna é rotta!*'

The storm had burst with a vengeance. The wind rose to a hurricane. The surf and tempest struck our boat and beat her head round. It was in vain that the men struggled at the oars; we were borne back, and swept along helpless as a log in a torrent. We were driven towards the mouth of the Narenta which we had left, and I thought every moment we should have been dashed against the rocks; but Dame Fortune was merciful to us, and notwithstanding that the men lost all command of the vessel, we rounded the rocky headland, and found ourselves in comparatively sheltered waters where oars were again available, so that we were presently anchored near another small Narentan vessel in smoother waters—though even the river was one sheet of foam. It now began to rain in torrents beyond all our experience; so we covered ourselves with our mackintoshes, and lay down in the bottom of our boat, resolved not to emerge till the hurricane should have abated somewhat of its fury. But hardly were we settled, when a tremendous clap of thunder rent the air, followed by a series of sharp blows which made us start to our feet, when we found that hailstones varying in size from a bullet to a walnut, and in shape like Tangerine oranges,[1] were rattling about our heads. With our helmet hats on, and under cover of our mackintoshes, we avoided being actually bruised, but the thunder and lightning that accompanied the hail

[1] They were mostly oblate spheroids, formed of three layers, and when broken showing an agate-like section.

were still more terrific. The forked lightning literally played around our craft, and it seemed that it must be struck; the thunder was such as we had neither of us heard the like of before. For a quarter of an hour we endured the full brunt of this celestial cannonade, and then the storm passed away as suddenly as it had come, and rolled on among the more inland ranges of the Dinaric Alps, which the lightning kept throwing into vivid and unexpected reliefs behind us; while in front and over head, sky and rocks and sea were illumined with the renewed splendour of sunset, and the surface of the troubled Narenta calmed down into its wonted serenity.

But it was a storm such as one does not meet with twice in a life-time; it was a fit initiation into this iron-bound coastland, with its earthquakes and subterranean thunders—the cavernous home of winds and tempests—the last refuge of piratic races.

We now renewed our voyage, and crossing a narrow arm of sea, landed in a sheltered cove, where we took refuge in a spacious stone house, the abode of a Dalmatian Family-community, hoping for the scirocco to subside, in order to be able to pursue our course up the Stagno. We were shown into the common eating and cooking room, a spacious chamber on the ground floor, where the family gathered round us; and the men, when they heard that we were English, at once claimed us as brothers, and entered into a most friendly conversation. 'We like the English,' said one; 'we know your greatness on the sea, and we too are a nation of seamen; England and Dalmatia!—there are no sailors but in your country and ours!' Another of the men had been to London

and Plymouth, and he and the others aired a string of English phrases with a decidedly nautical flavour, amongst which we detected 'Or' right,' 'cup o' tea,' 'grog,' 'haul up,' 'ease her;' and other expressions proving their *entente cordiale* with 'Jack.' About nine in the evening the woman-kind, the children, and some of the men, betook themselves to sleeping chambers above, and we were shown a bed in the spacious hall below, on whose floor slept our seamen and some of the inmates. But the stuffiness was so suffocating within, that I preferred the gnats and night air without; and finding a convenient rock on which to pillow my head, imitated the example of Jacob.

About midnight the adverse wind fell, and I being, by now, sufficiently disillusioned of patriarchal repose, hastened to rouse L—— and our men, and we were again on our way before 1 A.M., the wind shifting enough to enable us every now and then to use our sail. We steered along the Canale di Stagno piccolo, passing in the dark the inlet in which the Turkish harbour of Klek is situate. About 8 A.M. we landed at Luka, on the peninsula of Sabbioncello, and making our way on foot across the isthmus, entered the old town of Stagno by a gateway through its high machicolated Venetian walls. It was a small friendly place with clean narrow streets, and many old stone palaces of the citizen nobility with stone escutcheons over their doors, quaint rope mouldings and carved corbels under the windows, some of which were of Venetian-Gothic style. Other houses, whose owners probably could lay no claim to coats of arms, displayed over their doorways medallions on which I.H.S. was engraved in a variety of ornamental forms. In the Piazza

just inside the gate by which we entered lay an old font with many noble shields upon it, and in the city wall opposite was a Renaissance fountain with a sixteenth-century date upon it. Stagno was once a port of the Bosnian kings, till sold by one of them to Ragusa at the end of the fourteenth century.

The peasants in the Piazza were highly picturesque; the men, like the inhabitants of the lower Narenta,

Women and Child, Stagno.

strongly resembling the Turks in their attire, except for a yellow sash round their waist, a Dalmatian peaked fez on their head, and an ear-ring—a plain golden circle—in one ear. The women, with their kerchiefs crossed about their bosom, showed more Sclavonic characteristics in their dress, but their straw hats with long streamers gave them a certain Swiss air.

While sketching the little group above, in the Piazza, I was somewhat surprised to hear the inspiriting tune of 'Men of Harlech' proceeding from a neighbouring house; but the mystery was cleared up by our shortly receiving a message to the effect that 'the daughter of the Judge of Stagno' wished to secure an interview with the Englishmen; and then it was that we found that this amiable young lady, having lived some years in Wales, and looking back with a tender regret to her sojourn on our island, had resorted to the innocent device of playing the national melodies of the Principality in order to attract our attention. . . . But alas! the boat is starting for Ragusa—the parting has taken place,—we have left our romantic damsel to sigh once more for English society, and stagnate at Stagno.

Our boat—a *Trabaccolo*, I believe it is called—is equipped with an expansive lateen sail, and as a propitious breeze, the Maestro, has sprung up, we soon leave Stagno, its olives and oleanders and pretty flowering shrubs, its siren music and bright eyes, far in our wake, and scud along between rocky islands to our right, and the bare Karst mountains of the mainland to our left. The desolate, monotonous hills, perpetually repeating themselves, were hardly relieved by a stunted tree—it was the same scenery so well described of old:

> 'Rara, nec hæc felix, in apertis eminet arvis
> Arbor, et in terra est altera forma maris!'

At one point, indeed, the village of Canosa, there was an oasis of green in the desert landscape; this was the gigantic group of plane trees, which are said to rank among the finest in the world. But we are nearing Ragusa, and after passing a line of jagged *scoglie* which

start up from the deep like the teeth of a gigantic antediluvian, the sea, hitherto hardly recovered from its frenzy of yestereen, becomes tranquil once more, and we glide into the harbour of Gravosa, the port of modern Ragusa, for depth and capacity reckoned the finest in Dalmatia.

CHAPTER IX.

RAGUSA AND EPIDAURUS.

Marvels of the Valle d'Ombla—Port of Gravosa—Rocky Coves and Gardens of Ragusa—Ragusa Vecchia; Remains of Epidaurus—Monument of a Roman Ensign—Mithraic Rock-sculpture—Plan of Canale and the Roman Aqueduct—Antique Gems: the Lapidary Art in Ancient Illyria—Epidauritan Cult of Cadmus and Æsculapius—Phœnician Traces on this Coast—Syrian Types among modern Peasants—*Grotta d'Escolapio* and *Vasca della Ninfa*—Cavern, and Legend of St. Hilarion and the Dragon—Mediæval Sculpture in Ragusa Vecchia—The Founding of Ragusa—The Roman City on the Rock, and the Sclavonic Colony in the Wood—Orlando saves the City from the Saracens, and St. Blasius from the Venetians—Ragusa as a City of Refuge—Visit of Cœur-de-Lion—Government of the Republic—Sober Genius of Ragusans—Early Laws against Slavery—Hereditary Diplomatists—Extraordinary Bloom of Ragusan Commerce—The 'Argosies'—Commercial and other Relations with England—Literature of Ragusa; she creates a Sclavonic Drama—Poets and Mathematicians: Gondola and Ghetaldi—The great Earthquake—End of the Republic—A Walk in Ragusa—Porta Pille—Stradone—Torre del Orologio—Zecca and Dogana—Ancient Coinage of Ragusa—Palazzo Rettorale—A Mediæval Æsculapius—Monuments to Ragusan Peabody and Regulus—Reliquiario di S. Biaggio—Silver Palissy-ware by a Ragusan Master—Discovery of St. Luke's Arm!—The Narrow Streets of Ragusa: *Case Signorili*, and Hanging Gardens—A Bird's-eye View of the City—The Herzegóvinan Refugees—A jewelled *Ceinture* from Nevešinje—The Fugitives taken!—Turkish Influence on Ragusan Costume—Contrast between Ragusan Peasants and '*Morlacchi*'—Refinement of the Citizens—Blending of Italian and Sclave—The Natural Seaport of Bosnia—A Vision of Gold and Sapphire—On the Margin of the Hellenic World.

As we entered the harbour of Gravosa we passed on our left an enticing watery gorge, which I am doubtful whether to call sea or river. This is known as the Valle d'Ombla; and as it presents one of the most extraordinary natural phenomena in the whole of Dalmatia, and is

withal a most favourite pleasaunce of Ragusan citizens, I did not omit to pay my devoirs to it during my stay in the city of the Argosies.

For two miles and a half after leaving the harbour of Gravosa our boat (for it is best approached by water) sailed up a broad and winding channel of the most exquisite crystalline blue, reflecting on either side rocky heights, and lower slopes covered with cypresses and olives, and here and there dotted with white villas and cottages. About two miles and a half from the point where this inlet debouches into the harbour of Gravosa, the channel suddenly narrowed, and the boat had to be propelled up the river proper, which is rapid and of considerable volume. Its whole course was not more than a mile.

A little way beyond a church called Rosgiatto, rose before us a precipitous limestone mountain, whose ridge forms the boundary of the Herzegóvina, and beyond which we heard distinctly the noise of an engagement then going on between the insurgents and the Turks. At the foot of this mountain the river Ombla springs from the bowels of the earth, with sufficient energy to work a mill at its very source, and in such volume that we may safely echo the words of the Ragusan poet, Elio Cervino :—

'Danubio et Nilo non vilior Ombla fuisset
Si modo progressus posset habere suos.'

At the mill, which has several large water-wheels, we landed, and from beneath the shadow of a fig-tree, then laden with golden fruit, surveyed this stupendous spring.

The source itself is nearly forty yards in breadth, squaring off against a wall of naked limestone rock which

rises above it nearly perpendicularly, some fifteen hundred feet. So untroubled is the pool, so still is all around, that you can hardly realise that a river is welling up from far below. Here and there, however, the glassy surface seems to swell and heave, and in places the waters take a mysterious intensity of sapphire that speaks of unfathomable depths. For centuries indeed the sources remained unfathomed, and it needed a line eighteen hundred feet long before the bottom was reached at last![1] The mystery of the Ombla's origin has been solved by observing the sympathy in ebb and flow which it shows with an inland river, the Trebinjštica, on which lies the old Herzegóvinan city of Trebinje. This river is absorbed by Mother Earth in two several places, and one of its swallow-holes is distant about seven miles, as the crow flies, from the source of the Ombla. Thus the river must pass right under a mountain chain, and accomplish many miles of underground meanderings before it again emerges.

The Ombla appears to have been known to the ancients as the Arion, and Virgil might well have given it a preference of immortality over the Timavus, whose springs are too scattered and of too small a volume to impress the spectator. Doubtless Arion had his nymphs, and certainly in mediæval times they seem to have found their successor, even as the mossy cell of nymph Egeria became the heritage of Santa Rosalia. Just above the source, amidst a shady grove of fig-trees, I came upon the ruins of a chapel with some fair fifteenth-century mouldings, and, carved over a doorway, an angel and St. Mary, with the inscription AVE GRACIA PLENA, which would

[1] Kohl, *Dalmatien.*

indicate the Christian Nymph of the Source to have been no other than Our Lady.

But let us leave this pleasant resort, and resume our way to Ragusa herself.

As we mounted upwards over the neck of land which separates the modern port of Ragusa from the ancient city, a magnificent view of the land-locked harbour of Ragusa, and the shipping anchored on its tranquil waters, opened out behind us. The stern rocky heights which keep watch and ward over this fiord of Southern sea, and shield it from the fierce blasts of Bora and Scirocco, soften down perforce as they approach that wondrous ultramarine margin. This old historic shore—it too has 'espoused the everlasting sea' and clothes itself in raiment worthy of the consort that slumbers in its ample bosom! Luxuriant vines, pale olive woods, and thickets of stately cypresses overspread the lower slopes; and this Southern vegetation, with its alternating gloom and pallor, embosoms the red-tiled roofs and white walls of the pretty little villas, perfumed by gardens where roses and verbenas mingle with the citron and myrtle of a more tropical flora. Here and there was a less pleasing spectacle—a foretaste of that melancholy flavour which will assert itself in the Ragusa of to-day. Once or twice we came upon the deserted shell of what had been the country seat of one of the merchant princes of the palmier days of the republic, standing with ruinous walls and charred rafters just as it was left seventy years ago, when the barbarous Black Mountaineers and Russians sacked the suburbs of Ragusa.

The road by which we ascended was lined with laburnums and acacias. We passed two exquisite rocky coves,

revealing glimpses of blue sea far below us, and now began to descend towards the city itself. We marvelled to see amongst the rocks and gardens by the roadside thickets of rosy oleander, the spiry flowers of aloes, and here and there a palm-tree flourishing in the open air. Then we passed an open public garden with a brilliant array of flowers; and just outside the Porta Pille, the land-gate of Ragusa, we discovered, in a pleasant grove of plane-trees, a small hôtel, the Albergo al Boschetto, where we settle down once more into civilised life, in a room overlooking a beautiful gully of sea.

But how tenfold delightful are all these varying beauties of sea and land to pilgrims like ourselves, fresh from the terrible limestone wilderness of the interior! What balm in this tropical luxuriance of flowers and foliage to eyes dazed with the pitiless glare of naked rocks! What peace in the rhythmic murmur of the waves and 'the unnumbered smile' of the ocean below us! And hardly less refreshing is it to the spirits of those—who, like Childe Harold, have penetrated

> 'From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,
> Even to the centre of Illyria's vales,
> Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales,'

—to find ourselves once more among associations as great as any that ennoble the haunts of man.

Here, at last, after painfully exploring some of the turbid streams and runnels of the mediæval civilisation of Bosnia, we take our seat beside the fountain-head of Illyrian culture. This is the city which claims as her proudest title that she has been 'the Athens of Illyria.' This is the sweet interpreter between the wisdom of the ancients and the rude Sclavonic mind, who acclimatised on

Dalmatian soil the flowers of Greek and Italian genius. This is the nursing mother of those enterprising merchants who in the Middle Ages laid bare the mineral wealth of the Bosnian mountains, and infused the spirit of commerce into their inmost recesses. This is 'the Palmyra between great empires,' the city of refuge which received, within walls that never betrayed a fugitive, the hunted remnants of Christian chivalry who, when Bosnia was trodden down beneath the hoofs of the Infidel, preferred exile to renegation.

For her allotted part of interpreter between Italian and Sclave, Ragusa was fitted by her very origin.[1] Her citizens can trace their lineal descent from the inhabitants of the Greco-Roman Republic of Epidaurus. When the Sclavonic barbarians, descending from the mountains of the interior, destroyed the ancient city of Epidaurus, the Roman survivors emigrated in a body to the present site of Ragusa, then a peninsula rock. Ragusa thus stands to Epidaurus in the same filial relation in which Venice stands to Aquileja and Patavium, and Spalato to Salona.

The site of the ancient Epidaurus, to exploring of which I devoted a day of my sojourn here, lies on the south-eastern horn of the bay on which Ragusa herself is situated. The site is covered by a small modern town called, by a strange transference of names, Ragusa Vecchia; for the same pride of origin which induced the citizens of

[1] In my account of Ragusan history I have chiefly followed Appendini, *Storia di Ragusa*, which is the chief authority; Engel, *Geschichte des Freistaates Ragusa*; Chiudina (as given in Neigebaur's *Süd-Slaven*); and Kohl's *Dalmatien*. For English readers Sir Gardner Wilkinson in his *Dalmatia*, and Mr. A. A. Paton in his *Danube and Adriatic*, have given such excellent accounts of Ragusan history that I only give here a general sketch of it, in which I have tried as much as possible to avoid treading in the footsteps of English fellow-investigators.

mediæval Ragusa to style their city 'Epidaura,' led them further to speak of their ancient Epidauritan seats as 'Old Ragusa.'

I took my place in the capacious Trabaccolo which fulfils the function of ferry-boat between New and Old Ragusa, and a friendly Maestro filling our lateen sail as we glided beyond the shelter of the Isle of Lacroma and the haven of the Argosies, we had soon accomplished our eight miles' voyage, and were entering the harbour of Ragusa Vecchia. This little town, in which most of the relics of the ancient Epidaurus are discovered, lies on a small two-humped peninsula, and is so nearly an island that at one point the two seas are separated only by a neck of land some dozen yards broad, and raised not more than a foot or two above sea level. This answers very well to the accounts of ancient Epidaurus which have come down to us; for we read that the original city was on an island till it was joined to the mainland by an earthquake; and Procopius, writing in the sixth century, tells us that Epidaurus had two harbours. Everywhere around one seems to trace the volcanic activity which, to the Greco-Roman city as well as to her offspring Ragusa, was ever the most terrible foe. The rocks that start up from the sea at the nose of the present peninsula are but so many fragments from the wreck of the old Epidauran site.[1] Indeed, it is evident that Epidaurus covered a much larger area than the site of Ragusa Vecchia can supply; besides the remains on the peninsula, many, and amongst them the tomb of a P. Cornelius Dolabella, have come to light on the plain to the east about the modern village of Obod, which I take it preserves, in a Sclavonic

[1] Kohl.

disguise, the first two syllables of Epidaurus. In the adjoining bay of St. Ivan the walls of the Roman houses are, I was assured, distinctly visible beneath the surface of the sea, which proves that here a great subsidence of land has taken place within historic times.

At Ragusa Vecchia I found an intelligent peasant, who took me round to show me all the old stones that were known of in the place; and as others of the Ragusa Vecchian inhabitants showed a good-natured readiness to aid my search, and nobody minded my entering their abode, I had soon seen quite a museum of Roman antiquities scattered among old walls and cottage yards, and was so far successful as to come upon some inscriptions that have not been hitherto described,[1] and at least one piece of sculpture on which the antiquary's eye had never gazed. There were two antique bas-reliefs walled into the houses of the quay—a Cupid, and a female figure, by a chariot, perhaps intended for Amphitritè, but very badly executed. On a column in another part of the town was a comic head of good workmanship; and walled into a cottage yard a very fine effigy of a Roman Signifer, holding an ensign, and coifed in a lion-skin cap, like many standard-bearers on Trajan's Column, which this figure much recalled. Our soldier was shod in curious sandals, and wore at his side a short sword with a curved handle, much resembling a modern Dalmatian knife.

On the peninsula I also saw nine more or less perfect Roman inscriptions, one of considerable interest, as it bore witness to the existence here of an *Ordo decurionatus* or

[1] Professor Mommsen visited Epidaurus and took down most of the inscriptions for the Illyrian volume of the *Corpus Inscriptionum*. I have no wish to give more than a general description of the antiquities of Epidaurus here, as I hope to give a full account of my epigraphic gleanings elsewhere.

municipal senate. Other inscriptions were to be seen on the mainland towards the village of Sveti Ivan, and the owner of some oliveyards here showed me some mortuary inscriptions engraved on the huge scattered blocks with which the heights, which here rise above the sea, are everywhere strewn. How terrible is the nakedness of this land, where monuments stand ready for the graver!

Overlooking the bay of St. Ivan, and the peninsula

Sculpture of Roman Standard-Bearer at Ragusa.

of Ragusa Vecchia, rises a rocky hill known as the Coll San Giorgio, up which I ascended to investigate a monument which had accidentally been found there, not long since, by a party of sailors belonging to the Greek communion. The way in which in which it was discovered is interesting, as it was due to the not altogether chance coincidence of two superstitions. Just below the hill to

the east is a Greek church, duly Oriented; and the sailors, standing against the wall at the west end, were gazing idly at the hill in front, when a curious rock facing due east caught their eye; and climbing up to examine it more closely, they found that an ancient bas-relief was sculptured on it, which they presently laid completely bare by pulling away some rocks which had fallen against it. Nobody could give me a clearer account of the design than that it represented a man and a bull; but on arriving at the spot, I found that it was, as I expected, a Mithraic monument of a not unfrequent kind. The carving on the slab, which was much mutilated and of very inferior art, represented Mithra in flowing mantle and tunic sacrificing a bull, on which he was kneeling in the usual attitude. To the left and right of this central subject was an attendant—he to the left holding out one arm, apparently to hold the bull's horn. Below this device the slab seemed hollowed out, and though the rocks in front were too large to remove without artificial aid, it seemed quite possible that there might be a Mithraic cavern underneath.

From this hill were pointed out to me the traces of the ancient aqueduct of Epidaurus, which ran right across the plain to the limestone mountain beyond. Here out of the rock gushes a glacier-cool underground stream, one of the effluents, it is supposed, of the Trebinjštica, which the aqueduct once conveyed to the Greco-Roman city. The plain through which it ran is still known as *Canale* from this Roman work, and this whole district was known to its early Sclavonic conquerors as the *Župa Canawlovska*. Some remains of this work are to be seen where it abuts on the rocky peninsula of Ragusa Vecchia,

but there is nothing here to remind one of the soaring arches of Salona.

The point where the aqueduct abuts on the rock of Ragusa Vecchia is, however, remarkable for other reasons. It is just about here that quantities of antique gems have been discovered, and one would suppose that this was the lapidaries' quarter of ancient Epidaurus. I have looked through a great number of these, and have been so fortunate as to obtain many, some here and some at Ragusa. It is remarkable that the habit of wearing engraved gems has survived among the peasants who occupy the modern site of Epidaurus. The Ragusa-Vecchians and Canalese take the ancient intaglios that they from time to time pick up, and exchange them with the jewellers of Ragusa for new gems of coarse Italian fabric! The engraved stones found here are mostly carnelian, agate, sard, bloodstone, onyx, and a few carbuncles. They are of various qualities and dates; some, as can be told not only from their execution, but from the Greek letters which appear on them, dating back to the Hellenic period of Epidaurus; but most are Roman, and of inferior workmanship.

Nor, as I have already pointed out, does Epidaurus stand alone in this fecundity of gems. The same phenomenon, to a greater or less extent, characterises the remains of all the Roman sites in Illyria with which I am acquainted. The sites of the ancient Narona, Salona, and Ænona are equally prolific. From Salona there is a fine selection in the museum at Spalato, and the Direttore, Signor Glavinich, showed me one there which he believes to represent an early king of Illyria.

Yet, as stones adapted for these ornamental purposes are not to be found on the Dalmatian shores, it seems diffi-

cult to account for their abundance on the Roman sites of the coast-land. Whence were they derived?

The clue towards solving the mystery is, I think, to be found in the abundance, in the interior of Bosnia and the Herzegóvina, of just the same stones engraved as Turkish amulets and talismans, to which attention has been called already. In parts of the Herzegóvina these stones are accounted so cheap that they are worn for merely ornamental purposes. Some of the rayah women, who had taken refuge in Ragusa from Nevešinje and the neighbouring districts of the Herzegóvina, wore broad belts studded like ephods with suchlike stones. These were mostly, like the antique gems of Epidaurus, carnelian and agate, but I also noticed a few amethysts and one or two roots-of-emerald; they were rudely cut, and none, as far as I saw, engraved. On enquiring whence they came, the women told me that they picked them up in their own country, especially in a valley near Nevešinje. Here, it seems to me, is the true clue to the origin of the Roman intaglios. The raw material must have been gathered in these inland valleys, and thence carried to Narona, Epidaurus, and the other great coast cities, there to be engraved with the elegant designs of classical mythology. That there was a regular manufacture of such *bijouterie* in the Roman cities of Dalmatia seems to be proved not only by the great abundance of these gems on their sites, but also by the fact that a very large proportion of these had evidently never been set in rings and other articles of jewellery, which would certainly be their ultimate destination. In those found near the head of the aqueduct in Ragusa Vecchia, we have doubtless the stock-in-trade of some lapidary, probably lost during one of the earthquakes

from which the ancient city suffered; and Signor Glavinich told me that he was convinced that Salona had been the seat of a regular manufacture of Roman gems.[1] Doubtless, were there sufficient evidence forthcoming, it would be found that Roman Dalmatia was the seat of an export trade in such articles with other provinces of the empire.

Some of the gems which I obtained from the site of Epidaurus bore allusion to the Mithraic cult, the existence of which is witnessed to by the monument on the Colle S. Giorgio. Two gems, one a bloodstone representing Æsculapius with his serpent-staff; and another, a carnelian, on which the same god of medicine stands side by side with his companion Salus, were especially interesting as bearing allusion to another Epidauritan cult of which we have historic evidence.

The Illyrian Epidaurus laid equal claim with her two Peloponnesian namesakes to be the chosen seat of the god of healing, from whom the inhabitants of this part are even said to have called themselves *Asklepitani*. The temple of Æsculapius at the Saronic Epidaurus was indeed of more world-wide celebrity among the ancients, and it was from this that the cult was grafted on to Rome itself; but perhaps if we knew more, it would be found that this Illyrian city could boast a greater antiquity for her worship. Here, at least, this form of serpent-worship seems to fit on to another, the Phœnician origin of which is beyond question, and which is intimately connected with the earliest historic traditions of this coast.

[1] In the *Monumenta Macarensia*, Rhacusæ, 1810, p. 47, is a votive inscription reading I.O.M.S. || MAXIMVS || LAPIDARI || VS EX VOTO || ARAM POS., found at Narona (Viddo). Is it possible that this was raised by a *Lapidary* in our sense of the word? May not the coarser craft have been combined with the more refined? Mediæval architects were often goldsmiths as well.

This district has been identified with that of the Encheleans, the Illyrian people with whom Cadmus and his wife took refuge according to the legend. Near here, according to ancient geographers, rose the rocks of Cadmus and Harmonia, where was the sacred cavern in which they were metamorphosed into dragons. Cadmus —whose very name is equivalent to 'the East'—was recognised by the Greeks themselves as of Phœnician origin, and the whole myth is generally accepted as bearing reference to the civilising influence of Phœnician colonies on the Hellenic border.

Is it not more than a coincidence that the mythic account of Cadmus should connect him with this part of Illyricum, where we know not only from historical sources, but from actual remains, that Phœnician settlements existed in very early times? One account of the origin of the neighbouring city of Narona or Narbona makes it a Phœnician colony; the island of Meleda, whose ancient name is identical with that of the Phœnician Malta, the island of Lagosta, and others contain Phœnician inscriptions. What more natural than that the serpent-worship of these coasts should have been derived from the votaries of Esmun?

At the present day the Canalese peasants who inhabit the district about the site of ancient Epidaurus differ so essentially in face and form from the surrounding Sclavonic races whose language they speak, and are so Oriental in their appearance, that Appendini, the historian of Ragusa, has recorded an opinion that they are nothing else than descendants of the old Phœnician colonists of this coast. He would be indeed a bold man who should accept this theory without reserve, but I can

bear the most emphatic testimony to the existence of a strikingly Oriental type in this neighbourhood. In Ragusa Vecchia itself the countenances struck me as of ordinary Serbian or Italian types. But in the market-place of Ragusa I noticed three peasant women whose faces bespoke, as plainly as faces can speak, an entirely different origin. On enquiring whence they came I found them to be natives of the Golfo di Breno, a cove about three miles distant from the site of Epidaurus. The faces were

Head of Brenese Peasant.

strikingly alike. They were long and narrow, the nose thin and long, very finely chiselled, and inclined to be aquiline, their eyes black, and their tresses to match. The big gold beads of her necklace, and the brilliant red and orange kerchief that coifs her head, are the same as those worn by her Serbo-Italian neighbours; but, assuredly, the face of the girl I sketched is that of a Syrian rather than a Serbian beauty!

But to return to Cadmus. The modern Ragusa-Vecchians and Canalese cling with obstinacy to the tradition that a capacious cavern which opens beyond the Pianusa Canalitana, on the limestone steep of Mt. Sniesnica, is the very subterranean shrine where Cadmus and Harmonia were metamorphosed into serpents, and where afterwards Æsculapius kept his. It is still known as the *Grotta d'Escolapio*. Being four hours distant from Ragusa Vecchia, I had not opportunity to visit it; but Appendini, who explored it, has left a curious account of the cavern, which is very beautiful. Most interesting is the way in which Sclavonic mythology has appropriated the haunts of classical legend. The Vila herself, under a thin Italian disguise, has taken up her abode in the cavern of Cadmus and Æsculapius, and a religious awe falls on the Canalese peasant as he points out the *Vasca della Ninfa*. This is a natural vase formed by the stalagmite, looking into which, Appendini descried beneath the water three coins—offerings, doubtless, made to the goddess of the grot by her peasant votaries; but when this impious mortal would have put forth his hand and taken them up, his terrified guide restrained him—*he knew* that the cavern would close its jaws on whoever should attempt to carry off the Vila's treasure.

I heard of another cave also associated with Æsculapius in the peninsula of Ragusa Vecchia itself, and as there is a strange fascination about caverns, with or without legendary associations, I hastened to explore it. A corps of observation was soon organised among the natives, so that, guided by a party armed with candles and torches, I presently found myself at the opening of the cavern. To arrive at the actual entrance you have to

drop a few feet into a crevice of the rocks, which are overgrown with a profusion of beautiful true maidenhair fern.[1] We then penetrated through a narrow mouth, and the light of the torches revealed a spacious rock chamber with a rapidly descending floor. The descent was now rather risky; the men had to feel carefully every step, as the slightest slip sets in motion a miniature avalanche, and pebbles set rolling bound down to an unfathomed pool below, in which several people have been drowned. We were not able to reach the water, but it is quite possible that there exist other once accessible pools, the avenues to which have been blocked up with breccia. If so, this may well have been the cavern from which, in the fourth century, the Epidauritans (whose aqueduct we may suppose had already been cut off by earthquakes or barbarian foes) were wont to obtain their supply of fresh water. In that case I had been exploring the haunts of another most terrific serpent—this time of Christian mythology.

About the year of grace 365—St. Jerome be my witness!—Epidaurus and its inhabitants were in a very bad way.

Now hard-by Epidaurus was a certain cave called *Scipum*, in which they of that city were wont to draw water. And in this cave a grievous dragon[2] called *Boas* had taken his abode, and wrought much slaughter both of men and cattle. And it came to pass that St. Hilarion entered the city, and when he saw that they of that place quaked and feared, for the dragon was of huge and monstrous size, he bade them be of good heart, for that he would slay the fiend. Now Epidaurus was yet pagan.

[1] *Adiantum Capillus-Veneris.* [2] Or serpent.

Therefore St. Hilarion gat him to the mouth of the cavern, and having made the sign of the holy cross, he cried with a loud voice and said unto the monster, 'Come forth.' But when the dragon Boas heard the voice of the holy man, then quailed his heart within him, and he came forth. Then saith St. Hilarion unto the dragon, 'Follow me.' And the dragon followed him, and he went on foot till he came to a place called 'the mills,' which is distant from the city three miles and fifty paces. And when they were come there, St. Hilarion saith unto them of Epidaurus that went with him, 'Make now a pyre that we may consume the monster and his works.' And the pyre being now made, St. Hilarion saith unto the dragon Boas, 'Get thee on to the pyre.' And the dragon gat him on to the pyre. Then was fire set to the pyre that the dragon was utterly consumed. But they of Epidaurus, when they saw what salvation was wrought for them by the holy man, rejoiced in spirit. And at that spot which is called 'the mills' they built a temple to the honour and praise of St. Hilarion. And once in every year, at a set season, there went thither much people from Epidaurus, and offered worship unto St. Hilarion, singing pagan hymns, and before sundown returned to their own city.

So much for the true and faithful legend of St. Hilarion; and if anyone doubts its veracity, let him know that the mills are to be seen unto this day, and that the village hard-by them, S. Ilarione, preserves the name[1] of the saintly dragon-slayer, who, I may add, is still held in great veneration by the Ragusan church. But how in-

[1] It is, perhaps, worth noticing that the two *St. Hilaries*, of Arles and Poitiers, are signalised in ancient iconography as slayers of serpents or dragons.

teresting is this personified triumph of Christianity over the Cadmean and Æsculapian serpent-worship of earlier Epidaurus!—how suggestive is this annexation of local mythology by the new religion!

It may be believed that after this miracle the faith grew in Epidaurus, especially when, twenty years afterwards, St. Hilarion followed up his first success by once more appearing as saviour of the city. In the year 385, we are told there was a grievous earthquake, and the waves were piled up like mountains, and threatened to engulf Epidaurus. But the saint graved three crosses in the sand of the sea-shore, and the ocean, which hearkened not to Cnut, obeyed Hilarion. Christian bishops of Epidaurus are mentioned in the sixth and seventh centuries, and we hear of one nine years before the final overthrow and transplantation of the city. I did not notice any Christian monuments on the site of Epidaurus of Roman date; but I was pleased to find in a cottage of Ragusa Vecchia, built into the interior wall of an upper room, a very beautiful monument of mediæval Christian art, which I have here attempted to represent. It was known to the cottagers as the 'Bambino,' and represents the Mother and Child; but the influence of classical art is strongly marked, and though the tenderness of the whole design is Italian, the head of the Virgin might have been mistaken for a heathen goddess.

Virgin and Child.

As early as A.D. 550 the Sclaves had begun to annoy Epidaurus, but it was not till the year 656 that the city finally yielded, it is said to a combined attack, on land by the heathen Narentines and Terbunians, and from the sea by Saracen corsairs from Africa. Then it was that the survivors of the Roman population fled to the rocky site on the other horn of the gulf on which Ragusa stands. Every morning the same migration from Old to New Ragusa takes place on a smaller scale. A bevy of bright Canalese market-women, in their clean white crenellated caps, and their more sombre husbands—who, with their black turbans, jackets, and trouser-leggings, look like Turks in mourning—embark before dawn in the broad Trabaccolo, that they may sell their fruit and vegetables in the Ragusan market. In their company I will return to Ragusa and her history.

The rock on which the refugees from Epidaurus laid the foundations of what is now Ragusa, is said originally to have been an island, though it is now only a peninsula. Ragusa herself owes her name, according to Constantine Porphyrogenitus,[1] to the Greek word Λαῦ, signifying 'rock.' Thus, both her name and origin are representative of the rôle which the city was to play throughout her earlier history, and to which she owes so much of her greatness. Like ancient Rome, Ragusa began life as an asylum. She was at first a rock of refuge for the survivors from the wrecks of Roman coast-cities of Dalmatia. The fugitives from Epidaurus obtained citizen recruits from those inhabitants of Salona who, when their city was destroyed, did not trust to the walls of Diocletian's

[1] De Administrando Imperio: I would suggest that the derivation might as well be *Roccosa* or *Reclusa*. Ragusa appears in early writers under various forms, Rausium, Lavusa, Labusa, Raugia, Rachusa, &c.

palace for security, or could not find room there. Later on, when the Roman cities that occupied the sites of the present towns of Rizano, Cattaro, Budua, and other places on the Bocche di Cattaro and the Albanian coast, were ravaged by the Saracen corsairs, a new influx of Roman refugees set in to Ragusa.

Ragusa was thus originally Roman. Her necessities led her to ally with the Eastern Empire against the Saracen corsairs, and, however little real authority the Byzantine Emperors possessed within her walls, Constantine Porphyrogenitus places Rausium among the imperial cities on the Dalmatian coast. But this Roman coast-city, with her inheritance of ancient civilisation, was already consummating that alliance with the ruder energies of the Sclavonic mainland, to which her future eminence was so largely due.

The barren mountain which frowns so abruptly over Ragusa on the land-side, was once covered with an immemorial pinewood,[1] which stretched over a large part of what is now included in the mediæval walls of Ragusa. It was in this wood that a Sclavonic colony settled, outside the Roman rock stronghold, and as in process of time the two populations blended, *Dubrava*—which signifies 'the wood,' and had been the name given by the Sclaves to their colony outside the walls—was attached to the whole city, so that Ragusa is still known to the Sclavonic world as *Dubrovnik*—the forest town.

For long the new rock asylum is engaged in a life-

[1] Sir Gardner Wilkinson and others called it 'oak-wood,' forgetting that *Dubrava* and *Dub* mean 'oak-wood,' and 'oak' only as their secondary meaning, and primarily signify a wood and tree generally. Remains of the original pine-wood still covered the mountain side till the French destroyed it about the year 1806, when they swept away the freedom of the Republic. See Kohl's *Dalmatien*, vol. ii. p. 45.

and-death struggle with the Saracen corsairs, who desolated the Dalmatian and Albanian coasts. Generally, still Roman Ragusa turns to the Byzantine Empire as her natural protector; but for a moment we see dimly reflected in her saga the influence of the revived Empire of the West; and one may, perhaps, be allowed to see in it a witness to the authority which for a while the great Carl succeeded in extending over the Illyrian Sclaves. We were surprised to find in the more classic court of the Palazzo Rettorale here, a colossal statue such as one meets with often enough beneath the quaint gables of a North-German Rathhaus. It was, in fact, a Ragusan Roland-saüle. According to the Ragusan annalists, Orlando, or Rolando, the sister's son of Carl the Great, and a brave Paladin, had heard in Bretagne, where he was governor, that Saracen corsairs were ravaging the Roman towns of the Adriatic. Orlando at once set out for Ragusa, embarked on board a Ragusan galley, won a sea-victory over the Saracen pirates off the island of Lacroma opposite, took their Emir Spucento captive, and cut off his head in Ragusa. Thereupon the grateful Ragusans set up then and there a marble statue of Orlando, which remains unto this day.[1]

Another time the treacherous Venetians prepare to surprise Ragusa under the pretence of provisioning their

[1] Alas! that I should have to record that the statue dates at least five centuries later than Orlando's time. It is interesting, however, to notice that the Ragusan account of Orlando as 'Governor of Bretagne' agrees with the contemporary Einhard's account of the historical Roland. The historian of Charles the Great calls him 'Hruodlandus Brittannici limitis præfectus.' Orlando's exploits are associated with other towns of the eastern coast of the Adriatic. Sir Gardner Wilkinson mentions that the magnificent harbour of Pola is called 'Orlando's house.' The probable design of the statue of Roland at Ragusa was, as in the free German cities, to signify her independence of external authority.

ships. But St. Blasius, of Armenia, appears to a priest in a dream and warns him of the danger to the city. The priest gave the alarm, the walls were manned in time, and Ragusa showed her gratitude to her preserver by choosing him as her patron saint. A church was reared to St. Blasius, his effigy was placed on the great seal, the banners, and coins of the Republic, and his miraculous interposition was commemorated every year at the feast of the Purification.

This is not the place to trace out all the 'dim complicacities' of Ragusa's earlier history. Ragusa was by birthright a City of Refuge, and her rise was mainly due to the wise and heroic policy of defending at any cost her rights of hospitality. Whether it be the children of the rightful king of Serbia, or the widowed queen of Dalmatia, or the Bosnians who had fled from the wrath of their Ban, all alike obtain shelter from their pursuers within these hospitable walls. Again and again Ragusa consented to see her territory ravaged and her walls beleaguered for the protection which her Senate accorded to the unfortunate. When Bodin, the Grand Župan of Serbia, Rascia, and Bosnia, then at the height of his power, demanded the extradition of the sons of the Serbian prince whose dominion he had usurped,[1] and threatened in case of refusal 'to fly his eagle to the destruction of Ragusa,' the Senate nobly replied 'that it was the custom of their city to refuse asylum to no man, but to protect everyone who fled to them in misfortune.' On this occasion Ragusa underwent a seven years' siege.

Even those who had been the bitterest enemies to the

[1] A full account of these events is given by Sir Gardner Wilkinson from Appendini.

Republic were glad in less prosperous days to throw themselves on a hospitality that never failed. Bogoslave, the king of Dalmatia, had besieged Ragusa with 10,000 men for sheltering the widowed queen, Margarita; but when, on his death, his widowed queen and son were driven forth from their country, Ragusa did not hesitate to give them shelter. Stephen Némanja, the Grand Župan of Serbia and Rascia, who had twice laid siege to Ragusa, once with an army of 20,000 horse and 30,000 foot, seeing himself likely to be worsted in his struggle with the Byzantine Emperor, sent to ask the senate of Ragusa if he, too, should be allowed to claim their right of asylum, and obtained permission to retire here with his family if defeated; and that, though his adversary was allied to to the republic.

A city strong enough and generous enough to shelter the unfortunate on either side could not fail to find many well-wishers among the neighbouring peoples and princes; and though Ragusa suffered much in defence of her privilege of asylum, she won more. Silvester, a king of Dalmatia, who had found shelter within her walls, on recovering power, testified his gratitude by presenting Ragusa with the islands of Calamotta, Mezzo, and Giupan. Stephen, a former king, in return for hospitality conferred on him as a voluntary guest, made over to the republic the neighbouring coast-lands from the Val-di-noce to Epidaurus. The good relations which she cultivated with the Bosnians, and the gratitude of the Némanjas, enabled Ragusa to lay the foundations of her commercial eminence in the heart of Illyria; and in 1169 two Ragusan merchants built a factory on the site of what has since become the capital of Bosnia.

But Ragusa obtained one reward for hospitality to a royal stranger which must claim an especial interest from Englishmen. Richard Cœur-de-Lion, during his ill-fated voyage from the Holy Land, overtaken by a storm in the Adriatic, vowed that he would build a church at the spot where he should reach land in safety. He landed on the small rocky island of Lacroma, which lies opposite the old port of Ragusa. But he was conducted to the neighbouring city of Ragusa with great pomp by the Senate, and entertained with such profuse hospitality and magnificent shows, that he yielded to the prayers of the Ragusans, and obtained a dispensation from the Pope, to build the promised church in Ragusa itself, though it appears that his Holiness made him build a small church on Lacroma as well. The church which was now built with English money (though Richard had to borrow for the purpose), was the old cathedral of Ragusa. For beauty it was unrivalled in Illyria, but unfortunately no trace of it now remains, as it was entirely destroyed by the earthquake of 1667.

The year 1203 marks a new epoch in the history of Ragusa. In this year the Rector of the Republic, Damianus Juda, endeavoured to prolong his government beyond the year for which he had been elected. By the help of the popular party he succeeded in retaining the supreme authority for two years, and became so obnoxious to the nobles, that considering the suzerainty of a foreign state to be preferable to the tyranny of a fellow-citizen, they held a secret conclave in which it was decided to invoke the aid of Venice. The Venetians, whose power from the recent conquest of Constantinople was then at its zenith, accepted the overtures of the Ra-

gusan nobles. Damianus was decoyed on board a Venetian ship, where, on finding himself a prisoner, he committed suicide; and Lorenzo Quirini, the nominee of Venice, was introduced as Count of the republic. But Ragusa never sank like Zara or Spalato, and the other Dalmatian cities, under Venetian domination. Quirini had only been received on condition that Ragusa should preserve her ancient liberties. When the Ragusans began to perceive an intention on the part of the Venetian Count to violate this agreement they turned him out; and though they once more received a nominee of Venice in 1232, the relation of Ragusans to Venice was rather that of a free ally than that of a dependent. It was indeed stipulated that the Doge and a majority of the Venetian Senate should nominate the Count of Ragusa, that her archbishop should be born on Venetian territory, and that her citizens should swear fealty to the Doge; but Ragusa retained the right of conducting her own affairs by means of her Senate, of which the Count was only president; she was still governed by her own laws; her own flag floated from her walls, and she struck her own coins with the effigy of St. Blasius. The treaty stipulates that both states are to have the same friends and foes; but towards Venetian expeditions beyond the Adriatic Ragusa was only to contribute one thirtieth. So free indeed was Ragusa, that in fact she never accepted Venetian archbishops; and in 1346 the Venetian Conte was forced to look on and see the republic transfer its suzerainty to the new Serbian empire of Czar Dūshan.

Thus it was that Ragusa, though for a while under Venetian overlordship, never, like the other Dalmatian cities, saw her native institutions swept away by Venice.

At the present day, at Cattaro or Spalato, along the Dalmatian coast-land on each side of Ragusa, you hear the Venetian dialect; at Ragusa the language is pure Tuscan. St. Blasius, and not the lion of St. Mark, adorns the mediæval walls and gates of Ragusa. On the other hand, in costume, manners, and the form of government, the Venetian influence here has been very perceptible.

It is about the time of the Venetian suzerainty that the government becomes finally fixed.

Ragusa had doubtless originally inherited her aristocratic-republican institutions[1] from the *municipales* of ancient Epidaurus. Her senate, which we hear of in very early days, is doubtless, like the Senates of Arles, Nismes, Vienne, and the other great cities of Languedoc and Provence, but a continuation of the Roman *Curia*, of whose existence in Epidaurus we have both historic and epigraphic proof. Her patricians could no doubt trace back their ancestry to the late Roman Honorati; they were twitted, indeed, with tracing it back to Jupiter!

From the time of the Venetian suzerainty onwards, the government is vested in three councils, and the city divided into three orders: the Nobili or Patrizj, the Cittadini, divided into the two *Confraternite* of S. Antonio and S. Lazzaro; lastly the Artigiani, who appear to have stood to the Cittadini much as our craft-guilds to the merchant-guilds. The government was entirely aristocratic; the Cittadini could indeed fill some public

[1] Perhaps the earliest testimony to the municipal government of Ragusa in the Middle Ages is a diploma of the Byzantine Emperors Basil and Constantine VI., dated 997, addressed 'Vitali Archiepiscopo et Lampridio præsidi civitatis, una cum omnibus ejusdem civitatis nobilibus.'

offices,[1] but the appointments were reserved for the senate.

The body in which the sovereignty ultimately rested was the Gran Consiglio,[2] including all the members of the nobility who had reached the legal age of eighteen, and whose names were registered in the *Specchio di Maggior Consiglio*, a Ragusan *Libro d'Oro*. This body elected, every month, the Rector of the republic, and, annually, all the great magistrates, confirmed the laws, and possessed the power of pardoning and passing sentence of death.

The more ordinary functions of government were in the hands of two smaller bodies. The Senate or *Consiglio dei Pregati*, composed of forty-five members, drew up the laws and imposed taxes, appointed ambassadors and consuls, decided on peace or war, treated of important state affairs, and acted as a court of appeal. The Senate met four times a week, and on occasions of emergency. The members were elected for life from its body by the Gran Consiglio, but were confirmed in their office every year by this greater council, and sometimes a Senator was suspended by it from his functions.

Lastly, the Consiglio Minore, consisting of seven senators and the Rettore of the republic, acted as the executive of the greater council, exercised judicial authority on greater cases, received ambassadors, and treated with foreign Powers.[3] The Rettore of the Republic, who presided over this body, held office only a month, during which time he was bound to reside perpetually in the

[1] As the *Segretaria, Cancelleria, Notaria, Dogana, Tesoreria*, and *Annona*.

[2] Or Maggior Consiglio.

[3] Decrees and letters to foreign princes from this body are signed 'Il Rettore e Consiglieri della Repubblica di Ragusa.'

Palazzo Rettorale, only leaving it on public occasions. He was clad in a long red robe, kept the keys of the city, the archives of the Republic, and convoked the Gran Consiglio and senate. As a further constitutional precaution, thoroughly Venetian, three magistrates, called Provveditori della Repubblica, were chosen, who were superior to all but the Senate and Greater Council, and who possessed the right of suspending laws and decrees, and their execution till the senate had re-examined them.[1]

Truly, from a constitutional point of view, Ragusa deserved the title of *Piccola Venezia!* But the aristocratic government at Ragusa worked with even greater smoothness than at Venice. Though the rule of the Ragusan patricians had endured for nigh seven centuries before the time of Damianus Juda, and was prolonged for over five centuries after his date, it was only broken by this solitary revolution.[2] Take into consideration the small size of the city, and the stability of the Ragusan constitution becomes the more remarkable. Here there was no room for feudal lords living on their own domains, amidst their own retainers, protected and secluded by moats and castle walls. The nobles of Ragusa elbowed their fellow-citizens in the same narrow streets; and these fellow-citizens, far from being ignorant serfs, were often their equals in education and their superiors in wealth. Yet the Cittadini and Artigiani of Ragusa were content to leave the reins of government in the hands of an aristocratic caste,

[1] For criminal causes there was a tribunal of four judges; for civil causes four consuls—*consoli delle cause civili.*

[2] There was, indeed, a serious squabble in 1763 between the old and new nobility, the Salamanchesi and Sorbonnesi, but it evaporated in high words.

and that caste was so exclusive that during eight hundred years there is no single instance recorded of a *mésalliance* with the bourgeoisie.

The secret lies in the sober genius of both the nobles and people of Ragusa, and in that elevated conception of patriotism which linked it with their religion. A judicial gravity presides over the whole constitutional history of Ragusa. The governing classes looked on their authority, not as a mere prize of birth, but as a sacred trust. The prayer for the magistrates of the Republic, which opens the Ragusan Libro d'Oro, breathes that exalted spirit which animated all classes of Ragusan citizens from first to last. 'O Lord, Father Almighty, who hast chosen this Commonwealth to Thy service, choose, we beseech Thee, our governors according to Thy will and our necessity; that so, fearing Thee and keeping Thy holy commandments, they may cherish and direct us in true charity. Amen.'[1]

Turn where we will among the pages of Ragusan history, we find ourselves amongst a grave and sober people—a people who are never carried away with success, and who support adversity with calm endurance. The heroes of Ragusa are of the majestic Roman type, and her greatest is a second Regulus. Her peculiar genius reflects itself in her arts and sciences, which are severe and practical. Her Senate forbids the erection of a theatre. The fine arts here fall into the background, and mathematics, mechanics, and astronomy take the lead. Ragusan nobles are mathematicians, and her poets

[1] 'Domine Pater Omnipotens, qui eligisti hanc Rempublicam ad serviendum tibi. Elige, quæsumus gubernatores nostros secundum voluntatem Tuam et necessitatem nostram, ut Te timeant et tua sancta Præcepta custodiant, et nos verâ caritate diligant et dirigant. Amen!' I take this from Kohl, who copied it from the beginning of the *Specchio del Maggior Consigho.*

are also merchants; the masterpieces of her muse are stately epics. Her sympathies are with the dignified spirit of the East, and the noblest homage of her bards is rendered to a Turkish Grand Signior. But Ragusa nowhere displayed the severe gravity of her manners more conspicuously than in the education of her children. Palladius,[1] writing in the middle of the fifteenth century, says of the Ragusans: 'To make manifest how great is the severity and diligence of the Ragusans in the bringing up of their children, one thing I will not pass over, that they suffer no exercises to exist in the city, but literary. And if jousters or acrobats approach they are forthwith cast out, lest the youth (which they would keep open for letters or for merchanding) be corrupted by such low exhibitions.' Truly, in mediæval Ragusa, Jack must have been a dull boy!

The same sober and religious spirit asserts itself in the laws, and the philanthropic and industrial institutions of mediæval Ragusa. This city lays claim to having possessed the first foundling hospital and the first loan-bank in the civilised world. If we except the early English legislation which put a stop to the human exports of Bristol, Ragusa was the first state to pass laws abolishing the slave trade. In the year 1416 the great council of Ragusa, hearing that several Ragusan merchants residing on the Narenta were in the habit of selling those under them as slaves, passed a law—by a majority of seventy-five in a house of seventy-eight—that anyone who henceforth sold a slave should be liable to a fine and six months' imprisonment: 'Considering such traffic to be base, wicked, and abominable, and contrary to all

[1] *De situ oræ Illyrici*, lib. i.

humanity, and to redound to the no small disgrace of our city—namely, that the human form, made after the image and similitude of our Creator, should be turned to mercenary profit, and sold as if it were brute beast.'[1] During the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, large sums were left by philanthropic citizens of Ragusa to be spent in purchasing the freedom of slaves.

Perhaps the stability of the Ragusan government is due as much to her peculiar situation as to the sobriety of her citizens. Ragusa is well described by mediæval writers as a 'Palmyra between great empires.' She had to preserve her independence in turn from Byzantine Cæsars, the pirate state of the Narentines, the queen of the Adriatic, the Serbian Czar, the kings of Hungary, and finally from the Turks and Spaniards. She had to be perpetually on her guard against the ambitious designs of the most powerful states of the mediæval world. When her neighbours quarrelled, she was continually placed in the most difficult position, and the ramifications of her trade put her at the mercy of the most remote assailant. Thus it was that in her government foreign affairs were of supreme importance; there was constant necessity for secret discussion, prompt decision, and the wisdom of a hereditary caste of statesmen. A state whose empire is mercantile must be mighty indeed to afford the luxury of popular government. Ragusa was too small, too closely bordered by powerful empires; and the sterling sense of her citizens acquiesced in the necessity of an aristocratic constitution.

[1] This law had to be repeated in 1466 with graver penalties; and unless the slave-dealer could recover those he had sold from captivity within a fixed term, he was to be hung.

Nothing, indeed, is more wonderful in the history of the Republic than the tact with which these hereditary diplomatists conducted foreign affairs. In an earlier stage of her history, and a ruder state of society, we have seen the obstinacy with which the senate clung to the Ragusan rights of asylum. In a later and more diplomatic age the City of Refuge becomes the champion of the rights of neutrals. We are lost in wonder at the skill with which the Republic preserves its neutrality between Venice and the Greeks, Venice and the Narentines, Venice and the Hungarians; between the Serbian Czar and Byzantine Cæsar, between the Turks and the Hungarians, the Turks and the Venetians, the Turks and the fleets of Charles V. It appears to have been a secret of Ragusan policy to yield a certain suzerainty to that Power which was strong on the mainland. While Venice is omnipotent in Dalmatia, Ragusa recognizes the overlordship of the Doge; Czar Dūshan stretches the Serbian empire to the sea, and Ragusa transfers to him her homage. The Serbian empire breaks up; the Hungarian flag floats on the walls of the Dalmatian cities in place of the lion of St. Mark; and from 1358 to 1483 Ragusa accepts the suzerainty of the kings of Hungary. But with admirable perception the statesmen of Ragusa turn towards the rising sun; and already, in 1370, when the rest of Eastern Europe was hardly conscious of the existence of its future conquerors, the Ragusans sent an embassy to Broussa, in Asia Minor, to the successor of Orchan,[1] Emir of the Turks, in which, in return for a yearly payment of 500 sequins, they obtained a firman of trade privileges, still preserved in the archives

[1] Appendini makes it actually Orchan, but Engel's account is the only one reconcilable with the date 1370.

of Ragusa, and laid the foundation of a friendship which afterwards saved the small republic when the empire of Byzantium, the despotates of Serbia and Albania, and the kingdoms of Hungary and Bosnia, were swept away. The treaty was renewed with Bajazet, and on his final conquest of the Herzegóvina in 1483, Ragusa, true to her policy, transfers her suzerainty to the Porte.

It was the vast commerce of Ragusa with the interior of the Balkan peninsula which made her government so sedulous in securing friendly relations with the dominant power of the mainland. The citizens were repaid tenfold for their deference to the ruling caste by the benefits which their trade reaped from the keen foresight and the marvellous powers of negotiation displayed by their government. The friendship of Serbian, Bosnian, Hungarian, and later on of Turkish potentates, enabled them to plant their factories throughout the Sclavonic lands that lie between the Adriatic and the Black Sea. At the time of the Turkish conquests the Ragusans possessed mercantile colonies at the Serai in Bosnia, Novipazar in Rascia, Novibrdo and Belgrade in Serbia, at Bucharest and Tirgovisce in Wallachia, at Widdin, Rustchuk, Silistria, and Sophia in Bulgaria, and in the original capital of Turkey-in-Europe, Adrianople. To these colonies the Turks conceded a special jurisdiction, and even the right to build cathedral churches. Ragusan caravans passed without let or hindrance throughout all these lands; and the Pope himself granted the Ragusans permission to trade with the infidels. An astounding monument of the industry of these colonists is found in a treaty between George Branković, despot of Serbia, and the Republic, by which the Ragusan government leased the working of the three

gold mines of Novibrdo, Janovo, and Kratovo, for a yearly rent of 300,000 ducats—an enormous sum for those days.

Besides this trade with the Sclavonic interior, Ragusa conducted a maritime traffic with the Levant, and as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century had concluded treaties of commerce with the sultans of Egypt, Syria, Iconia, and Bythinia. Ragusan factories existed throughout Sicily and Naples, and much of the transit trade between those countries and the Levantine ports was conducted in Ragusan bottoms. Her merchants penetrated not only to France and Spain, but even to our shores, whence they transported English wares, especially cloths and woollens, to the south and east.[1] Ragusan merchants were settled in England in the sixteenth century, and later on Cromwell granted the Ragusans trade privileges in English ports. The mighty merchantmen of Ragusa 'with portly sail, like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,'[2] have added a word to the English language. Our 'argosy,'[3] once written '*Ragosie*,' meant originally nothing but a Ragusan carrack. Nor was it only in the peaceful paths of commerce that our forefathers made acquaintance with the stately vessels of Ragusa. As the price of many trade privileges, the Republic was forced to recruit the navies of Spain with her ships and take part in her enterprises. The loftiest carracks in the Spanish Armada sailed forth from the old harbour of Ragusa, and in 1596 twelve

[1] There is an interesting correspondence between Ragusa and Cardinal Pole on the subject of Ragusan merchants settled in England, and a letter is extant from the cardinal to the Ragusan senate, dated July 11, 1558.

[2] Merchant of Venice, Act I., sc. i., where Salarino is speaking of Antonio's 'argosies.'

[3] Often wrongly derived from Argo. Possibly the word arrived to us by way of Spain.

Ragusan three-masters fought the English in the Indian Ocean.

By the end of the fifteenth century the commercial bloom of Ragusa had reached its prime, and the city must have been amongst the most flourishing in Europe. In 1450 the merchant navy of Ragusa consisted of 300 vessels. 'There is no part of Europe,' says the contemporary Palladius, 'so hidden or so hostile to strangers that you will not find there merchants of Ragusa.' And this commercial prosperity abroad was supplemented by manufacturing enterprise at home.

In 1490 a Florentine weaver was called in to instruct the Ragusans in cloth-weaving. Mills were built, a Neapolitan constructed a conduit to aid the dyeing, machinery was set in motion by water-power, and in five years a new manufacture was in full operation. A few years later[1] the silk manufacture was introduced by an enterprising citizen of Ragusa from Tuscany. At the end of the fifteenth century the population of Ragusa is reckoned at 40,000, and the treasury of the Republic is said to have contained a reserve of seven million sequins. At this time an additional lustre is shed over the ancient City of Refuge by the nobility of those who sought refuge within her walls. After the fall of Constantinople and the overthrow of the Sclavonic kingdoms of the interior, Ragusa was thronged with fugitive princes of Eastern Europe. Scions of the imperial houses of Byzantium, the families of Lascaris and Cantacuzene, the Comneni and Palæologi, the wife of the Despot of Serbia, the widowed Queen of Bosnia, with a host of lesser rank, sought and found a haven in these hospitable streets; and the name of

[1] Between 1530 and 1535.

Stephen, duke of St. Sava, is still to be seen inscribed on the roll of Ragusan nobility in the Specchio del Maggior Consiglio.

But the greatest glory of Ragusa lies neither in her wealth nor her princely hospitality, but rather in the sweet civilising influence which she exercised over the most barbarous European member of our Aryan family. It is the literature of Ragusa that lives still in the minds of men in days when her commerce has deserted her, and her own nobility has been extinguished with her liberty.

We have seen Ragusa by her very birth partly Roman and partly Sclave. Bit by bit the 'city of the rock' becomes fused with the forest-town outside. In her vast and varied intercourse with the Sclavonic interior Roman Ragusa becomes Serbian Dubrovnik. From the beginning of the fourteenth century the Serbian language, so vigorously proscribed by earlier laws, may be considered the mother-tongue of Ragusa. In 1472 the Sclavonic language became so dominant that even the Senate had to pass a law enforcing Italian as the language of their deliberations. Thus Ragusa became a Sclavonic city at the very moment when her extended connection with the rest of Europe, and especially with Italy, brought her into the full current of the Western Renascence. She had become Sclavonic, but she never lost the Italian side to her character. Her wealthy citizens, though they spoke the Serbian dialect of Dubrovnik in their family circles, sent their children to the Florentine schools, and, just as educated Irishmen and Welshmen often speak the best English, so, to this acquired knowledge of Italian, is largely due that purity of accent which has preserved

the Italian of Ragusa from the Venetian and Dalmatian barbarisms of the other cities of this coast, and which makes it still the *lingua Toscana in bocca Ragusea.*

Ragusa was thus fitted by her very composition to be the interpreter between the Italian and Sclavonic minds, and to give birth to that literature which has won for her the title of 'the Sclavonic Athens.' The magistrates of the republic, true to the same wise policy which had founded her schools, invited hither the most learned men of Italy, and towards the end of the fifteenth century many were enticed to Ragusa as professors, chancellors, and secretaries. Demetrius Chalcochondylas deserted Florence herself to accept the chair of Greek at Ragusa; the celebrated philologist Nascimbeno di Nascimbeni became rector of the school here. The citizens of Ragusa toiled eagerly at the new learning, and her scholars emended the texts of Virgil, Ovid, Cicero, and other classical authors.

But this erudition was but the prelude to an outburst of original genius such as can be paralleled by few cities of the globe. Perhaps, indeed, no other people had brought before them so vividly every stirring aspect of the most romantic age that the world has seen. The Ragusans had been familiarised with the masterpieces of Italian genius; they had caught from Virgil and Ovid an inspiration of antiquity; and the dramas of Sophocles had been translated by a fellow-citizen into their Serbian mother-tongue. The merchant-citizens of the Republic had already enlarged their sympathies with the acquaintance of every European people. They had now seen the boundaries of the Old World broken through, and sailed forth to explore the New. They had rounded the

Cape in the wake of the Portuguese; their argosies had touched at the port of Goa, and trafficked in the Persian Gulf. They had sailed with the Spaniards to Peru and Mexico; they had marvelled with the followers of Cortes at the temple-pyramids of the Aztecs, and plucked roses in the gardens of Yucay. Nearer home their imagination had been kindled by the overthrow of an empire which Julius had founded. They were surveying from their very walls the tragedy of nations, and their streets were thronged with discrowned sovereigns. The most beautiful creations of the Hellenic muse had sprung Aphroditè-like from the spray of the self-same sea that sparkled in the havens of Ragusa.

Living in this poetic world, one can hardly wonder that Ragusa caught the inspiration of her surroundings; that she 'awoke to ecstasy the living lyre,' in the tones of her mother-tongue; that, surveying the catastrophe of the Serbian race, she created a Sclavonic drama. From the commencement of the last quarter of the fifteenth century onwards, Ragusa produces a long succession of poets and dramatists,[1] who are great and valuable almost in proportion as they are unknown to the West. For their pre-eminent value lies in their having composed in a Sclavonic tongue. Amongst the most celebrated works of Ragusan poets may be mentioned the 'Dervishiade' of Stephen Gozze, a comic epos; the 'Jegyupka' or gipsy-woman, a satiric poem by Andreas Giubronović; and the lyrics of Dominico Zlatarić, also known as a painter, and as translator of Tasso and of some plays of Sophocles. Nor was Ragusa wanting in poetesses to

[1] Appendini has occupied a volume of his *Storia di Ragusa* with the literary history of this single city.

rival her poets; the epigrams of Floria Zuzzeri, who wrote in Italian as well as Sclavonic, are still of renown. But the most celebrated names in the long annals of Ragusan literature are those of Junius Palmota and Giovanni Gondola.[1] It is a high merit of Palmota's dramas that the subjects are taken from the history of Southern-Sclaves.[2] The master-work of Gondola is the 'Osmanide,' an epic poem recording the prowess of Sultan Osman against the Poles. This is a strange witness to the Turkish sympathies of the Republic, and the noblest monument of Ragusan genius. The poems of Gondola are still, among all South-Sclavonic peoples, 'familiar in their mouths as household words;' and though Ragusa has lost her wealth and liberty, her most golden memories live still in the bard—

> 'Whose tuneful lyre,
> Resounding sweet from Save to Drave,
> Forbids Illyrian nations to expire,
> Vibrates immortal airs, to kindle patriotic fire.'[3]

Ragusa also produced Latin poets, and a race of historians, among whom may be mentioned Cervario Tuberone, Nicolas Ragnina, and, greatest of all, Anselmo Banduri, whose name is of European renown. The breadth of the Ragusan genius is illustrated by the fact that her additions to the exact sciences are as splendid as the works of her imagination. Her citizens Gazoli, Antonius Medus, Ghetaldi, and at a later period Boscović,

[1] Or in their Sclavonic forms *Gondolić* and *Palmotić*.

[2] As, for instance, 'Danitza the daughter of Ostoja,' 'Paulimir and Zaptisclava.'

[3] See Mr. A. A. Paton's ode 'To the Shade of Gondola,' in his *Researches on the Danube and Adriatic*, where the English reader will find a brilliant notice of Gondola. Mr. Paton says:—'The elastic vigour of Ariosto, and the smoothness, the elegance, and completeness of Tasso, seem to mingle their alternate inspirations in the genius of Gondola.'

rank among the patriarchs of astronomy and mathematics. Marino Ghetaldi, born at Ragusa in 1566, anticipated Descartes in the application of algebra to geometry, and lays a claim to the invention of the telescope. Amongst other feats he tested the experiment of Archimedes, and is said to have consumed a boat with his burning-glass. On the shore of a bay to the south of Ragusa is still pointed out the fern-valanced cavern where Ghetaldi loved to pursue his discoveries; and such was the impression wrought by the man of science on the popular mind, that to this day the sailor, as he passes the mouth of Ghetaldi's cave, invokes St. Blasius to frustrate the incantations of the magician.

The literary and commercial bloom of Ragusa continued to the middle of the seventeenth century, little abated by a plague, which in 1526 destroyed twenty thousand of the population in six months; or by the loss of many ships in the Spanish service. But Ragusa had already received warnings of a more tremendous catastrophe, such as had befallen her Roman ancestress Epidaurus. In 1520, 1521, and 1639, the city had suffered from shocks of earthquake.

It was half-past eight o'clock on the morning of April the 6th, 1667. The Consiglio was about to hold a session, and the Rector of the Republic, Simon Ghetaldi, and some of the councillors, were already preparing to take their places. The inhabitants of Ragusa were mostly at home, or in the churches at morning prayer, when, without a moment's warning, a tremendous shock of earthquake overwhelmed the whole city and entombed a fifth of the population in the ruins. The Rector of the Republic, five-sixths of the nobles, nine-tenths of the clergy, a

Dutch ambassador with his suite of thirty, then on his way to Constantinople, and six thousand citizens, were buried. Marble palaces—the accumulated embellishments of ages of prosperity—valuable libraries, archives, irreplaceable manuscripts—all alike perished. The sea left the harbour dry four times, and rising to a mountainous height, four times threatened to engulf the land. The ships in the port were sucked into the vortex of the deep, or dashed to pieces against each other or the rocks. The wells were dried up. Huge cliffs were split from top to bottom. The sky was darkened by a dense cloud of sand. The earthquake was succeeded by a fire, and a strong gale springing up spread the flames over every quarter of the ruins. Finally, to complete the catastrophe, the wild Morlachs descended from the mountains and pillaged what remained.

Ragusa never recovered from the blow. Her commerce was for long reduced to the coast-traffic of small *trabaccoli*. Her literature, indeed, partly revived; and during the early years of the French war the neutrality of Ragusa secured for her once more much of the Mediterranean carying trade, and by the end of the last century her population amounted to 15,000. But, in 1806, Napoleon seized Ragusa, and two years later an adjutant of General Marmont announced that the Republic of Ragusa had ceased to exist. It yet remained for the diplomatists of the Allied Powers to consummate in cold blood what Buonaparte had perpetrated in the frenzy of his ambition; and at the treaty of Vienna an English plenipotentiary set his signature to a document by which the ancient Republic was handed over to what was then the most brutal and despotic government in Europe. Since that

date Ragusa has been the head town of a 'circle,' and the stately palace of her Rectors has sunk into the '*bureau*' of an Austrian '*Kreis-chef*!'

And yet how fascinating is Ragusa still! It far surpassed our most sanguine expectations. We entered the once sovereign city by the Porta Pille, one of two gates which form the north and south poles of the little town, and are the only public openings in the circuit of its massive walls. From a niche above this portal the old saviour of the Republic, St. Blasius, looked down upon us benignantly, with finger raised aloft in the act of benediction; and the same figure of his saintship occurs at intervals all round the walls, which have been likened to a girdle of amulets. The Porta Pille passed, we found ourselves in the *Stradone* or *Corso*, the main street of Ragusa, and the finest and widest in Dalmatia. Every building on either side, as indeed throughout the town, is of fine stone, and the street—like all other streets of Ragusa—is paved with large deftly-squared slabs, which take the polish of marble, and caused us to slip more than once. Immediately on entering we passed on the right a fifteenth-century cistern decorated with quaint heads; it is from this that Ragusa derives her water supply, brought hither by a conduit from a mountain source fifteen miles off. Opposite is the *Chiesa del Redentore*, in classic Venetian style, the elaborate carvings of its façade thrown into exquisite reliefs by the golden colours of the stone; and above its portal an inscription recording the rebuilding of the church after the earthquake. Next is the Franciscan convent in several tastes, and then, on either side of the road, a vista of solid stone houses, built with great regularity in a plain but dignified style, with classic cornices.

A five minutes' walk—such a little place is this!—brought us to the other end of the city, the street terminating abruptly in the Porta Plocce, the sea-gate, and otherwise the south-pole of Ragusa. But just before reaching this, the Stradone opens on the right on to a small Piazza, where the most beautiful and interesting edifices in Ragusa are congregated.

Everywhere around is something which takes us back to the most glorious days of the Republic. Opposite is a living monument of that mechanical genius which shines in the great works of Ghetaldi and Boscović. This is the Torre del Orologio, with a domical cupola containing a wonderful clock, in which a revolving globe shows the moon's age, and two bronze figures of men in armour strike a bell to tell the hours.

To the left is a beautiful Moresco-Gothic building, the Dogana and Zecca or Mint of the Republic—at present serving as the *Ricevitoria principale* of the Emperor and King. From here issued forth those half Byzantine pieces with their saintly Blasius and '*Tuta Salus*' scroll, of which we had seen so many examples on the former sites of Ragusan industry in Bosnia. The Mint, which is behind the Dogana, I visited in company with Signor Vincenzo Adamović, who is one of the representatives of numismatics in modern Ragusa, and who, besides possessing a considerable collection, has published some interesting essays on the medallic history of the Republic. The coins of Ragusa date back, according to Signor Adamović, at least to the ninth century. The earliest coin is of brass, bearing the Byzantine name '*Follaris*' or '*Obolus*,' and displaying on the obverse a laureated head, evidently, like some of our Anglo-Saxon monetary effigies of the same

date, copied from the fourth-century coinage of the Roman Empire. The earliest silver coin, the *Grosso* or *Denaro*, dates from the end of the thirteenth century,[1] and is the first coin on which St. Blasius makes his appearance. The Mint is at present converted into a granary for oats, so that there is little to remark inside the building except an inscription over the massive arch of the standard office of weights and measures:—

> Fallere nostra vetant et falli pondera, meque
> Pondero dum merces, ponderat ipse Deus.

The present Zecca and Dogana were built in the year 1520, and are among the few buildings which by their massive construction withstood the shock of the great earthquake of 1667. But there is another building hard by, of greater antiquity and more absorbing interest, which has also happily come down to us uninjured. The Palazzo Rettorale, the residence of the old Rectors of the republic, whose rich colonnade faces the Piazzetta on the left, is a monumental epitome of Ragusan history —the grandest relic of the ancient commonwealth. An inscription on the exterior records that it was founded in 1435 'by the nobles and most prudent citizens of Ragusa, under the divine auspices of Blasius, martyr and most holy priest, being patron of this city of Epidaura Ragusa.'[2] The date of its completion, 1452,

[1] The date seems tolerably fixed from the resemblance of these coins to those of Stephen Uroš. See *Della Monetazione Ragusea*, Studi di Vincenzo Adamović, p. 17. The administration of the Mint was entrusted to three senators called Zecchieri.

[2] Civitatis Raguseæ Nobiles Providentissimique Cives Blasii Martyris Pontif. q. SS. Præcl. hujus Epidauræ Raguseæ Patroni auspicante Numine ad prid. Idium Sextilium Aug., Faustum Feliciss.que Diem ex S.C. et Amplissimi Ordinis decretis Atrium Prætorianum hoc Insigne ut Publ. Civit. aulam et Senatoriam Ædem Optumis Curanib. (sic) V. Vir Optimm.

takes us back to the period when the commerce and literature of Ragusa were first bursting into bloom. The style of the architecture, Florentine, and not Venetian, is typical of the Tuscan source whence Ragusan literature drew its earliest inspiration, and bids a kind of architectural defiance to the Lion of St. Mark. This is not so huge a pile as the palace of the Doges, but neither has it that element of barbaresqueness. These massive arches and the backbone of iron girders within, which enabled the building to withstand the terrific ordeal of the earthquake, characterise well the sober sense and heroic endurance of the citizens who reared it.

This is the *Lararium* of the republic. Within are the effigies of her greatest heroes and benefactors, the archives of her history,[1] the rolls of her nobility. This is a treasure-house of the associations of every age of Ragusan story. The stone benches in the porch beneath the spacious arcade are the same on which the senators and patricians of old used to discuss the gravest affairs of state. The massiveness of the Roman arches and that classic colonnade may well be taken to betray the spirit of that race to which the ancient rock of asylum owed her first foundations; the too imaginative patriotism of Ragusa has even gone farther, and claims the capitals

in omnem opportunum præsentem et Posteritatis Usum Ære publico Dicandum Exornandumque Dedere. K. A. A.D. MCCCCXXXV SIGISMVNDI IMP. A. II.

[1] Many of the Ragusan archives have been carried off by the Austrians to Vienna. What still remain are practically inaccessible, since, to obtain permission to view them, an order is required from the Governor of Dalmatia at Zara! Among the archives are many *Trattati Turchi*, relations of ambassadors to the Sublime Porte, and negociations with neighbouring Pashàs. There is also a kind of Ragusan Domesday book—the *Libro Matizza*.

themselves to have been transported hither from the

Palazzo Rettorale and Torre del Orologio, Ragusa.

Epidauritan mother-city. On one of these is carved an

alchemist, seated book in hand amidst his crucibles and alembics, and a Latin inscription [1] of apparently the same date as the sculpture, informs the spectator that he is viewing the inventor of medical arts—Æsculapius, 'the glory of his birth-place, Ragusa.' At least it records the pious devotion of mediæval Ragusa to her Roman *penates*; and though the Cupids that sport amidst the acanthus-leaves of the other capitals were certainly never carved at Epidaurus, we may yet see in them an interesting tribute of Ragusa to the beautiful paganism of the Renascence.

In a corner of the fine columniated court within the palace lies the monument of Orlando, whose exploits in slaying the Saracen Emir have been already recorded. Near it stood of old the banner of the second saviour of the republic—San Biaggio. In the middle of the court is a patinated bronze bust of a man with peaked beard and somewhat careworn expression, and, on the pedestal, the inscription 'Michaeli Prazzato benemerito Civi ex S.C. MDCXXXVIII.' Michael Prazzato was a well-deserving citizen indeed! He left no less than 200,000 Genoese doubloons to the Republic—a sum equivalent to 600,000*l.* of our money—but the actual equivalent of which in the present day would have to be reckoned in millions. Such were the merchant princes of Ragusa! But the monument, curiously enough, recorded the catastrophe as well as the prosperity of the city. On the back

[1] Munera diva patris q. sola Apol'is artes
Invenit medicas p' secl. qnq. sepltas
Et docuit gramen quod ad usum qq. valeret
Hic Esculapius celatus gloria nostra
Ragusii genitus voluit q. grata relatum
Esse deos inter veterum Sapia patrum.
Humanas laudes super et rataq' (?) omnes
Quo melius toti nemo quasi profuit orbi.

of the pedestal was a further inscription commemorating the overthrow of the bust by 'the great earthquake,' and its setting up anew. The head had been seriously caved in behind.

But walled into a doorway at its side is another inscription recording patriotic devotion of a still higher order. Nicola Bunić[1] has well deserved the title of the Ragusan Regulus. It was after the great calamity of 1667, when Ragusa was beginning a new start in life, that Kara Mustapha, intent on strangling her new birth, sent in a monstrous claim for 146,000 dollars. The senate and citizens of Ragusa, who knew the personal animosity of Mustapha against the Republic, were in despair. At this critical juncture two citizens, who had already rendered themselves eminent by their efforts in remedying the effects of the earthquake and in repulsing the Morlach incursions, volunteered to risk their lives in averting the storm. One was Marino Caboga[2] and the other Nicola Bunić. On their arrival the Grand Vizier attempted to extract from them a treaty surrendering Ragusa to the Turk. They refused, and were thrown into noisome dungeons. Caboga, after languishing several years in captivity, was enabled to return to Ragusa and receive the acclamations of his fellow-citizens. This slab was the only homage which the Republic could offer to Bunić. The inscription, Englished, is as follows:—'To Nicola Bunić, a Senator of singular discreetness, who, in the most perilous times of the Commonwealth, undertook of his own accord a most perilous embassy to the neigh-

[1] Or di Bona.

[2] Of Marino Caboga and his embassy Mr. Paton gives an excellent account in his *Danube and the Adriatic*, vol. i. p. 224, &c.

bouring Pashà of Bosnia, and being sent on by him by way of Silistria to the Turkish Sultan, there, after long imprisonment, died in chains for the liberty of his country, and who by his death and constancy of soul hath earned an immortal name through all posterity; to the honour and memory of whom this monument is by decree of the senate set up, in the year 1678.' [1]

Near the Palazzo Rettorale rises the Duomo of San Biaggio—but alas! not one stone has been left upon another of Cœur-de-Lion's original cathedral. In the present eighteenth-century Italian edifice there is little to arrest the attention; but the Reliquiario [2] is wonderful! When Ragusan commerce was at its acmè, 'the merchants of the Republic,' we read, 'collected the precious relics of the saints from all parts of Thrace, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Albania, and Greece, where they had business, following the promptings of their piety; sometimes at their own expense, sometimes at the expense of the Republic, rescuing them from barbarism and ignorance.' Hither, too, when the Infidel overran the South-Sclavonic lands, pious votaries carried for safety what was more precious to them than worldly goods or life itself. Here, in the City

[1] D. O. M. Nicolao de Bona, Joannis filio, singularis prudentiæ senatori, qui gravissimis Reip. temporibus gravissimâ legatione sponte susceptâ, ad vicinum Bossinæ proregem per vim (sic) Silistriam ad Turcarum Imperatorem transmissus, ibi diuturno in carcere pro Patriæ Libertate catenatus obiit, morte ipsâ animique constantiâ immortalitatem nominis in omnem posteritatem promeritus. Hoc ex Sen. Con. monumentum honoris et memorie positum, Anno MDCLXXVIII. Underneath this is written: Qui lapis veterem Aulam Senatoriam incendio et variis casibus corruptam diu ornaverat in vestibulo ædium civicarum positus est ex Consilii Publici Sententiâ, MDCCCLXX.

[2] We experienced some difficulty in obtaining access to this, as three keys have to be obtained: one from the bishop, one from the commune, and one (I think) from the Government.

of Refuge, are gathered together the penates of the Serbian people. Among the most interesting of these national relics was the silver cross of Czar Dūshan, which is double, like the Hungarian. It is set in front with crystals and covered with volute filigree work; at the back with vine ornaments. As to St. Blasius, there seemed enough relics of the patron saint of the Republic to make several originals, if pieced together! Their cases were magnificent, and the ancient filigree work of Ragusa particularly struck us. In general appearance the later specimens of the Ragusan silversmith's art resemble Maltese work, and effloresce into the same flowers and foliage. But the taste for the natural, which followed on the revived study of antiquity, displays itself here still more conspicuously in the development of a kind of silver Palissy-ware by the hands of a great Ragusan master. The most wonderful objects in the Reliquiario are a silver basin and ewer, wrought in the sixteenth century by a Ragusan artist, Giovanni Progonović, in a style so original, that I doubt if anything at all resembling it has ever been attempted elsewhere. These are covered with all kinds of shells, creeping things, flowers, and foliage—elegant lizards, not like those that the great potter moulded at his best, but perfectly animate—such as the Neapolitan casts from the living creature. Everything is enamelled with its natural colours, and though now somewhat diminished in brightness, you have actually to touch the plants and animals to realize that they are not real lizards or fern-leaves preserved in some way. In the vase is a nosegay of silver grasses, each delicate thread, each minutest seed, perfectly reproduced and coloured; among them I recognised a beautiful three-spiked grass that I had noticed growing

in the neighbourhood of Ragusa—so true, so indigenous, is this art!

The kindness of Signor Adamović enabled me to see the Reliquiario of the Dominican monastery here. Chief amongst these was the silver cross of another Serbian monarch of renown, Stephen Uroš, with an inscription recording its history, and remains of angular ornamentation. There were also many early specimens of filigree work with floral tendencies, and a head of St. Stephen of Hungary. There was one arm the attribution of which was unknown to the monks, but having succeeded in deciphering a mediæval inscription at the base, I was pleased to be able to inform them that they were the happy possessors of St. Luke's arm! In the Dominican church and adjoining chapels are many interesting monuments of Ragusan citizens, amongst others the tomb of Ghetaldi. There are many family vaults of the Ragusan nobles with *Jure hereditario* inscribed on them; but one slab inscribed in Italian as 'the Common Sepulchre of the Confraternity of the Carpenters,' was peculiarly interesting as a memorial of the guild-brotherhoods of the old Artigiani, which formed such a prominent feature in the early history of the commonwealth.

One may spend days in wandering about Ragusa—exploring her streets, her churches and monasteries, her palaces, and the private houses of her citizens—and always lighting on some interesting memorial of the past. In the meanest houses, in the old walls, in the pavement beneath your feet, you stumble against fragments of sculptured marble—waifs from the wreck of Ragusa as she existed before the earthquake. Of the clean sweep wrought by that terrible calamity, the streets themselves,

laid out at right angles, are an eloquent witness; and yet it is surprising how many vestiges of the mediæval city are still to be traced. Not one of the narrow side streets but has its sculptured doorways and mouldings—its ogee window-arches, and luxuriant, half classical, half Gothic foliage. Here and there you pass one of the palaces of the old nobility—the *Case Signorili*, as they are called—with the family scutcheon carved over the portal and dignified projecting balconies. So marvellous is this climate that the most beautiful garden and hothouse flowers grow wherever there is a chink in an old wall. In the narrowest alleys the stately shadows of byegone magnificence are lighted up by hanging gardens of scarlet geraniums, golden zinnias, balsams, and fragrant carnations clinging to the crevices of ancient palaces and houses, while here and there a vine-spray joins the opposite sides of the street.

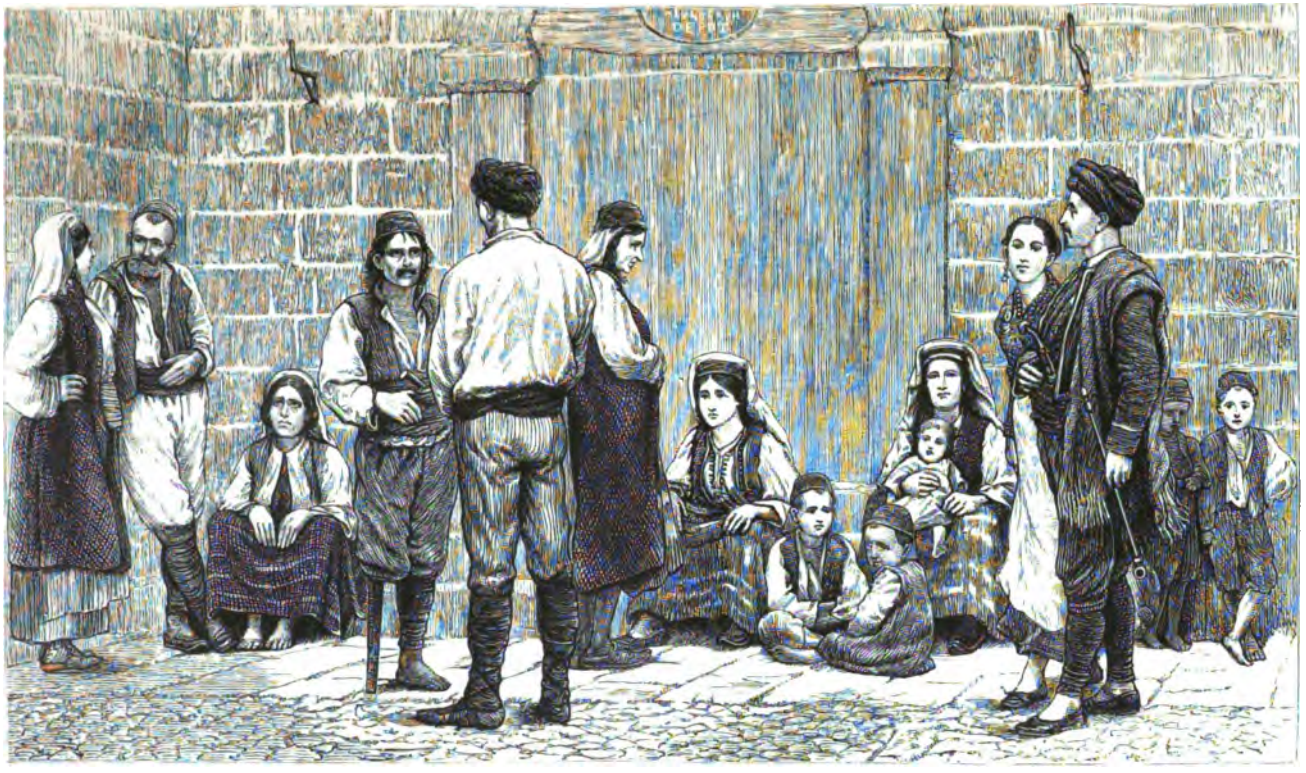
On the landside of the *Stradone* or high-street the city extends in terraces on the lower flank of the limestone mountain which dominates it. The streets here are prolonged flights of steps, of the usual slippery marble, up which we made our way with difficulty, to obtain a bird's-eye view of the city from the upper wall. The view was well worth the pains. The whole of Ragusa lay below us, circled on three sides by a sapphire ring of sea. To the north was the fine rock of Fort Lorenzo, and the narrow cove of sea which almost threatens to cut off the land gate of the city. To the south opened the old port of Ragusa, the haven of the Argosies, beyond rose the gardens and convent of the isle of Lacroma, where Cœur-de-Lion landed, and from whose western precipices malefactors were cast headlong into the sea in the days of the

Republic. The colours were simply marvellous — the roofs, the walls, the domes, the campaniles, of the city below took the rose and orange hues of a ripe apricot; the sea beyond was of the most wondrous ultramarine— and Ragusa with her lofty Oriental walls, rose from its now tranquil bosom like Jerusalem the golden from some crystal sea above. But it is the smallness of Ragusa that strikes one almost more than anything. It seems almost impossible to realise that this little town below should have maintained its independence for centuries amidst surrounding empires; that the wealth of what is now Turkey-in-Europe was once hoarded beneath these closely huddled roofs; that the mightiest carracks of the Spanish navy sailed forth from this petty haven. Ragusa looks the mere plaything of the ocean; and indeed they say that in storms the sea surges up these narrow gorges, and flings its spray right over the cliff-set walls on to the house-tops within, frosting roofs and windows with crystalline brine.

Ragusa is still, as ever, a city of asylum. At the present moment a number of houseless Christian refugees from the Herzegóvina have sought shelter here. A colony of these is domiciled outside the Porta Plocce, or sea-gate, in some stable-like buildings which once served as the Lazaretto. On our way there we passed the Turkish market, where a number of Turks were purchasing salt, corn, and fodder for the starving troops of the Sultan in the revolted districts.

The condition in which we found the refugees did great credit to the hospitality of the Ragusans.[1] We had

[1] I communicated this account of the refugees to the *Graphic* of Oct. 9, 1875, and with it the illustration of which the woodcut facing this page is a reduced copy.



HERZEGÓVINAN REFUGEES AT RAGUSA. (See p. 428 seqq.)

TO THE RIGHT TWO RAGUSAN PEASANTS.

expected to find a set of half-starved miserable wretches, clad in rags and worn with anxiety for absent fathers, husbands, sons. Quite the contrary! They were well fed; they did not seem at all forlorn, and with their light white kerchiefs and chemises they presented a picture of cleanliness which would have put to shame the squalor of many an Italian Dalmatian. Among the Bosnian refugees of the Save-lands were to be seen many able-bodied men. Here it was far otherwise. The Herzegóvinans are made of sterner stuff, and we noticed among the refugees no boys over thirteen, and no men, except one cripple, under seventy, and there were few enough even of these. The women, too, showed something of the spirit of the matrons of old. They had sold their silver trinkets to buy arms for their husbands. Most of them were already stripped of the coins with which they love to bespangle their fez —of the silver brooches of their belt, shaped like two convolvulus leaves—of the broad girdle studded like an ephod with rudely cut carnelians, agates, amethysts, and roots-of-emerald, set like the mediæval gems in the neighbouring Reliquiario. One woman who still possessed this superb *ceinture* offered it me for twenty gulden—rather less than two pounds. The gems came, she told us, from the Herzegóvinan valleys about Nevešinje—she did not know that the agates and carnelians of these prolific sites were exported of old to the sea-ports of Roman Dalmatia, there to be set, as now, in rings and trinkets, and carved with classical devices![1] Attire so neat and graceful needed not, however, the embellishment of barbaric jewellery; the bright crimson fez, the light white

[1] If my theory is correct (see p. 385). The peasants about Cattaro wear the same kind of girdle set with stones.

kerchief drawn over it and falling about the shoulders in artistic folds, the dark indigo jacket harmonising with the deep reds and oranges of the apron—these were amply sufficient to make the little groups highly picturesque as they sat or leant before their new homes, plying their spindles most industriously. Little children were playing before the women—such frank pleasant faces!—many with hair as fair as ever that of young Angles.

There were about sixty families on this spot, as we found out on distributing a small largess of ten kreutzers a family; and there is another colony of fugitives at Gravosa. The Austrian Government allows each family on an average twenty kreutzers a day, and the commune of Ragusa makes up the amount to thirty-six kreutzers—not more than eightpence of our money, but sufficient to support life out here. To-day (September 3) there is a three days' truce between the Turks and the insurgents, and a proclamation has been issued by the Turkish governor of the Herzegóvina, in which the Pashà promises full indemnity and freedom from molestation to any of the refugees who may consent during this period to return home. Very few, however, have accepted the kind invitation, and for one very good reason—that they have no homes left them to return to.

We were very anxious to secure some memorial of the fugitives; so bringing down the photographer of Ragusa to their colony, we induced the Herzegóvinans, by promises of largess, to form a series of groups. As may be easily imagined, there was great difficulty in getting them to keep quiet. The children kept moving about, the women always wanted to set their caps a little differently at the last moment, and one gentleman was very

particular about the posture of his wooden leg. However, we succeeded at last, and for a glimpse at the Herzegóvinan refugees, as we saw them at Ragusa, I can refer the reader to the illustration facing page 428 of this work.

The turbaned figure to the right of the illustration, and the elegant damsel with whom he is walking arm in arm, are not refugees, but peasants from the immediate neighbourhood of Ragusa. The man's costume, so closely approaching the Turkish, is an interesting example of the influence wrought by the peculiar relations in which, of old, Ragusa stood to the Turks.[1] Nowhere else in Dalmatia does the costume of the peasant so nearly approach that of the true-believer. Here we have not only the same jacket and vest with their gorgeous gold embroidery, the same sash and schalvars, but even a turban on the head; and were it not for his white stockings and a certain preference for crimson jackets, the Ragusan peasant might easily be mistaken for a Moslem. This habit of dress is not confined to the peasants; it is still to be seen among the servants and lower classes in Ragusa itself, and was doubtless originally adopted by the Ragusan merchants to avoid raising the susceptibilities of the infidels with whom they traded, by appearing in the garb of a Giaour. In the seventeenth century, as may be gathered from the relation of an English traveller, the Ragusan merchant who travelled in Turkey in European costume did so at his peril. Blunt, who voyaged himself 'clad in Turkish manner,' tells us,[2] in his quaint style,

[1] Another interesting evidence of the Turkish influence on Old Ragusa is to be found in the names and values of her coins under the Republic. Thus the *Mischlin* or *Viglin* is derived from the Turkish *Altmishlük*; and the *Altiluk* or *Artilucco* is the Turkish *Altilük*.

[2] *Voyaye into the Levant*, p. 98.

how 'foure Spahy-Timariots' met his caravan, 'where was a Ragusean, a Merchant of quality, who came in at *Spalatra* to goe for Constantinople, he being clothed in the Italian fashion and spruce, they justled him: He not yet considering how the place had changed his condition, stood upon his *termes*, till they with their Axes, and iron Maces (the weapon of that *country*) broke two of his ribs, in which case, we left him behinde, halfe dead, either to get backe as he could, or be devoured of beasts.'

'If I appeared,' says Blunt a little farther on, 'in the least part clothed like a Christian, I was tufted like an Owle among other birds.'

Be pleased to observe the elegant pose of the Ragusan damsel who has condescended to visit these unfortunates arm in arm with our turbaned signior! There is a marked contrast between these refined peasant gentle-folk—these '*Nostrani*,' as the Ragusans call all those who dwell within the limits of the old Republic—and yonder '*Morlacchi*'—the ruder sons and daughters of the Herzegóvinan mountains. Ragusa, even in her days of mourning, has inherited something of her former civilization; a peculiar refinement, both in her peasants and citizens, not to be met with anywhere else throughout these lands, must strike the most unobservant traveller. Not here the rude stare, the pestering beggary, the meanness and mendacity—the painful relics of that barbarous Venetian policy which condemned Dalmatia to perpetual poverty and ignorance. The lion of St. Mark has never weighed like an incubus on Ragusa. It needs to have visited Spalato and other Dalmatian cities to appreciate the extraordinary exception in favour of cleanliness and good manners that presents itself here.

The language here, not counting the German spoken by the Austrian soldiery, is partly Italian and partly Sclavonic, but the bulk of the population speak only Sclavonic. Here you hear the Serbian language at its best; it, too, seems to have felt the influence of the literary Italian which was once the official and scholastic language of the Republic, and falls from the lips of Ragusan citizens with Tuscan elegance and softness. The two elements of which Dubrovnik-Ragusa was originally composed, the Serbian and the Roman, blend to form the typical Ragusan features—now and again separating themselves in all their individuality. In the streets of Ragusa the turquoise eyes of the true Sclave peep out often enough from beneath the raven locks and lashes of the Italian.

Is the time, one asks oneself, to arrive once more when Ragusa shall take up anew the work for which by her very birth she is so eminently fitted—will she once more take her place as the pioneer of the South-Sclavonic literature and civilisation? Her 'gift of tongues,' her sober industry, her position, still remain. Though the old haven of the Argosies has become too small for the leviathans of modern days, she has at hand in Gravosa the finest harbour on the Dalmatian coast—the nearest port to the point where the Narenta debouches on the sea after cleaving a path through the Dinaric Alps towards the Drina and the commercial basin of the Danube. The old trade route of Ragusan merchants only waits for the demolition of artificial barriers to be opened out anew. Already we hear of the improvement of the navigation of the lower Narenta, and a new steam service is planned between Stagno and Ragusa.

Ragusa is the natural port of the Illyrian interior—the born interpreter between the Italian and Sclave. Those only who have traversed the barbarous lands between the Adriatic and the Sclave can adequately realise how intimately the future of Bosnia and Herzegóvina is bound up with the future of Ragusa. The plodding genius of the Serbs needs to be fanned into energy by these fresh sea-breezes—their imagination languishes for want of this southern sunshine!

Here at last, after groping among the primeval shadows of the mighty beech and pinewoods of the Bosnian midlands, we take our ease in one of the gorgeous rock-girt coves which beautify the environs of Ragusa. Overhead are hanging groves and gardens of rosy oleander, ferny palms, myrtles, and creepers with flame-coloured trumpets. On the steep, a spiry aloe leans forward, stretching towards the south; beneath us the cliffs sink precipitously into the blue-emerald waters—intensified in the deeper pools into a vinous purple—stretching away to the horizon in marvellous ultramarine—on either side of the cove, fretting in a silvery line of foam against walls of orange rock whose natural brilliance is glorified now into refined gold by the setting sun. This is not the light of common day!—it stands to it as some gorgeous mediæval blazoning to a modern chromo-lithograph. It dazzles our dull northern eyes. We are on the borders of another world. We catch an inspiration of the South. The waters of the next sea-bosom lap the ruins of Hellenic Epidaurus.

But the gold on the rocks melts into more sombre browns and greys; the western steeps of the cove lose

their outlines in vague shadow; the intense azure of sea and sky dies into a dark sapphire; the plashing of the waves below asserts itself in tones more solemn with the gathering twilight, and the darkness deepens into night.

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